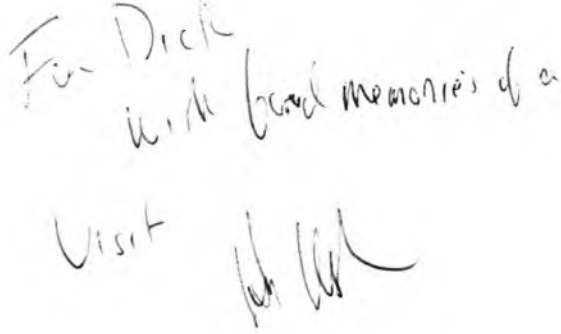
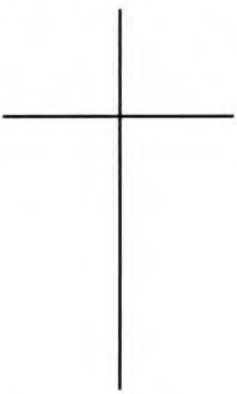
Enacted Christianity



Enacted Christianity

Evangelical Rescue Missions in the United States and Canada



Arthur Bonner

foreword by

Marvin Olasky

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Dedicated to the memory of
Jerry McAuley
1839-1884

HIS VISION

I was working for the Lord down in the Fourth Ward. I had a house and people were coming in. There was a bath and they came and I washed and cleaned them outside and the Lord cleaned them inside. They came first by small numbers, then by hundreds and afterwards by thousands. Before I came out of the vision, I was in tears. Then something said to me, 'Would you do that for the Lord if He should call you? Would you do it for Jesus' sake?' I answered, Yes Lord, open the way and I will go. I felt that I would go down there where I had always lived. I was used to the filth and drunkenness."

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FOREWORD

Thirteen years ago, when I was trying to learn about compassionate conservatives of the late 19th century, Arthur Bonner's book on rescue mission pioneer Jerry McAuley came to my attention. In an unspectacular but convincing fashion, Mr. Bonner told of how God's grace changed an ordinary human being—sub-human, the Social Darwinists would say, pointing at McAuley's criminal record—into a rough-cut evangelist who helped to save thousands from the gutters he knew well.

Now Mr. Bonner has extended that story to the present, with straightforward descriptions of McAuley Mission descendants in Grand Rapids, Syracuse, St. Paul, and other unspectacular cities which writers looking for the trendy would be likely to disdain. And yet, a modest trend has formed: President George W. Bush has emphasized the importance of faith-based organizations, the best of which help to change lives, the worst of which merely enable the destitute to remain in misery.

Tens of thousands of self-sacrificing men and women are at work in those rescue missions across the country that are among the best. Rescuers who want to do the job right can learn from the account in this book of ordinary folks who did and do the extraordinary by helping to mend the lives of addicts, offer new opportunities for released prisoners, and give hope to abandoned mothers and children.

Marvin Olasky, senior fellow, Acton Institute, and editor-in-chief, World

PREFACE

The outpouring of prayer that followed the massacre of the innocents at the World Trade Center in New York on September 11, 2001 reinforced the many Gallup findings that a vast majority of Americans think of themselves as religious yet about six months earlier, when President George W. Bush proposed that Federal money be used to fund "faith-based" social ministries, there were misgivings about breaching the constitutional separation of church and state. But can there be a rigid wall? Can religion and society be separated? John Wesley, whose teachings are the bedrock of today's rescue missions, said no. He wrote: "The gospel of Christ knows no religion but social; no holiness but social holiness."[1]

On April 2, 1739, as he later noted in his Journal, "I . . proclaimed in the highways the glad tidings of salvation, speaking from a little eminence in a ground adjoining to the city [Bristol], to about three thousand people. The scripture on which I spoke was this, (is it possible anyone should be ignorant, that it is fulfilled in every true minister of Christ?) 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor. He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind: to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.'" [See Isa, 61:1, 2; Luke 4:18-19]. Preaching in the fields and streets would become his life mission.

The fears raised by President Bush's initiative are reminiscent of an incident in Wesley's life. In June 1739, when it was announced that Wesley would preach at Bath, the center of English fashionable life, Richard "Beau" Nash proclaimed he would put a stop to such an affront. At the age of sixty-five and a notorious

gambler, Nash was the "master of ceremonies" who decided how ladies would dress for balls and the number of dances. He wore a huge white hat and drove through the streets in a six-horse carriage with footmen, outriders and French horns. In a letter dated June 7, Wesley told what happened:

> All Bath . . . was big with expectation of what a great man was to do to me there; and I was much entreated not to preach. By this report also I gained a thousand new hearers of the rich and the great of his world. I told them plainly the Scripture had concluded them all under sin, high and low, rich and poor, one with another. They appeared not a little surprised and sinking apace into seriousness when their champion appeared and, having forced his way through the people, asked by what authority I did these things. I answered: by the authority of Jesus my Master, conveyed to me by the Archbishop of Canterbury. He said it was contrary to an Act of Parliament against conventicles. I replied the conventicles there mentioned were seditious meetings, but there was no such here. He said, "Yes, it was," for I frightened people out of their wits. I asked if he had ever heard me preach. If not, how he could judge of what he never heard? He said: "By common report," for he knew me by my character. I went on. "Give me leave, sir, to ask, is not your name Nash?" Answer: "Sir, my name is Nash." "Why then, sir, I trust common report is not good evidence of truth." Here a laugh turned full against him, so that he looked about and could scarce recover. Then a bystander said, "Sir, let an old woman answer him." Then, turning to Mr. Nash, she said, "Sir, if you ask what we come here for, we came for the good for our souls. You care for your body; we care for our souls." He replied not a word, but then turned away.

That is the purpose of this book: to get beyond common report. I am a journalist and it is customary among our tribe to state

in advance our attachments and associations. Although I have written two other books about evangelicalism, I have no link to any evangelical group. My aim is to document, not convince. Over a two-year period, I spent three or four days and nights at twenty-four missions across the country. (For reasons of space, and to avoid duplication, not all of these missions will be discussed here.)

To live in a rescue mission is to enter a world where faith is enacted without rites and vestments and where men and women are invited to experience God directly and immediately. It is also a world of variety. Each has its own board of directors and so reflects the needs and views of the surrounding community and they all guard their individuality. There is a national organization—the Association of Gospel Rescue Missions (AGRM)—with a membership of 294 missions in the United States and Canada. [See the Appendix for a listing.] Although few may know of them, rescue missions are embedded in our history. Ninety-one of the AGRM members are more than fifty years old and twenty-three are more than a century old. There are perhaps two hundred additional rescue missions in North America but since they are not organized, it was impossible to assess their numbers with any exactitude. Their lack of a central organization also made it difficult to contact them for this research and thus I limited myself to AGRM members.

Unlike other faith-based organizations—such as the Salvation Army, Catholic Charities and Lutheran World Charities—rescue missions do not trace themselves to an individual denomination or church. Rather, they see themselves as the outreach of all Protestant churches, which is why many call themselves "Union" missions. They originated as an attempt to reach men isolated by their abuse of alcohol (which, we now realize, often masked deeper issues, such as mental disorders), but their reach is now much broader. We will follow this growth and change, including the realization that women are a major portion of this troubled subsection of society, and will examine fourteen missions in close detail. We will examine such issues as "enabling"—how long and under what conditions should men be allowed to spend in an

overnight shelter—and how much stress should be placed on Scriptural teaching as compared to manifesting a Christian life in the actions rather than the words of mission workers. In so doing, we will see how missions differ. But we simultaneously will find how they are but united. Their inspiration is Wesleyan holiness: the conviction that God has a place for every believer and has called him or her to discipleship and lifetime service. Rescue workers are in the world but not of it. They are concerned with the moral and social functioning of society, not its scramble for power. They seek to remove the stigma of defeat from those who see themselves as without hope and to teach loners the small acts of daily living through which they will come to support one another. They read Scripture as adamant that the poor are the point of union between God and the world. Jesus said: "The first will be last and the last will be first," (Mark 10:29). A secular criticism of missions—in fact of religion itself—is that charity merely makes poverty palatable. Marx called religion an opiate and sought a solution in revolution. It is true that—unlike those who put conflict at the center of their vision—rescue missions preach reconciliation and don't parade for causes, but does this make them powerless as instruments of social change, as some allege? This might be countered with another question. Can there be a secular, or even a radical, alternative to religious charity? Think of Marxism. Think also of the welfare state in America.

When rescue missions accept the inevitability of poverty they are not being passive, they are being realistic. They have had lines before their doors for generation after generation, in times of depression and times of prosperity, and they expect no change. Christ said: "The poor you will always have with you," (Matthew 26:11). He echoed Deuteronomy 15:11: "There will always be poor people in the land. Therefore I command you to be openhanded toward your brothers and toward the poor and needy in your land." They see their mission as two sided: to inculcate Christian truths while simultaneously being openhanded to the "poor people in the land." They stand firm in presenting a strong Christian identity in the face of the "spiritual" scrambling of themes from world religions

and new age fads. They are equally firm against a secularist establishment that dominates the courts, the government and the universities. Because they are guided by Scripture and have strong convictions on such things as abortion and homosexuality—refusing to hire those who violate their morals—the "common report" is that they discriminate.

But what else do they do? They shine light into the sub-basements of poverty in a rich and powerful nation and are the ultimate caretakers for the walking wounded of a secular society. When we later visit individual missions we will see many examples of crisis care for men and women in immediate need; of long-term programs lasting up to a year with as many as six months of after care for those whose lives have been shattered, emotionally and physically. Their goal is to transfigure men and women caught in the world's snares. One of Wesley's favorite texts was 1 John 2:16: "For everything in the world—the cravings of sinful man, the lust of his eyes and the boasting of what he has and does—comes not from the Father but from the world."

One of the courses in the long-term programs that are at the heart of contemporary rescue missions is summarized as "setting boundaries." The goal is to reconcile men and women to the fact that they cannot entirely have what they want but must modify their expectations. The programs also emphasize work therapy with as many as forty hours a week devoted to chores within the mission or elsewhere.

The programs are generally divided into three segments of three months. As the men advance through the phases, they gain control and self-confidence. The aim is to restore men and women to productive lives. For this, they must learn to show up for work on time and be accountable to a superior. Their learning becomes coterminous with the life around them and draws on their own experiences. It involves motor skills as well as intellectual and verbal information and includes the cognitive strategies of repeated challenges to thinking and acting. It is not the learning of a lecture room but one in which members of a group share experiences and desires. It is adult learning that digs to the roots of preconceptions that formulate self-destructive conduct. On an average, only twenty

percent last through the nine months. At the start, a man is motivated simply because he is sick of his old life and may think a mission will offer him a chance to glide through life while mumbling a few prayers or singing a few hymns. But as he proceeds through the phases, especially the earliest, he begins to resist as he perceives that acceptance means the denial of much that he valued, especially free and easy companionship. He may drop out or, if he is evasive and shuns lessons or work, he will be asked to leave. But if a man persists, a new, coherent world will emerge.

The fluency of Wesley's teachings was that, while condemning the things of the world, he was no monkish recluse. He taught right living: cleanliness, steady habits and ceaseless work. Methodists quickly learned that this also brought them wealth but he taught the things of the world were to be used for moral ends. He demanded that incipient capitalists recognize their responsibilities as economic and political leaders by embracing the poor in a community of love and in sharing their new wealth. Today's rescue missions are where this happens: where men and women reach across the gulf of wealth, class and ethnicity. The man who mentored Jerry McAuley was Alfrederic Hatch, the president of the New York Stock Exchange. Edward Everett Hale, one of the most famous short story writers of the late nineteenth century, and a chaplain of the United States Senate, was president of a new rescue mission in Schenectady, New York. In that same mission today, Rebecca Moore, a Vassar graduate, is leading a fund drive for a major improvement project. She told me: "I thought, just coming out of college, this was one of the best places for me to come to because I studied how some people have and some people don't have. I felt here was a place I could give back. I was very privileged. I went to a boarding school and I went to a very nice college and here I am with some skills that other people don't have."

Jonathan Capp, who left a successful business career to join the City Union Mission in Kansas City, Missouri, speaks of this as finding "congruence" between God and the world. And there is Teresa Nauta, who left a career track in a major law firm in Seattle,

Washington, to share her talents with the poor at the city's Union Gospel Mission.

We will meet them in our studies of individual missions. We will also meet Marjorie Edmond Lloyd at the Gospel Rescue Ministries in Washington D.C. who gave up a career with IBM to involve herself in people's needs. "For me, being a Christian is different from being a capitalist," she told me. "I think when your goal is to work for the American dream you are not focusing on the plan that God would have for your life."

The men and women who seek the aid of rescue missions have experienced the violence of prisons and the world of drugs yet, as I spent nights and days among them, they carried out their chores and studies with no locked doors or barred windows—with never a shout or harsh word. Life seemed so ordinary, I would forget who it was that I might sit next to at a meal or in the chapel. Once, I went to the kitchen and asked a man at a counter for a cup of coffee. "I'm a coffee addict," I joked. "And I'm a cocaine addict," he replied.

There was an African American woman who was part of a long-term program at a mission in the Midwest. I will call her Bobbie C. She drove the mission's van and seemed in constant good spirits. "When I first came here," she told me, "I felt it was the most peace I've had in maybe five years. I could feel the presence of God around this place. It was very strong."

She said her parents and grandparents and her brothers and sisters were devout and she too attended church regularly. Then she became a police officer and the stress of being a black woman in an overwhelmingly white male police department was strong. She took to drink to help her sleep and then drifted to cocaine. "Then I was tired of the streets," she said. "I was willing to do anything to get back to the life style that I had before. I came here and turned all my burdens over to God. I've come to find out how God has been with me all along. Each day that goes by, I feel stronger. Now, if people see me, they say, 'Here's the old Bobbie. Hi Bobbie.'"

The most used words at rescue missions are hope, forgiveness and love. Wesley was among the earliest to insist that the King

James translation of 1 Corinthians 13:13: "And now these three remain: faith, hope and charity. But the greatest of these is charity"—was wrong and that it should be "faith, hope and love" with love as the greatest. This is now accepted in modern translations.

Wesley wrote: "Very excellent things are spoken of love; it is the essence, the spirit, the life of all virtue. It is not only the first and great command but it is all the commandments in one. Whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are amiable or honorable; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, they are all comprised in this one word—love."[2]

I asked Donald Melvin, the deputy executive director of the Gospel Rescue Ministries in Washington, D.C. (the same mission where Marjorie Edmond Lloyd is the director of a school that can bring a poor person from homelessness to a well-paying job), what he meant when he spoke of love. "We cannot truly know what love is until we meet the Man who *is* love," he replied. "I knew women, but my love was a conditional love, where you have to do something for me so that I love you. This is reciprocity, but Jesus died on the Cross for me without my doing anything to deserve that. This is a love beyond what people have ever known." We will meet Donald.

Their love operates within a moral context. It is holistic. It is a world where men and women find meaningful lives as part of a social whole greater than the sum of its parts—a mutuality of concern that transcends particular interests and endures beyond the encounters of individuals of groups. Over and over again in our later visits to individual missions, we will hear of building relationships. Long-term programs are organized so that behavior becomes patterned through repeated interaction within small groups.

Their love, it should be stressed, is not the sentimental view that the poor are innocents with no responsibility for their condition. Theirs is a first-century Christianity far different from the puerilities of a charming wedding ceremony and a book read only as a masterwork of language and literature. Rescue missions are constantly on guard against creating dependency. They insist that those who come to them must earn their way back into a community through confession, penitence, restitution and hard work.

The world of rescue missions is color blind, viewing all men and women as children of God. John Wesley denounced, as we shall see, American slavery as the world's worst and the "love feasts" of early American Methodists included blacks and whites. This was ignored by almost all Christians until the rise of rescue missions. Contemporary missions, being color blind, do not keep statistics on race but, as someone who has lived among them, I can say that at least twenty percent and, sometimes as many as eighty percent, of the men and women in long-term recovery programs are African Americans. But, as a journalist, I cannot be color blind. We live in a racial society and, where I feel it is pertinent, I will mention race.

In recent years, rescue missions have an added urgency. The prison system is overburdened and there are efforts to release nonviolent offenders on parole or through alternative sentencing. But who will take a drug offender, a petty thief or a prostitute who may have been in jail time and again? More important, who offers hope that the cycle can be broken? Rescue missions do. Nicholas Westra, a former police enforcement officer and now a police academy instructor, simultaneously serves as chief executive officers of the Kalamazoo Gospel Mission. "Sixty to eighty percent of those who come to missions have been in jail or prison for some reason or other," he told me. "Someone has to deal with them. There are few who can. To some, this may seem a burden but we don't think so; it gives us an opportunity to deal with their spiritual needs."

If there is one text that epitomizes the work of rescue missions it is Matthew 25:35–36: "For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat. I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in, I needed clothes and you clothed me, I was sick and you looked after me, I was in prison and you came to visit me." This is what they do, and have done, year after year, generation after generation: the enactment of Christianity.

Notes

1.1739. Preface to Vol. I *Hymns and Sacred Poems*

2.1733 Sermon: *Circumcision of the Heart*

CHAPTER ONE

John Wesley

Wesley wrote: "My part is to improve the present moment," and he never stopped doing that. He traveled more than a quarter of a million miles, at first with a book in his pocket and pencil and paper for notes then, when he was sixty-years-old, friends gave him a carriage and pair of horses. He nailed up one side of the coach and built bookshelves and a board that could be let down as a desk. He preached more than 52,400 times between 1738 and 1791, all the while organizing and superintending hundreds of Methodist societies, writing 243 books and pamphlets and helping to write and edit two hundred more.[1]

In his journal for June 23, 1739, he wrote: "At four, I preached to about two thousand on the Bowling Green on, 'Do all to the glory of God,' at seven in the morning to four or five thousand and at ten to about three thousand at Hanham." He rose at four in the morning to begin to preach at five in order to reach men before they went to work. In 1786, when he was eighty-three, he wrote, "I am a wonder to myself. . . . I am never tired either of preaching, writing or traveling."[2]

In 1735, shortly after he and his brother Charles (who wrote, over his lifetime, 8,000 hymns, including *Hark the Herald Angels Sing)*, began their outdoor preaching, the *Scots Magazine* called them "movers of sedition; ringleaders of the rabble." Landlords and the established clergy provoked mobs to scare Wesley off, or, minimally, to drown him out. In his journal for April 17, 1743 he wrote: "While I was speaking, a gentleman rode up very drunk, and after many unseemly and bitter words labored much to ride

over some of the people. I was surprised to hear he was a neighboring clergyman." For the following May 7, he wrote: "The sons of Belial gathered themselves together, headed by one or two wretches called gentlemen, and continued shouting, cursing, blaspheming, and throwing showers of stones almost without intermission." On Sunday evening, May 5, 1745, he preached in Birmingham when "it was dangerous for any who stood to hear, for the stones and dirt were flying from every side, almost without intermission for near an hour." In his journal for February 22, 1746 he wrote: "I preached at five. As we went home, a great mob followed and threw whatsoever came to hand. I was struck several times, once or twice in the face, but not hurt at all."

The attacks continued through his first thirty years of outdoor preaching but he never lost his temper. When hit by a stone or a club he would wipe away the blood and continue his sermon. If he had to walk through a mob, he took off his hat so they might see his face. With that, they would give way. His favorite method was to go up to the ringleader and take him by the hand. Once, as he was about to preach, a friend rushed into the room and warned him the house was surrounded and the mob proposed to burn it down. "Then our only way is to make use of it while it is still standing," he said, and preached on the tenth chapter of Matthew.[3] Wesley was always cheerful. He wrote: "What a blessing it is to have these little crosses that we may try what spirit we are made of. We could not live in continual sunshine. It would dry up all the Grace of God that is in us."[4]

He was the forerunner of the men and women of rescue missions who reach beyond class and power to support and mentor the poor. Wesley's family was not wealthy but, as an Oxford don and wearing the narrow, plaited stock and long black coat of an established Anglican clergyman, he ranked among the elite. He said: "I am a little out of my element among lords and ladies. I love plain music and plain company." Again: "I love the poor; in many of them I find pure, genuine Grace, unmixed with paint, folly and affectation."[5] And again: "I *bear* the rich and *love* the poor; therefore I spend *almost* all my time with them."[6]

He saw riches as a snare but he termed gold and silver "in the hands of His children . . . food for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, raiment for the naked; it gives to the traveler and the stranger where to lay his head. By it, we may supply the place of a husband to the widow and of a father to the fatherless. It may be a defense for the oppressed, a means of health for the sick, of ease to them that are in pain; it may be eyes to the blind, as feet to the lame, yea, a lifter-up from the gates of hell."[7]

His view of riches grew out of his deep asceticism. He once mentioned in his diary that he had lived on potatoes for four years. In his lifetime, he earned an estimated thirty or forty thousand pounds (a considerable sum in that age), from the sale of his tracts, pamphlets and many books but donated it all to his Methodist societies, living a small Oxford stipend and thirty pounds a year allotted him by the London Methodist circuit.[8]

"Food and raiment I have—such food as I choose to eat and such raiment as I choose to put on," he wrote in a 1743 sermon, *An Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion.* "I have a place where to lay my head; I have what is needful for life and godliness (2 Peter l–3) . . . . The kings of the earth can give me no more. For as to gold and silver, I trample it under my feet . . . . I desire it not; I seek it not; I only fear least any of it should cleave to me and I should not be able to shake it off before my spirit returns to God. It must indeed pass through my hands, but I will take care (God being my helper) that the mammon of unrighteousness should . . . not rest there. None of the accursed thing shall be found in my tents when the Lord calleth me hence. And hear ye this: . . . If I leave behind me ten pounds above my debts and my books, or what may happen to be due on account of them, you and all mankind bear witness against me that I lived and died a thief and a robber," (John 10:1).

(Here and later, I add scripture references as evidence of Wesley's close Biblical reasoning. He hardly spoke a sentence that was not derived from some portion of the Old or New Testament although, since he spoke from memory, his references were often compressed or merely allusive.)

"The more men increase in goods (very few excepted) the more they decrease in Grace," he wrote in April 1785. And a year later, "For the Methodists in every place grow diligent and frugal; consequently, they increase in goods. Hence they proportionably increase in pride, in anger, in the desire of the flesh, the desire of the eyes, and the pride of life. So although the form of religion remains, the spirit is swiftly vanishing away."[9]

Unlike those Christians who came after him (we shall meet them in the next chapter) who separated the poor into two classes of "deserving" and "unworthy," Wesley preached there were no unworthy poor: "Is it not reasonable, then, that 'as we have opportunity' we should 'do good unto all men' (Galatians 6:10) not only friends, but enemies; not only the deserving, but likewise to the evil and unthankful? Is it not right that all our life should be one continued labor of love? . . . Should we shut up our compassion towards those who 'are of all men most miserable' (1 Corinthians 15:19) because they are miserable by their own fault? If we have found a medicine to heal even that sickness, should we not, as 'we have freely received it, freely give?' (Matthew 10:8) Should we not 'pluck them as brands out of the fire' (Zechariah 3:2)—the fire of lust, anger, malice, revenge? Your inmost soul answers: 'It should be done: It is reasonable in the highest degree.'"[10]

The citation of "brands snatched out of the fire," which rescue mission workers used to employ as a metaphor for their gospel services at the doors of saloons, had a special meaning for Wesley. On the night of February 9, 1709, a fire burned down the home of his parents. Other children were led to safety, but six-year-old John was left sleeping in his bed. He awoke at the last moment, called out and was rescued. When he was fifty-five and believed he was near death from consumption, he wrote a proposed epitaph, including the words "a brand snatched from burning."[11] Wesley regularly observed the anniversary of this rescue. Late in life, he stopped a public service when he realized the day was the anniversary.[12]

As we have seen, his most glowing words were reserved for

love. For instance, a 1742 sermon titled *The Character of a Methodist*: "And while he . . . always exercises his love to God, by prayer without ceasing, rejoicing evermore, and in everything giving thanks, (1 Thessalonians 5:16–18) this commandment is written in his heart, that 'he who loveth God, loves his brother also,' (1 John 4:21). And he according 'loves his neighbor as himself,' (Mark 12:33) he loves every man as his own soul, (1 Samuel 18:1, 3, ff). His heart is full of love to all mankind, to every child of 'the Father of the spirits of all flesh,' (Numbers 16:22; 27:16; Hebrews 12:9). That a man is not personally known to him is no bar to his love. No, nor that he is known to be such as he approves not, that he repays hatred for his goodwill. For he 'loves his enemies;' and the enemies of God, 'the evil and the unthankful,' (Luke 6:35). And if it is not in his power to do good to them that hate him, yet he ceases not to pray for them, though they continue to spurn his love and still 'despitefully use him and persecute him,' (Matthew 5:44)."

Or, in fewer words: "We love Him because He first loved us—that is the sum of all religion, the genuine model of Christianity."[13]

He had a cadre of about seven hundred local preachers and constantly wrote them notes ranging from principles of organization and discipline to advice on how to eat and drink, how to dress, act, write and speak, along with home remedies such as nettle tea as a bracer or lemonade for disorders in the bowels. At first, the members were paid nothing and were lodged and fed by other members. Later, they received three pounds per quarter for clothing and books. Membership cards were reviewed at quarterly meetings to weed out backsliders and "disorderly walkers." At one meeting, sixty-four were sent away: twenty-nine for "lightness and carelessness"; seven for drunkenness; four for "railing and evil-speaking"; three for brawling; three for constant lying; two for swearing; two for habitual Sabbath breaking; two for liquor selling and one each for idleness and wife beating.[14]

His workers regularly visited workhouses and he established a small poor house where, in 1748, there were nine widows, one

blind woman, two poor children, and two "upper servants," a husband and wife. He also leased two houses, "warm and clean," for destitute widows who ate with him at the family table in the Foundry, the Methodist headquarters and home for its preachers. He opened his own house as a school for sixty poor children over six years of age, like "wild ass's colts," providing clothing and one of his preachers to teach them. In seven years, he trained three hundred boys "fitted for almost any trade."[15]

At the Foundry, there was also a dispensary for the sick, an employment bureau, a loan office, a savings bank, a book room and a church. In 1746, a fund was established to lend seed-money for someone with a known ability to use it for a business. A loan of five pounds to a cobbler to open a second-hand bookshop developed into the largest such bookshop in London.

His followers founded the Strangers' Friend Society for "the relief of the poor, sick, friendless strangers." By 1800, most of the larger cities of the British Isles had similar enterprises. In twelve years in Manchester, over 60,000 were assisted. In 1746, he started the first free medical dispensary in England. It was closed in 1754 when the number of patients had increased beyond the society's ability to fund it.

Once, when stewards found there were more sick than they could visit, he summoned the entire membership of the society in London, then numbering 4,000, and asked: "Who among you is willing, as well as able, to supply this lack?" Many volunteered and Wesley chose forty-six of the "most tender loving spirits" and divided the city into twenty-three parts (it was a small town then) and appointed two to visit the sick in each division three times a week to ask what ailed them and to seek advice for their treatment. If they were hungry or otherwise in want, the visitors were to do whatever they could, observing: "1) Be plain and open in dealing with souls. 2) Be mild, tender, patient. 3) Be cleanly in all you do for the sick. 4) Be not nice." (By that, he apparently meant not finicky or patronizing.)[16]

Meticulous planning was the hallmark of Methodism. In this, Wesley was a man of his times, imitating what merchants were

doing for commerce and what Samuel Pepys (1633–1703) did for the Royal Navy: "He regularized purchasing arrangements, demanded strict accounting, inquired the exact dimensions and quality of ship lumber, instituted examinations for the lieutenant's commission, introduced rules regulating the flow of information, standardized the stationary at Woolwich Dockyard, even devised an analytic table for judging prospective chaplains!"[17]

The name Methodism was first applied to a group of three or four young men at Oxford, either as an allusion to an ancient Greek sect of physicians, so-called from their teaching that almost all diseases might be cured by a specific diet and exercise, or because these Oxford students observed more regular methods of study and behavior than was usual among their age and class. They observed frequent fasts, held long prayer sessions and regularly visited the Oxford prison to console the many prisoners condemned to death.

Each of the several hundred Methodist societies scattered over Britain, Scotland and Ireland was divided into groups or classes of twelve, which met once a week with a leader. Then there were joint meetings; quarterly "love feasts"; "watch night" services from nine to midnight or later; "letter nights," in which reports from other societies were read; fast days; annual days of "renewal of the covenant"; and Thanksgiving services. The lessons that Methodist lay preachers learned from exhorting crowds, and their simultaneous indoctrination into organizational structuring, were grounding for the growth of the British labor movement and political parties.

Wesley often spoke of "reason," and claimed "I am for both; for faith to perfect my reason, that by the Spirit of God not putting out the eyes of my understanding but enlightening them more and more, I may be ready to give a clear scriptural answer to every man that asketh me a reason of the hope that is in me."[18]

By "reason" he meant common sense from a Biblical perspective and not the growing scientism of his times. He believed in angels here on earth as well as witches and rejected Newtonian astronomy. He wrote: "As reason cannot produce the love of God,

so neither can it produce the love of our neighbor, a calm, generous, disinterested benevolence to every child of man."[19] And: "I believe the merciful God regards the lives and tempers of men more than their ideas. I believe He respects the goodness of the heart more than the clearness of the head."[20] And again: "Do not reason but believe! Hang upon Him as a little child, and your eyes shall see His full salvation."[21]

"Yea, I am a Bible-bigot. I follow it in all things, both great and small," he wrote.[22] And: "Now, you and I are bigots to the Bible. We think the Bible language is like Goliath's sword: 'There is none like it.'"[23] But he was not a bigot and often condemned bigotry. While he abhorred Papal supremacy, indulgences and the cult of relics, as early as 1739, he wrote, in a letter to a Roman Catholic Priest, "I can by no means approve the scurrility and contempt with which the Romanists have been treated. I dare not rail at or despise any man; much less those who profess to believe in the same Master."

Again: "It is the glory of the people called Methodists that they condemn none for their opinions or modes of worship. They think and let think, and insist upon nothing but faith working by love."[24]

In a 1784 sermon titled *On Charity*, he wrote that all the peoples of the earth were under the mercy of a single God: "Accordingly, that sentence 'He that believeth not shall be damned' (Mark 16:16) is spoken of them to whom the gospel is preached. Others it does not concern; and we are not required to determine anything touching their final state. How it will please God, the Judge of all, to deal with them, we may leave to God himself. But this we know: that He is not the God of the Christians only, but the God of the heathens also; that he is 'rich in mercy to all that call upon him,' (Romans 10:12) 'according to the light they have,' (Romans 12:6) and that 'in every nation he that fearth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him,' (Acts 10:35)."

He insisted that Christians were no better than others. "No crime ever prevailed among Turks or Tartars which we here cannot parallel in every part of Christendom. Nay, no sin ever appeared in

heathen or papal Rome which is not found at this day in Germany, France, Holland, England, and every other Protestant as well as Popish country. So that it might now be said, with as much truth and as few exceptions, in every court in Europe, as it was formerly in the court of Saul: 'There is no righteous, no not one; they are all together become abominable; there is none that understandeth and seeketh after God,' (Psalm 14:2–3)."

He warned Christians to be humble: "O beware you do not think of yourself more highly than you ought to think, (Romans 12:13). Do not imagine you have attained that Grace of God to which you have not attained . . . . Beware you are not a fiery, persecuting enthusiast. Do not imagine that God has called you (just contrary to the spirit of Him you style your Master) to destroy men's lives, and not to save them, (Luke 9:56). Never dream of forcing men into the ways of God. Think yourself, and let think. [A favorite motto.] Use no constraint in matters of religion. Even those who are farthest out of the way never compel to come in by any other means than reason, truth and love."[25]

His theology was shaped by the teachings of the early-seventeenth-century Dutch theologian Arminius, who held that, because of Christ's sacrifice and atonement, all men might be saved, not merely a preordained elect as Calvin preached and that, by accepting God's freely offered Grace, they would be regenerated by the Holy Ghost and be born again. "All believers are forgiven and accepted, not for the sake of anything in them, or of anything that ever was, that is, or ever can be done by them, but wholly and solely for the sake of what Christ hath done and suffered for them."[26] The Arminians, among whom Wesley numbered himself, saw men as endowed with free will, capable of choice and morally responsible for their conduct, so that if they wished to attain final salvation, they must conscientiously lead a godly life.

He preached universal sin and justification through Christ. His text was Romans 3:23: " . . . For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God and are justified freely by his grace through the redemption that came by Christ Jesus." He defined justification as "another word for pardon. It is the forgiveness of all our sins, and

(what is necessarily implied therein) our acceptance with God."[27] Another frequently used term was "sanctification." At a conference of clergymen and preachers in June 1744 the term was defined as: "To be renewed in the image of God, in righteousness and true holiness."

For the elite, his teaching that all were sinners was, as the Duchess of Buckingham complained, a doctrine "most repulsive and strongly tinctured with impertinence and disrespect towards their superiors . . . . It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl the earth."[29]

Wesley's Methodism was marked by seizures similar to those of the Pentecostal and Charismatic sects of today. They occurred even earlier than Wesley's time—among the early Quakers, for instance, hence their name. The displays (but never with the glossolalia that marks today's Pentecostals) were frequent throughout Wesley's career. As he wrote in his journal, the first occurred on April 17, 1739 when he was in Bristol teaching a Bible class on the fourth chapter of Acts: "We called upon God to confirm his word. Immediately one stood and (to our no small surprise) cried out aloud, with the utmost vehemence even as in the agonies of death. But we continued in prayer . . . . Soon after, two other persons . . . were seized with strong pain, and constrained to roar for the disquietness of their heart. But it was not before they likewise burst forth into praise to God their Savior. The last who called upon God as out of the belly of hell was . . . a stranger in Bristol. And in a short space he also was overwhelmed with joy and love."

He welcomed them as a sign of God's blessings. On June 6, 1772, he noted in his journal: "On Saturday night we met at six, and three of us sung and prayed. But, before the third was done, his voice could not be heard for the cries of the people . . . . We had nothing to do, but to stand and see the wonderful work of God. And oh! How dreadful, yet pleasing, was the sight." Although less frequent as time went on, they never disappeared. He reported the final incident in his journal in 1786.

George Whitefield, a member of the Oxford Holy Club who rivaled Wesley as an evangelist (he preached 18,000 times over a

thirty-four-year period, an average of sixteen times a week) and crossed the Atlantic thirteen times to bring Methodism to America.[30] His preaching produced the same effects there.

In 1774, Wesley published a tract meant for popular reading titled *Thoughts Upon Slavery.* As he put it: "That execrable sum of all villainess, commonly called the slave trade." He quoted from a contemporary book: "England supplies her American colonies with Negro slaves amounting in number to about a hundred thousand every year, that is, so many are taken on board our ships, but at least ten thousand of them die on the passage, about a fourth part more die at the different islands in what is called the seasoning. So that an average, in the passage and seasoning together, thirty thousand die, that is, properly are murdered . . . . The grand plea is, 'They are authorized by laws.' But can law, human law, change the nature of things? Can it turn darkness into light or evil into gold? By no means. Notwithstanding ten thousand laws, right is right, and wrong is wrong still. There must still remain an essential between justice and injustice, cruelty and mercy."

Methodist voices were part of a growing chorus to end the slave trade. The last letter that Wesley wrote, on February 14, 1791, was to William Wilberforce, the leader of the English abolitionist movement. Wilberforce was thirty-two years old. Wesley wrote: "Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils. But if God be for you, who can be against you? Are all of them together stronger than God? O be not weary of well doing! Go, in the name of God and in the power of His might, till even American slavery (the vilest that ever saw the sun) shall vanish away before it." Through Wilberforce's persistence, slavery was finally abolished in England in 1802, and the British navy later tried to intercept slave ships crossing from Africa to the Americas.

Wesley believed he was under God's protection. If heavy rain stopped just before he was to preach, that was providence. If he was unharmed as stones fell around him, or he was able to walk through a storming mob without being touched, that was providence. He rode with slack reins, reading a book, and his horse

never stumbled. That was providence. Everywhere he believed he felt the hand of God.

For instance, there was an incident when he was besieged by people begging alms. He was known simply to hand out money and so, wherever he went, crowds of the poor surrounded his carriage, calling out for aid. In Norwich in 1783, the crowd was loud but he had only enough money to return to London. "I have nothing for you. Do you believe I can support the poor in every parish?" he asked. Then, as he was entering his carriage, his foot slipped and he fell on the ground. He turned to Joseph Bradford, his traveling companion, and said: "It is all right, Joseph, it is all right, it's only what I deserved; for if I had no other good to give, I ought to at least to have given them good words."[32]

But he also wrote: "We cannot impute too much to Divine Providence lest it interfere with our free agency."[33] When it came to finding funds for the poor, he did not wait for providence. Towards the close of his career, he adopted a policy of beginning a new year by distributing coal, bread and clothing among the poor of the Methodist society. In January 1785, when he was eighty-two, he walked the snow-filled streets of London for five days begging for two hundred pounds. He got the money and was ill for a few days. By then, the hostility that had followed his tracks was gone. "I am become, I know not how, an honorable man," he wrote in his journal in 1785.[34]

But he had no illusions. He knew that almost all the seeds of his sermons had fallen on sterile soil. After a lifetime of preaching, he still saw himself confronted by the equivalent of the paganism that faced the Apostles. "Nine-tenths of men in England have no more religion than horses, and perish through total contempt of it," he wrote in an October 25, 1789 letter.

Still, the one-tenth cannot be dismissed. There is a scene in George Eliot's *Adam Bede* (published in 1858) in which Dinah Morris, the young preacher/cotton mill worker, remembers an open-air meeting. "When I was a little girl, and my aunt, who brought me up, took me to hear a good man preach out of doors, just as we are here. I remember his face well; he was very old man, and had

very long white hair; his voice was very soft and beautiful, not like any voice I had ever heard before. I was a little girl and scarcely knew anything, and this old man seemed to be such a different sort of man from anybody I had ever seen before that I thought that he had perhaps come down from the sky to preach to us, and I said, 'Aunt, will he go back to the sky tonight like the picture in the Bible.'"[35]

By 1790, Wesley's sight was so weak he could not read the text of his sermon and his voice was so low few could hear him. Still, he persisted and in February 1791 made his usual plans for a long journey to the north, but on the day before his scheduled departure he was put to bed in a semi-coma. During the night, he repeated several times the words, "I'll praise. I'll praise." His last word was, "Farewell."

He died without a sigh or a groan at ten o'clock in the morning of March 2, 1791 at the age of eighty-eight and after sixty-five years in the ministry. His will was read. He had no money for bequests but he gave "six pounds to be divided among six poor men named by the assistant who shall carry my body to the grave, for I particularly desire there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp except for the tears of those what loved me and are following me to Abraham's bosom."

His face was the most familiar in all of Britain, saving only the king. His body was displayed in a chapel for the public's farewell. So many appeared that the organizers worried there would be an immense crowd at his interment and, without an announcement, they scheduled the funeral at five o'clock in the morning, yet about a hundred men and women managed to follow his body to the grave. Afterward, each was handed an envelope containing a biscuit. The envelope was engraved with a portrait of Wesley wearing his canonicals with his head adorned with a halo and crown. There are several possible texts to explain this, but one will do: Psalm 8:5, "You made him a little lower than the heavenly beings and crowned him with glory and honor."

Notes

1.1961. Oscar Sherwin. *John Wesley Friend of the People*, p. 71

2. Journal: June 28, 1786
3. Sherwin, *Friend*, p. 58
4. Letter: April 29, 1755
5. Letter: September 15, 1757
6. Letter: September 29, 1764
7. 1744 Sermon: *The Use of Money*
8. Tyerman, *Life*, Vol. III, pp. 615–16
9. 1786 Sermon: *Thoughts upon Methodism*
10. 1743 Sermon: *An Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion*
11. Journal: Nov. 26, 1753
12. 1939. Francis J. McConnell. *John Wesley*
13. 1755: *Explanatory notes upon the New Testament, 1 John 4:19*
14. 1979. Stanley Ayling. *John Wesley*, p. 131
15. This and the following descriptions of the "people commonly called Methodists" are drawn from a lengthy 1748 letter to Vincent Perronet, Wesley's closest friend and advisor
16. Sherwin, *Friend*, p. 189
17. James Turner. 1985. *Without God, Without Creed: The Origins of Unbelief in America*, p. 20
18. Journal: November 27, 1750
19. 1781 Sermon: *The Case of Reason Impartially Considered*
20. 1790 Sermon: *On Living Without God*
21. Letter: 1780
22. Journal: June 5, 1766
23. Letter: March 25, 1772
24. Letter: October 3, 1783
25. 1749 Sermon: *The Nature of Enthusiasm*
26. 1758 Sermon: *The Lord Our Righteousness*
27. 1758 Sermon: *The Scripture Way of Salvation*
29. Preserved Smith. 1930. *The Enlightenment 1687-1776*, p. 467
30. Smith, *Enlightenment*, p. 468
32. Tyerman, *Life* Vol. 3, p. 405
33. Letter: April 26, 1777
34. Sherwin, *Friend*, p. 84
35. 1996. World Classics Edition, with notes by Valentine Cunningham. Book, I Chapter 2, p. 24

CHAPTER TWO

Jerry McAuley and the Growth of Rescue Missions

Jerry McAuley was the first to establish a mission specifically for alcoholics and others shunned as the unworthy—even dangerous— poor. By the standards of his times, he was the least likely for such a role but the Christian experience is that God chooses His instruments not by who they are but what they will exemplify. The question then becomes: How was it that the transforming vision of a man alone in a prison cell appeared as a new revelation and inspired not only those of his own class but also men and women of learning and wealth? To answer we must establish a context.

With John Wesley as the model, evangelicals in the United States have much to do penance for, with racism as their most glaring lapse. In the mid-1770s, after Wesley sent evangelists to America, those who took the name of Methodists held their quarterly meetings on Saturdays or Sundays specifically because "many slaves could not attend the meeting except on the Lord's day."[1] A resolution was passed at a general meeting in 1784: "No person holding slaves shall in the future be admitted into the Society or to the Lord's Supper till he previously complies with these rules concerning slavery. Those who buy or sell slaves, or give them way to free them, shall be expelled immediately." Methodist "love feasts," including blacks, were marked by worshipers groaning, shouting, falling to the ground and calling for the Lord's mercy. The demonstrations were not confined to formal preaching: "It was common to hear of souls brought to God while at work in their houses or in their fields. It was often the case with the people

in the cornfields. White people or blacks and sometimes both together, would begin to sing and, being affected, would begin to praise and others would join with them and they would continue their cries till some of them would find peace in their souls."

By 1790, Methodists reported that almost one-fifth of their members, or 11,682, were black. Then came the cotton gin, new breeds of cotton and the western expansion. The lure of wealth overpowered morality so that, by 1843, 1,200 Methodist ministers and preachers owned 1,500 slaves and 25,000 members owned 108,000 more.[2] Blacks were shunted off to the segregated African Methodist Episcopal Church. And it was not only Methodists: All denominations, north and south, closed their eyes and hearts.

From tract societies to missions

The Religious Tract Society was formed in 1811 in New York out of concern for the "unchurched." The New England Tract society was formed in 1814 and was later folded into the American Tract Society. As tract distributors went from door to door, they found many occasions to care for the sick, feed the hungry, aid widows and orphans and clothe the ragged. By 1815 there was a network of tract societies in New York and, in 1845, the New York Tract Society enlarged its name to the New York City Mission and Tract Society and became the umbrella organization for dozens of the city's church or privately financed homes and institutions. Much of the cost of printing and distributing tracts, not only in New York but throughout the east was borne by Lewis Tappan, whose wealth was derived from the sale of cheap silks and notions. Throughout the 1840s, he also shared, with William Lloyd Garrison, the leadership of the antislavery crusade but, in 1858, when Tappan tried to convince the directors of the Tract Society to publish a mild admonition against slaveholders, he was soundly defeated.[3]

There was nothing surprising about this: Christian charity was always class conscious. An 1834 statement by New York's Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society is typical: It offered to aid

"the honest, industrious, sober and respectable poor" but not to extend help to "that fermenting mass of vice and ignorance which . . . [threatens] the safety of our social and political institutions." So much for Wesley's teachings.

The major foray into the heart of New York's poverty began in 1848, with the Ladies Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Society opened a mission station in the Five Points—just a few blocks from Broadway, the city's main shopping street. The Five Points (so-named because it was a crossing of three streets) was dominated by an abandoned brewery dating from 1792. More than a thousand men, women and children filled its rotting rooms and twenty-six were crammed into a basement measuring only fifteen feet square and so low a man could scarcely stand erect. Two years later, the Society bought and demolished the Old Brewery and replaced it with a building that housed a chapel, parsonage, schoolrooms, baths, and twenty apartments for the use, without rent, of families who could not support themselves and who would agree in advance to obey the rules of the mission.

Lewis Morris Pease was appointed minister and caught the public's attention by organizing a Thanksgiving dinner for five hundred persons, with the food and service provided by five Broadway hotels. Pease realized derelict women needed more than sermons and handouts. Pease persuaded a shirt manufacturer to give him piecework and turned a hall that was used at night for a gospel service into a garment shop by day. Twenty women were waiting at the door when he opened the doors the next morning at seven o'clock and fifteen more joined them later in the day. Pease was charged with involving himself in the affairs of the world and was called an infidel, a socialist and a communist. He later resigned and rented two houses that a friendly judge conveniently emptied by means of a police raid. In 1854, he bought the houses and replaced them with a five-story structure and called it the Five Points House of Industry. It had twenty three-room apartments, a school for children and adults and rooms for various industries that employed five hundred men and women.

Pease was far ahead of his times. The prevailing sentiment was unchanged from the 1834 Protestant Episcopal warning of a fermenting mass that threatened social and political institutions. In the 1850s, Robert Harley, the executive secretary of the Association of Improving the Condition of the Poor, "shared his generation's assumption about the nature and origins of poverty. There were, he believed, essentially two classes among he needy, the victims and the vicious, the worthy and the unworthy."[4]

When, beginning in 1851, the YMCA came to America from England, its trustees were merchants, manufacturers and bankers who never looked beyond their class: "Seeking to keep the control of the society in the hands of those possessed of practical piety, the American Associations have from the beginning required as the best available test of active and voting membership, membership in some evangelical church."[5]

The dangerous classes

The man who would shape fears of the poor into a widely read book was Charles Loring Brace, an 1846 Yale graduate who later studied theology in New York and went to Europe to research the life of the Hungarian revolutionary Louis Kossuth. He returned to write, at tremendous speed, Kossuth's biography and another book on life in Germany. The first was published in 1852 and the second in 1853.

While writing, Brace was employed by the Ladies Home Missionary Society as a "City Missionary" at their Five Points station "to seek out needy and potentially redeemable people, tell them of church services available to them and deliver tracts and small homilies."[6] The misery of the adults was an old story: What most impressed him were their children. In 1849, the city's first police chief had estimated their numbers at about three thousand, sleeping in alleys, under stairways or in abandoned buildings.

In *The Dangerous Classes*, his 1872 semi-autobiographical account of his work with the Children's Aid Society, he would write of lightless, garbage-strewn stairways, tubercular mothers shiver-

ing under heaps of rags, emaciated children, virtual villages of tumbledown shanties and girls on the streets offering to sell flowers and themselves. He saw the poor as a race apart: "The old story: no work, no friends, rent to pay, and nothing to do. The parents squalid, idle, intemperate and shiftless. There they live just picking up enough to keep life warm in them; groaning, and begging, and seeking work. They live, breeding each day pestilence and disease, scattering abroad over the city seed of fearful sickness—raising a brood of vagrants and harlots—retorting on society its neglect by cursing the bodies and souls of thousands whom they never knew, and who never saw them." These were his "dangerous" classes.

In 1853, when he was twenty-seven, Brace founded—and invented—the Children's Aid Society. In a three-page prospectus, he appealed to the benevolence of wealthy Christians by catering to their fears: "These boys and girls, it should be remembered, will soon form the lower class of our city. They will influence elections; they may shape the policy of the city; they will, assuredly, if unreclaimed, poison society all around them. They will help to form the great multitude of robbers, thieves, and vagrants, who are now such a burden upon the law-respecting community."

He spoke of opening Sunday Meetings and Industrial Schools and forming lodging houses and reading rooms. Near the end of his appeal, he described one final "object" of the society: "To be the means of draining the city of these children by communicating with farmers, manufacturers or families in the country who might put them in the way of an honest living." In short, he was proposing to sweep the children off the streets. Once established, his agents simply picked up unattended children, put them on so-called "Orphan Trains" and sent them out West, where a train would stop and the children would be disembarked to be examined and chosen by anyone who wanted them. Those not selected would be taken to the next stop.

By the 1890s, at least 90,000 children had been, in effect, kidnapped from New York's streets. Brace claimed they were pleased with their new families and grew to healthy independent adults.

But, as Michael Katz writes: "A great many children bounced from one placement to another; a very high proportion found their way back to New York City; and in many instances the family ties that Bruce had hoped to snap remained unbroken as children sent West often managed to establish relations with their families." Katz also notes that although the Children's Aid Society appeared to be a private charity, it received more than half its funding from county taxes, excise funds, the city's Board of Education and the state.[7]

Catholic institutions

For Catholics, the Children's Aid Society was the most hated of many unfriendly Protestant agencies. Although only twenty percent of the children sent West were Catholic, the trains were seen by Catholics "as little more than institutionalized child snatching." Catholics were beleaguered in a society where power was in the hands of a relentlessly proselytizing Protestant majority but, since most New York Catholics came from Ireland, where they had faced equally unfriendly rulers, they had long since developed the tactics to defend their institutions and way of life.

As immigrants moved into the decaying downtown sections of New York, rich Protestants fled uptown and Catholics happily recycled their deserted churches. In April 1844, Father Felix Varela, a political refugee of an aristocratic Cuban family, paid $30,000 for a former Episcopal church on Mott Street, two short blocks from the Five Points. It became the Church of the Transfiguration.[8] He was so loved that the Irish overlooked his ancestry and named him chaplain of the Hibernian Universal Benevolent Society and vicar general for the New York Irish. His beneficence was legendary. He visited the sick and poor at all hours. During the cholera epidemic of 1832, he "lived in the hospitals." People told stories of how he gave his clothes, his watch and even his bedding to the poor who gathered outside his window to receive the gifts. Once someone gave him a watch to replace one he had given away but in a few days it was gone and was found in the hands of a poor parishioner ready to pawn it. While visiting the sick he often gave

away the clothes on his back and would call upon friends to replenish his supply. Long after he left the parish, his picture continued to be displayed in Irish homes.

Few of the new Irish immigrants had explicit knowledge of Catholic doctrine but at the Sunday Mass at the Church of the Transfiguration the aisles were packed and an equal number gathered outside to follow the service by the tinkling of the bell from the altar. There was more than prayer. The Ladies Society of Charity of Transfiguration Church distributed clothing and employed as many as they could in manufacturing clothes. The principal organization for laymen was the St Vincent de Paul Society, whose goal was "the exercise of charity in many ways, but chiefly, to visit poor families, to minister to their physical wants as far as means will admit and to give such counsel for their spiritual good as circumstances may require and to look after male orphans when they have left the asylum."

In contrast, as much as Protestants talked and wrote of their charities, their goal was proselytizing "unchurched" Irish and German Catholic immigrants. Their principal means were Sunday school associations. All major cities had long organized campaigns to enroll city children, especially in the slums. In New York in 1857, about two thousand volunteers covered the crowded portions of the city on a block-by-block basis. In Detroit, forty-four Sunday schools were organized by the 1860s, enrolling about thirty percent of the city's children. The schools were the front lines for the defense of what was perceived to be "American" society. In the words of an 1856 statement by The American Sunday School Union: "The refuse population of Europe . . . congregate in our great cities and send forth . . . wretched progeny, degraded in the deep degradation of their parents to be scavengers, physical and moral, of our streets. Mingled with these are also the offcast children of American debauchery, drunkenness, and vice. A class more dangerous to the community . . . can hardly be imagined."[9]

By the close of the Civil War, at least seventy-six church agencies and missions were functioning in New York, twenty-two of them under the City Mission and Tract society, fourteen attached

to Presbyterian churches, eight to Episcopal and seven to Methodist churches.[10] The most recent was the Howard Mission and Home for Little Wanderers on the Bowery near Pearl Street, not far from the Five Points. Although it nominally came under the aegis of the City Mission and Tract Society, it was funded by Alfrederic Hatch, who had become wealthy through organizing of bond sales to finance to the war. (We will have much to say of him later.) The Howard Mission was a feeble response to the thousands of babies who were left on the doorsteps of hospitals and orphanages or simply abandoned on the streets.

Edward Winslow Martin described the Howard Mission in his 1868 *Secrets of the Great City*: "Its object is to rescue the little ones from want and suffering, and make them comfortable. They are educated, and taught their duty as children of the Lord, and at a certain age, are provided with homes or trades. Little ones, starving or freezing in the streets, are picked up constantly and brought in here. The police often bring in such guests. All are welcomed and made as comfortable as possible. You may see them warmly and neatly clad, or tucked away in a snug bed, little children, even babies, who but the night before were almost dying with cold in the streets."

There were many tract distributors in New York, but only one who went beyond the routine of handing out homilies. His name was Henry Little: "Often his heart was stirred within him as he saw crowds of unfortunate and friendless men driving past him and wished to do them good. He drew them into his mission room and when they were hungry he fed them from his own table and at night instead of sending them to the police station for lodging, gave them a blanket and a place on the benches of his mission room."[11]

Jerry McAuley: his vision and his struggle

With all of this serving as the backdrop, we can begin the story of Jerry McAuley and the establishment of the first rescue mission.[12] His father was a counterfeiter who fled his home and

may have disappeared into the pit of a penal colony. When he was thirteen, McAuley was sent to New York's notorious Fourth Ward and joined a gang of boys who, by night, stole goods from ships docked along the East River and sold them by day and wasted the proceeds on drinks and clothes. He was also a boxer, but robbery was how he made his living. He was in and out of jail until (as he later put it) "even the rum sellers wanted to get rid of me." Finally, he was accused of highway robbery. He was guilty of many crimes, but not that one. It didn't matter. The police had their way and, in January 1857, McAuley was quickly convicted and sentenced to fifteen years and six months in Sing Sing prison. He was nineteen years old.

Sing Sing was built of stone just above the edge of the Hudson River and was always damp. There was no plumbing, just a bucket, and it smelled of a thousand buckets. Prisoners in horizontal stripes were marched to their meals in lockstep with their right hand on the shoulder of the man in front, forbidden to talk or look right or left, but there was a small library with religious literature and those who desired were taught to read and write, tutored by an instructor who stood outside their cells and called lessons through grated doors. At first, McAuley tried to obey the rules and was given relatively soft work in the carpet shop and learned to read and write. He even said the Lord's Prayer to himself, something he vaguely remembered from his grandmother in Ireland. Then his health began to fail and he turned sullen and rebellious and was punished: forced to wear an iron cage around his neck and head, and given "the showers"—seated chained to a chair as a blast of ice-cold water drenched his head and body.

One Sunday there was a speaker at the obligatory chapel. McAuley hardly listened, but the voice sounded familiar and when he looked carefully he recognized the speaker as a former boxer and fellow drunk from the Fourth Ward: Orville Gardner, familiarly, "Awful" Gardner. Gardner told how, in 1857 (a few months after McAuley's arrest and sentencing), he had found Jesus and became a new man. McAuley thought if that could happen to Awful Gardner, perhaps it could happen to him too. All prisoners

were given a Bible when they entered their cells. McAuley had stuck his in an airshaft. When he returned to his cell from chapel and lunch he took it out, blew off the dust and began to read. He later described his struggles; how a kind woman visitor helped him and how he tried to tell other prisoners about what he was reading until:

> All at once it seemed as if something supernatural was in my room. I was afraid to open my eyes. I was in agony and the tears rolled off my face in great drops. Oh, how I longed for God's mercy! Just then, at the height of my distress, it seemed as if a hand was laid upon my head and these words came to me: "My son, thy sins, which are many, are forgiven." I do not know if I had heard a voice, yet the words were distinctly spoken in my soul. Oh, the precious Christ! How plainly I saw him lifted on the cross for my sins! What a thrill went through me! I jumped from my knees. I paced up and down my cell. A heavenly light seemed to fill it; a softness and a perfume like the fragrance of sweetest flowers. I did not know if I was living or not. I clapped my hands and shouted: "Praise God! Praise God!"

The Quakers coined the name of Penitentiary for new model prisons because they were supposed to make a sinner penitent. Once this occurred, they would be set free. It took a while, but McAuley was pardoned after serving seven and a half years of his sentence. With nowhere else to go, he returned to the Fourth Ward and was soon a drunk and once again stealing from ships in the harbor. Then, "John Allen Excitement" occurred. Allen ran a dance hall and house of prostitution at 304 Water Street. A journalist discovered that three of John Allen's brothers were ministers and that Allen kept religious literature on the tables of his saloon and displayed his two-year-old son, Chester, to the girls. He wrote an article calling Allen "The Wickedest Man in New York," and evangelists flocked to Water Street to pray and preach. They even rented, as a temporary prayer hall, the worst place of all—Kit Burn's

"Sports' Man's Hall"—where rats were tossed into a pit and bets laid on which dog could tear one apart the quickest.

Amidst this, Henry Little went from house to house knocking on doors to hand out tracts. McAuley was living on Cherry Street with his girl, Maria Fahy. The landlady tried to block his way and Little called out, "Do you love Jesus?" She replied, "No indeed, do I love Jesus; and who is He?" McAuley heard this conversation through the door. Little went upstairs and McAuley came out to wait for him to come down, hoping the man might help him to find a job. Little had been thrown downstairs during encounters like this and suggested that they go down to the street to talk. "I think he was a little scared at facing me," McAuley recalled. "I had a colored shirt on and an old pair of pants and my hair was cropped pretty close." Little took him to the Howard Mission where they met another man. They said they would find him a job if McAuley would sign a pledge not to drink. McAuley said he couldn't wait: He had no money and would go out to steal something. Still, he signed the pledge and went back to his room and told his partner—a man named Tom—what he had done. Tom laughed and poured him a glass of gin. McAuley drank it, but said it would be his last.

Tom laughed: "Yes, till you get the next." At that moment, Little came in and Jerry backed off so he could not smell his breath. Little asked him to go for a walk along the river. They did and McAuley said he had no money and was hungry and would go out that night to steal from ships.

"Jerry," Little said, "before you shall do that, I'll take this coat off my back and pawn it and give you the money." He also gave McAuley a text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

McAuley replied: "I'll take that text and trust God." Little pawned his coat for fifty cents and gave the money to McAuley. "I got something to eat and we did not go boating," McAuley recalled.

Little took McAuley to chapel services at the Howard Mission where one of the men who sometimes preached was Alfrederic

Hatch, who was president of the New York Stock Exchange. The two men could not have been more different. Hatch came from an old New York family and lived in a mansion. McAuley was barely literate and spoke with a thick Irish brogue. Yet Hatch became his friend and found him work, saying whenever he needed help he should seek him out, even to his office with its fine furnishings and polished brass.

Once, McAuley went upstate and when the stagecoach got stuck he went with the other passengers into a bar to drink and stay warm. He ordered sarsaparilla. The bartender looked at him and handed him a bottle of gin and a glass. He drank it, missed the return stage, drank some more and when he woke up in the morning he decided to commit suicide. He went to the railroad station to throw himself under a train but just stood there when the train came in and the conductor pushed him into a compartment. The next Sunday he went to the Howard Mission and saw Hatch on the platform. Hatch smiled and nodded but McAuley thought he could not face such a man and after the meeting he tried to slip out the door. Hatch caught up with him outside and held out his hand. "Jerry, what is the matter?" he asked.

McAuley put up his hand, as if to ward Hatch off. "I'm not fit for you to speak to me," he said. On prompting, he told Hatch what he had done. Hatch put his arm on McAuley's shoulders and, looking straight into his eyes, said, "Don't give it up Jerry. Try again and keep trying."

Hatch found him a job with a ferry company. His Christian principles now aroused. He did not report for work the following Sunday and was fired. He found other jobs and relapsed several times. Once, fighting drunk, he barged into a prayer meeting and tried to pick a quarrel. His friends remained faithful and he was always forgiven. He gave up smoking as well as drinking, found a church and room and board with a Christian couple. Hatch found him a job at the Custom House but he preached too much and was fired. He found another job and criticized someone for swearing and was fired again.

Hatch gave him a job where he would be alone, as the watch-

man on a little yacht he owned on Gowanus Bay. It had hardly any furnishings of value but McAuley, an old river thief, knew Gowanus Bay was infested with robbers and he lay awake at night with a revolver cocked and ready. The experience marked a huge step in his rehabilitation. "When I found I was trusted like that by a man who knew all about my past life," he recalled, "I began to respect myself and think, 'Jerry McAuley, there is a chance for you after all; you will be somebody yet before you know it,' and it gave me big boost."

Hatch later found him a job as a porter in a Broadway firm that sold sewing machines. As if to test McAuley's confidence, he asked if he should tell the prospective employer that he was hiring a man who had been a drunkard and had spent time in Sing Sing as a thief or should he remain silent and take a chance the truth would never be discovered.

McAuley replied: "I don't want any hiding or dodging. I won't be a fraud in any way. Whatever else I am, I want to be just Jerry McAuley and nothing else." Actually, Hatch did tell the company about McAuley's history and promised to make good any losses, but he did not tell that to McAuley. Afterward, when McAuley dropped into the banker's office for a chat, Hatch did tell him and joked: "If you should get away with half a dozen truck loads of sewing machines some night it might break me."

Jerry laughed and then became serious: "You'll never be ashamed of me. If the cellar where I work was a gold mine or had diamonds lying all around loose, your promise will never cost you a cent."

One day, as he was working alone in that cellar, McAuley had a vision of what God wanted him to do: "I was working for the Lord down in the Fourth Ward. I had a house and people were coming in. There was a bath and they came and I washed and cleaned them outside and the Lord cleaned them inside. They came first by small numbers, then by hundreds and afterwards by thousands. Before I came out of the vision I was in tears. Then something said to me, 'Would you do that for the Lord if He should call you? Would you do it for Jesus' sake?' I answered, 'Yes

Lord, open the way and I will go.' I felt that I would go down there where I had always lived. I was used to the filth and drunkenness."

Three years earlier, during the John Allen excitement, Alfrederic Hatch had bought a house at 316 Water Street for evangelical use. In 1872, Maria and Jerry were married and went to a gospel camp meeting at Ocean Grove, New Jersey. Jerry gave his testimony and there was a call for contributions and he raised $450. With money in hand, he went to Hatch and asked for the building for use as a mission. Hatch hesitated, telling McAuley he now had an orderly life and asking why he wanted to take on such a burden. McAuley was firm and Hatch assented. In October 1872, after the house was repaired and cleaned, a sign was put up: "Helping Hand for Men."

Men deep in drink, or simply homeless and shabby, discovered this place that would never turn them away and the room was crowded every night for singing and testimonies, after which the men stretched out to sleep on wooden benches or the floor. A report of its first year counted 26,261 meals served, lodgings for 5,144 and various clothing dispensed. Its expenses were $2,291.38. During its first two years, it reported 55,445 attended the night meetings.

The growth and spread of rescue missions

Without direct reference to McAuley's Helping Hand, what became the country's second rescue mission grew out of a Sunday school started in Chicago in 1869 by Sarah Clark, the wife of Colonel George Clarke, a Civil War veteran turned real estate dealer. When she said she wanted to change it to a mission for men, Colonel Clark found a store for her on State Street. It opened its doors for prayers in September 1877 with forty men seated on backless wooden benches. It had no overnight accommodations and no food. It simply preached the Gospel. In 1880, Colonel Clarke found a new location at the once-notorious, but closed, Pacific Beer Garden on Van Buren Street. At the suggestion of Dwight

Moody, who had just returned from evangelistic meetings in England, the word "beer" was eliminated and it became the Pacific Garden Mission. It later gained international fame as the mission where the one-time baseball player Billy Sunday found redemption in 1886 and went on to become the best-known gospel preacher of his time. He became even more famous with the conversion, in 1897, of Mel Trotter, who gave his testimony thousands of times at revival meetings in quickly constructed wooden tabernacles that could hold as a many as three thousand men and women. He would tell how he had been a barber but stopped when his hand shook too much to hold a razor. His baby daughter died when he was on a binge. He returned to swear at the child's coffin that he would never drink again—but he did. One night, as he walked down a street to drown himself in the Chicago River, the doorman of the Pacific Garden Mission called out. "Come in." He did and became a part of evangelical history.[13]

After McAuley's Helping Hand, the first mission to supply free food and cheap lodging was organized in Philadelphia in 1878 as the Sunday Breakfast Association by twenty men whose life had been changed at the at Franklin Reformatory Home for Inebriates, a Christian institution that was started in 1872. Sunday Breakfast was specifically designed for men "by reason of drink, out of work, out of situation, out of money, out of friends, out of home, away from God, driven from pillar to post, ordered by the police to 'move on,' and never a kind word of encouragement from anyone; every day finds their personal appearance worse, their very condition debars them from getting even a job to white-wash a cellar; dirty, ragged and forlorn, disheartened and in despair they are pitiable objects indeed, and yet some of them, in spite of their poverty, keep themselves clean, neat and tolerably respectable in appearance."[14]

The history and methods of these early missions prefigure the rescue missions of today. McAuley's own life—finding God, but then frequent relapses; confession in the form of public testimony; penitence in the form of a willingness to start again at the bottom; mentoring, with someone always ready to say "try again," and fi-

nally discipleship, established the pattern. Sunday Breakfast had a statement of doctrines and practices that replicate today's long-term programs, which see a man's condition as holistic—a blending of the physical, mental and spiritual: "to arouse his conscience to a realization of his moral and religious duties and responsibilities." In 1890, Sunday Breakfast even developed a seven-step program that anticipated the twelve steps of Alcoholics Anonymous (AA):

1. Rigorous and unshrinking examination of the cause of his downfall.
2. Acknowledgment that his course has been a continued offence against God and His laws.
3. Admission of the necessity of God's mercy and pardon.
4. Recognition of his inability to do the right, except by God's grace and assistance.
5. Acceptance of mercy and forgiveness in the faith that strength is never withheld from him who earnestly seeks it.
6. Recognition that ultimate and permanent reformation is in his own hands.
7. Realization that the Home not only seeks to remove drunkenness, but teaches how to change association, habits, thoughts, and feelings which lead to drunkenness.[15]

The difference, of course, is that AA merely speaks of a "higher power" and leaves it to an individual to define what that means.

Rescue missions grew by the passing of the torch. The Central Union Mission was opened in Washington, D. C. in 1884 by the Rev Latham Douglass and his wife. They had recently come from New York where they attended meetings at the McAuley Water Street Mission and wanted to open a similar mission to combine spiritual and physical needs. (The "Union" in its name—meaning a joint action of several churches—served as a model for other missions.) It pioneered in establishing preaching stations in many

parts of the city and, when a six-story mission was constructed in 1892, it became the first with feeding and lodging facilities specifically for transients and others who seeking help to find jobs.

A feature of early missions was a "Gospel Wagon"—an elaborate horse-drawn vehicle that carried preachers and musicians around a city to spread the "Glad Tidings." Central Union hired a wagon but when, in 1886, Major George Hilton contributed ten dollars to start a fund to buy the mission's own wagon, the money was raised and it became a major part of the mission's outreach.

Major Hilton moved to California where, in 1891, he founded what was then the Pacific Gospel Union Mission in Los Angeles. A year later, John Appel, a homeless man converted by Major Hilton in Los Angeles, opened the Gospel Union Mission of Portland, Oregon. Others were inspired by single individuals. For example, one night in 1888, Thomas McGregor, a Toledo businessman, could not sleep and got up to walk through streets lined with saloons. He prayed before one of them for four hours. On another night, as he recalled, "I got up and said to my wife, 'I'm going out for a little while.' I cannot tell why I did it, but I went down through the same locality and spent hours in prayer. I knew the Spirit prayed through me that God would raise up something to save these people. A few weeks after that I rented a building for ten years without a cent of money in my pocket and asked God to send the money and He directed me to some Christian people who gave me the rent."

In the same year, he sold his business, and his wife, a schoolteacher, dismissed their servant, and they founded the Bethany Mission School in Toledo. Not long afterward, they acquired land on O'Connor Place in Detroit to establish a "Helping Hand" mission on the model of Jerry McAuley. An announcement read: "This building will be fitted up with all the improvements necessary for a work of this kind where the tramp, the criminal, the drunkard and all other classes of men who have become outcasts from society can have a Christian home, with goods, shelter, and all conveniences of cleansing the body and clothing and have the Gospel of Jesus Christ preached to them twice a day . . . the only require-

ment for admission being their need." After his death it was renamed the McGregor Mission or Institute.[16]

Missions for "fallen women"

Charles Crittenton, a wealthy man, had two daughters: Adie and, thirteen years later, Florence, who was born when he was forty-six. She suddenly died and he visited her grave every day for several months. One day, as he was riding a streetcar, a verse came to his mind: "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten; be zealous, therefore, and repent" (Revelations 3:19).[17] By then, Jerry McAuley had opened a new mission—the Cremorne—on West 32nd Street, in the heart of the city's entertainment and red-light district. At the suggestion of a friend, Crittenton attended McAuley's nightly prayer meeting. After the testimonies, McAuley called him to pray. He returned the next night and asked what he should do. McAuley's advice was that, because he had come so late to the Lord, it would be best for Crittenton to attend to business and give some of his earnings to God. Then, a further tragedy. His wife died in 1886.

At a prayer meeting two years later, he met Smith Allen, a Presbyterian pastor who spent his nights trying to rescue prostitutes. Allen asked Crittenton to talk to women on Baxter Street, a place of saloons and prostitutes. He did, and told them of Florence, who had died at the age of four years, four months and four days. They cried and said they would lead a Christian life. Crittenton decided to open a mission for them. He first went to John Dooley, the pastor of the Grand Street Church and a leader of evangelical work in downtown Manhattan for advice. A planning conference was arranged with Dooley, Samuel H. Hadley (more of him later) and Henry Burton Gibbud, who was another missionary to prostitutes. On the coldest of nights, Gibbud would go out with a large can of hot coffee strapped to his side, looking into hallways, cellars and police stations to offer women coffee and prayers. It was decided to open a mission, with Dooley as president and Gibbud as secretary. Dooley suggested they call it the Florence Mission and all agreed.

It opened on Bleecker Street in 1883 with Crittenton to pay all expenses. The women called it "our church." Crittenton traveled to open a chain of Florence Missions that sheltered prostitutes and other single women, taught them trades and found them work and new homes. By the time he wrote his memoirs in 1910, there were seventy-eight Florence homes in United States and foreign countries with real estate worth almost one million dollars and a comfortable $75,000 endowment fund.

A second chain of missions for "Fallen Women," as they were called, was developed by Emma Whitmore, whose husband, Sidney Whitmore, was a wealthy man. In late winter 1875, the Whitmores joined the curious attracted by the growing fame of McAuley's Helping Hand. They tried to hide themselves in the rear but McAuley called them to the front; he would not allow the mission to be entertainment for the wealthy. After the testimonies, he asked them to pray and they stammered out some words. They later attended almost every night and, in December 1876, Whitmore became one of the five incorporators of the renamed McAuley Water Street Mission.

Mrs Whitmore had been a partial invalid for much of her life, stemming from a broken vertebra. In 1884, after prayers, she felt whole. She became interested in a young girl named Delia, who had been found in a dive and was brought to the Florence Mission. She opened a mission, which she called the Door of Hope, in October 1890 in a fashionable district on East 61st Street with Delia—the "Bluebird"—as her first inmate. It housed and fed women, gave medical care and, after they were stabilized, found them jobs, generally as servants—always in great demand. She later became an honorary officer of the Salvation Army and blended her growing chain of missions into the Army's structure. Before her death in 1931, nearly one hundred of her missions were banded together in the Door of Hope Union.

Samuel Hadley

McAuley opened the doors of the Cremorne Mission on West 32nd Street in January 1882. It was named after a notorious saloon and dance hall in London. His new mission was immediately so crowded that, when a man weak from the aftereffects of delirium tremens tried to enter three months later, he found the door blocked. A tramp, seeing how anxious he was, cleared the path. The man was Samuel Hopkins Hadley whose life till then was a compound of alcohol, fraud and deceit. The story he later told of his conversion at the feet of Jerry McAuley was so dramatic that William James condensed it for his *The Varieties of Religious Experience.*

Hadley had been raised in a log cabin in Ohio. When he was sixteen, he accidentally cut his knee and walked with a limp and so did not serve in the Civil War. He became a drunk, drifted to New York and from job to job and supplemented his meager earnings as an insurance agent by embezzlement and forging checks. He often spent hours by the window of his rooming house trying to get courage to jump out. His forgeries were discovered in 1882 and he knew it was only a matter of time before he would be sent to prison. He went to a saloon, spent the last of his money on whiskey and went to the nearest police station and asked to be locked up until he became sober. When he got out, someone suggested he go to a new mission called the Cremorne. He went, listened to the testimonies and went to the altar to bow his head. McAuley came along the line, placing his hand on each man's head and saying, "Pray."

"I can't pray," he said. "Will you pray for me?"

"All the prayers in the world will not save you unless you pray for yourself," McAuley replied. He prayed and the next morning went downtown to see a man whose name he had forged one hundred and twenty-five times.

"Hadley! You here," he exclaimed. Hadley had meant simply to confess his forgeries but then began telling of his conversion and broke into tears.

"Mr Hadley," the man interrupted, "I don't know anything about the kind of religion you've got, but I would give all I am worth if I had what you have. Now go ahead and do all the good you can. I will never trouble you."

He became an active, transformed Christian and, in 1886, he was named superintendent of Water Street Mission. It had decayed after McAuley moved uptown but flourished again under Hadley's leadership. As missions grew, the question of the "worthy" poor resurfaced, although it was now known as the question of "Loaves and Fishes." Should food be given to anyone who asked? In his1902 biography, *Down on Water Street*, Hadley replied by citing the practice at the Water Street Mission:

> They are always received kindly; no questions are asked and such food as we have is given to them. We pity them, yes, we love them. We love them just because they are lost and poor and wretched and deceitful and utterly friendless. He is asked no questions. No promises are exacted. He has no rules to observe except the one rule of order. He is not lectured on his past. He is not exhorted. He is treated as a brother, as if he were the best man in the world. He meets with unvarying kindness on every hand. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred come here because they are absolutely dying. They have not a cent or a friend on earth and their clothing is scarcely fit for a ragman. Some "would work the mission" for all it is worth, leaving "with a chuckle." But sooner or later, he is driven back again by hunger to the only place where he can get shelter and food. On his return he is met with the same welcome. There is no word of reproof, not even a suggestion that he had not acted honorably.

Christian workers conventions

One of the prominent evangelists of the era was Albert B. Simpson, who established a church, a rescue home for women, an

orphanage, a home for rest and healing and a training college for missionaries and rescue workers and, his crowing achievement, the Christian and Missionary Alliance, which grew to more than four hundred agencies throughout the world.

In 1886, he initiated a series of autumn gatherings called "The Convention of Christian Workers in the United States and Canada"—several days of morning and afternoon sessions during which invited speakers told what they were doing and then answered questions. At the first convention in Chicago, William Johnson of the Cleveland Peoples Tabernacle said: "In my audience you will see a good many Catholics and I never say a word against the Catholics. The priests do not forbid the people to come to the Tabernacle. One Catholic priest gave five dollars to help along the work."

Colonel George Clark told of his Pacific Garden Mission and H. B. Gibbud told of the Florence Mission. D. H. Devine of New York told of his Bible and Fruit Mission located just across the East River from the prisons and poor houses on Blackwell's Island. He said a man might come to his mission with nothing but the poor clothes on his back. He would be taken to a broom factory and given two or three brooms to sell. If a man did not come back, the mission lost only about twenty-five cents. Those who did return could live on the premises for fifty cents a day and would be given more brooms to sell to get little money for a start. In one year, 3,743 brooms were sold.

Etta Clark, also of the Bible and Fruit Mission, told of volunteers who stood at train stations to catch young women on their arrival and give them cards telling of a safe place where they might stay. They also had a "Mother's Chapel" where a woman could come with her children and buy cloth at half price to make clothing for herself and the children, with Bible reading during the sewing and a short Bible class at the end of the day. She also said thirty volunteers went every week to different hospitals carrying fruit and flowers for poor patients.

A woman from the Women's Christian Temperance Union (WCTU) Bethesda Mission in Chicago told of a kindergarten for

sixty children, along with a place where twenty or thirty "lost and fallen women can come in and spend a quiet hour" and two rooms for men with baths and a reading room.

A man named Phil Smith, also from the Bethesda Mission, gave a short talk. Afterwards, he was asked: "Do you have colored children?"

"Oh yes," he replied, "white and black are received and are kept happy all day long." He also volunteered: "I am right down around Roman Catholics and sometimes some of them drop into the meeting. I do not believe in talking against their religion. I never do it and I have some friends among them."

John Collins of the Union Gospel Meeting in New Haven Connecticut—one of the co-organizers of the convention—spoke briefly of a boys club he once ran and of his present work. He went to the local court to seek a man who might have been brought in for being drunk and who would probably have a family and faced a sentence of thirty days. Collins would ask the judge to continue the case for thirty days while he counseled the man on his drinking problem and had him attend chapel and church meetings. If necessary he would return to the judge to ask for another thirty days and then another, for up to ninety days. He told the conference:

"We have got to go out and get these men and women and boys and girls and hold on to them by hard work and the utmost love and be as wise as serpents or our labor will not avail. It is a work that has got to be done in America and trained workers are necessary. We hear sometimes that they have lost all hope for themselves and we need to infuse hope in them. We try to make their acceptance of Christ an intelligent matter. We do not get a man to say that he will be a Christian until he understands something of what that signifies."

The second convention was held at the Broadway Tabernacle in September 1887, with the proceedings much the same. Etta Clark told more about her Bible and Fruit Mission. She had printed placards copied from a warning of the London Travelers Aid Society and posted them at different railroad stations and docks in

New York and Boston and had given some to porters to distribute. They read: "Young women on landing are most earnestly warned not to accept offers of help from men or women who are unknown to them, and not to go to any address given to them by strangers. Such persons are often the agents of evil disposed people whose object is to entice young girls to their ruin. Young women having no friends to meet them are begged to go at once to the address given on this paper, where they will find a lady ready to give them all the information and help they require."

Another speaker, Sister Rebecca Collins, told how she had organized "Colored Mission Prayer and Temperance Meetings" in New York to find work in religious families for former slaves: "One difficulty we have found with a great many who come from the South is that they are not what they ought to be morally. Many of them have two wives, and so on, and we have a great deal of work preaching to them about the necessity of clear hearts and pure minds. I cannot say that we have done all that we ought to do, but we are doing a little every day to help raise these poor colored people and many of them have become converted in our mission and stand up to testify for the Lord Jesus Christ."

Mrs C. V. Keeler also told of her work with "colored people." She said she had started to speak on their behalf six years earlier, in Baltimore and then in Washington D. C. "We must remember their origin and what they *were* when considering what they *are*," she said. "When we think of their present condition alone, we are too ready to give up on them as hopeless. They are looking to us white people for light. They are ignorant but they are willing to let us teach them and help them. They are the most teachable people I have ever visited. The colored people are here and they are here to stay. We are not going to get rid of them. We must help them. How shall it be done? Who will do it? I feel I am my brother's keeper."

Then the Reverend Edward T. Fleming of Georgia spoke. He was fair-skinned but was born a slave. He said he was taught to read by an escaped federal soldier in 1863 and later lost an eye in an attack by the Ku Klux Klan. He said after he became a minister

and opened a church and had whitewashed it, a white woman ordered it closed. Once, he said, he went into a Moody Gospel tent, "accompanied by a Southern girl as fair as I and accompanied by a white teacher." An usher ordered them out.

John Collins and his little friends

The next day, John Collins told of his work with street boys for three years beginning in 1874 when he was a theology senior at Yale with his evenings free. A place in the center of the city had been furnished and was open for two years with indifferent success: "I was told it was simply a room large enough to accommodate about one hundred boys during week nights of colder months. My task, with a few assistants, was to attract boys who were accustomed to idling about the streets in the evening with eyes open and hands ready to engage in any mischief that might present itself, apt learners and imitators of the wickedness about them."

Notices were posted of the time and place and five hundred boys surged in as soon as the door opened. It was a long narrow room with a desk at one end for the superintendent.

"I sat there not uttering a word," Collins recalled. "It was the best thing. Even someone sitting at my side would not have heard me. Seeing me sitting there, out of curiosity the tumult ceased and I started a little speech: "Boys (tremendous applause) we have opened the club together (Good, Good. You don't say. Two boys were put out for fighting.) and hope to make it as pleasant as possible for you. (Oh cheese it mister. Small boy in a corner with very dirty face goes wild with excitement.) But first of all, I want to tell you that you must behave. (Shoot it old boy. Oh you git out.) Next, no boy can use tobacco in this room. (Immense excitement, yells, whistles. Several boys fill their mouths with more tobacco. One boy is put out.) Then you must wash your faces and hands and comb your hair (Terrific yells, small boy in corner makes numerous contortions of his face expressive of his opinion about the speaker.) before coming to the room (Subdued applause.) and you must not gather in the street before half past six and now let

me tell you again that you MUST behave (Cries of: Cork up mister. Give us a rest.) and no boy will be allowed in the room who does not conduct himself as he should. Now we will give out tickets (Great applause. Several fight. One boy put out. Great rush to desk to get tickets.)

"The tickets had a boy's name, age, residence, birthplace, school or if he worked with his parents, and his nationality. We managed to get them to come up one at a time. One was told to go to the back of the room and make use of the soap and water. One or two refused such a humiliating ordeal were sent out and told they might come some other evening. Order was restored after a few weeks. The club opened at seven in the evening and closed at 9:30. There were long tables and benches and sawdust on the floor, so they did not have to wipe their feet, and to deaden the sound. This was changed once a month. A section was railed off for games and another with three hundred or more books.

"Volunteers collected the tickets. If a thirteen-year-old presented a ticket for a seven—or eight-year-old it was confiscated. A small boy would appear in a day or so saying he had lost his ticket. Tickets were collected in exchange for a game and a volunteer examined the books for damage when they were returned. The largest number of books lost in any year was four. If a boy misbehaved he was sent out. For three infractions, he was not allowed to return for a week."

In its second year, the club was so popular it was moved to a larger room that had become vacant when the state capital was moved to Hartford. Over the three years Collins had as many as 2,500 boys, ages seven to twenty, as members. Collins called them "my little friends." If one was smoking and saw him approaching on the street, the cigarette would disappear. If there was a fight, it ended on his approach. "How different this was," he recalled, "from the first night."

The third convention was at Detroit and the fourth in Buffalo for five days in October 1889. By that time there were thirteen boys clubs in Connecticut and hundreds throughout the country. Collins was an anticipated speaker and told about the clubs. He

recalled that boys would sit night after night in the rotunda of the old State House waiting for the expiration of their seven days of expulsion.

"Do you have colored boys?" he was asked. When he answered yes he was asked, "Is there any trouble about it?" He replied: "If any boy feels too good to associate with colored boys he can easily avoid such trouble by keeping away from the club." Religion was not a part of the club's activities, but he tried to fill the empty seats in his church's Sunday school by coaxing Protestant boys to come. They resisted, feeling they would be out of place. To solve this, he opened a separate room at nine on a Sunday morning and recruited girls of about sixteen years of age from the city's best families to come as teachers. They were timid about taking a class "among these little heathen" but they did. On the first Sunday, when only three boys came, seven teachers made the class interesting with singing and pictures and within a few months seventy-five to one hundred boys attended. Collins took the "young ladies" to the homes of the boys and some teachers brought boys to their own homes—reaching across the barriers of class and wealth. This, it should be remembered, was when Charles Loring Brace and the Children's Aid Society was sweeping the streets of the children—the "dangerous classes"—and sending them to uncertain fates on distant farms.

Notes

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CHAPTER THREE

Association of Gospel Rescue Missions

After witnessing the changes in Samuel Hadley, his younger brother, Colonel Henry Hopkins Hadley (the rank was legitimate; unlike his brother, he actually served in the Civil War) was himself converted in 1886. He had been an insurance agent and knew the ways of the world. Reaching across class barriers, two of New York's most fashionable Episcopal churches—St George's and St Bartholomew's—opened missions with Hadley as their advisor. He later became a national spokesman for rescue missions and was credited with founding more than sixty. Beginning in 1892, he, Harry Monroe, the superintendent of the Pacific Garden Mission, and Mel Trotter (who was later credited with founding sixty-seven missions) met with other mission leaders at an annual Bible Conference at Winona Lake, Indiana. When Hadley died in 1906, Trotter succeeded him as the most popular speaker on behalf of gospel missions.

Earlier—in 1879—a mission had been founded at 36 Bowery; known simply as the Bowery Mission. It languished until 1895 when it came under the control of the nationally circulated *Christian Herald*, whose publisher, Louis Klopsch, was the voice of socially active evangelicals. Klopsch relocated the mission to 55 Bowery. When Henry Hopkins Hadley died in 1906, the National Federation of Gospel Missions was incorporated at the offices of the *Christian Herald*, "to maintain the cooperation he had inspired." In 1913, this was transmuted into the International Union of Gospel Missions (IUGM)—largely a change of names since the officers remained the same. Its president was Sidney

Whitmore. Emma Whitmore was vice-president, along with Sarah Wray, the director of New York's Eighth Avenue Mission, and George H. Sandison, an editor of the *Christian Herald.* Thirty mission superintendents were charter members, ten of them from New York. By 1922, it represented sixty-eight missions in twenty-four states.

There was another group based in Grand Rapids, Michigan, the Western Brotherhood, with Mel Trotter, then the superintendent of the City Mission in Grand Rapids, as its president. It included about forty missions and a group of ministers. The Brotherhood was folded into the IUGM in 1923, bringing its membership to 124 in twenty-eight states and Canada.

The IUGM was vastly overshadowed by the Salvation Army. As Diane Winston writes,[1] in its formative years the Army limited itself to gospel preaching and conversion. It did not open its first food and lodging "depot"—as its missions were called—in London until 1888 and it was not until 1891 that it opened similar facilities in New York. But then, fed by well-honed fund-raising campaigns, it grew to be a giant. In 1903, the Army supplied, nationally, a monthly average of 137,000 lodgings and 365,000 meals at eighty locations, including six in New York, so that when Americans thought of helping the poor they thought of the Salvation Army. At the onset of the Depression, the Army refurbished an industrial building in New York into a "Gold Dust Lodge" that could house 3,500 men and feed 10,000. When New York's Municipal Lodging house ran out of beds in early 1932, the Army squeezed another two hundred beds into its lodge.

Simultaneously, Protestant interest in rescue missions was distracted by the fixation on revivals. The gathering of thousands to hear a Dwight Moody or Billy Sunday were like family celebrations: People sang familiar hymns and left feeling good and refreshed, but modern studies have concluded that revivals failed to reach "those referred to variously as the unchurched: the poor and the wicked, the neglected classes, the working classes and the criminal class."[2]

Rescue missions were poor record keepers. Some history for

the years leading up to the Second World War can be gleaned from a booklet by Dr William E. Paul of the Union City Mission of Minneapolis, who served as the IUGM's president from 1923 to 1927.[3] He mocked those that he described as extremist, faddist or solicitor missions: "They lived by daily soliciting from office to office and from store to store . . . . They sang a song, took up an offering; gave a testimony and around went the collection plate; another solo or duet, and the drum was called upon to respond to the sound of dropping coins." He noted that Wichita, Kansas, a city of only 80,000 population, was said at one time to have eighteen missions and Chicago's West Madison District was said to have had a mission in every block, "not more than four of five of which could receive the endorsement of good people."

A 1923 survey conducted by the IUGM disclosed 310 missions with the approval of evangelical churches but not IUGM members and another 120 for which there was not sufficient information to clarify as approved or disapproved. Thus the IUGM represented only a bit more than a third of the missions in the United States and Canada, but it was growing: By 1925, it represented 152 mission superintendents. Its finances, raised by levies on mission superintendents, were minimal. Its 1924 convention in Washington showed a bank balance of about $2,500 and contributions of almost $6,000—two-thirds of which came from a one-time-only $4,000 gift from Robert E. Hicks, a man well along in years who had been saved in a mission in York City and "wanted to make amends."

The IUGM's budget hovered around $2,000 for most of the Depression. Many missions devoted themselves to industrial work—weaving rugs, caning chairs, making brooms or repairing garments and furniture—and these later became store operations tied in with Goodwill Industries. The Bridgeport Christian Union, the Morgan Memorial in Boston and the Helping Hand Institute in Kansas City are just three of those that became a Goodwill Industry.

However, one mission stirred with new life. For all its fame as the place where Billy Sunday and Mel Trotter found new lives, the

Pacific Garden Mission did not upgrade its facilities until 1921 when it bought and refurbished an old three-story building on South State Street and extended itself beyond gospel preaching to housing and feeding men. With the Depression, the building deteriorated into a vermin-infested rathole. Not even that. It was revived by Harry Saulnier, a tall man with a booming voice whose occupation was as an electrical engineer but whose love was in street preaching. When he became its superintendent in 1940, he grabbed a broom and set to work cleaning it out.

"A self-respecting rat wouldn't have crawled into the place," he later recalled. "The paint was falling off the walls . . . . There were millions of bedbugs. Cockroaches were everywhere." In 1941, he bought the two adjacent buildings. In one, he established one of the most popular servicemen's clubs of the war and in the other, a women's center. Then he bought an old flophouse known as the Loyal Hotel, cleaned it up and remodeled it into a new men's shelter. He also began the "Unshackled" gospel radio programs that told the stories of men whose lives had been saved. This made the Pacific Gospel Mission the best known in the United States.[4]

But, with the election of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and his New Deal, some began to think missions were no longer needed, particularly with the Social Security Act of 1935. Earlier, in May 1933, Congress authorized almost $500 million for relief under the Federal Emergency Relief Administration (FERA). Then came the Works Projects Administration of 1935. By the time it was phased out in 1943, it had spent $11.4 billion and had largely replaced traditional state, county and city poor relief. Mission directors wondered if they should find some other calling, especially when they began to be swept away by urban renewal.

But poverty remained and, at the end of World War II, there was a surge of money into religious treasuries. One measure of this was the money spent on church construction: It rose from twenty-six million dollars in 1945 to more than a billion dollars in 1960.[5] Some of the new funding filtered down to rescue missions and they upgraded their facilities and experimented with new ways to teach and to serve.

I experienced some of this when I walked into the newly established McAuley Water Street Mission on Lafayette Street to research what would be my book, *Jerry McAuley and His Mission.* The mission at 316 Water Street had been swept away by urban renewal and a building that once housed a facility for the workers who manufactured the war-time Nordon Bombsight had been transformed into a bright new mission. Earl Vautin, the superintendent, described what he called his "program" to hold a man for a longer period while teaching how, through Christ, their lives could be transformed. I wrote:

> No effort is made to push him out. To the contrary, every effort is made to slow him down and keep him long enough so that whatever seeds are planted have time to take root. However, a man is not allowed to sit back and drift. In interviews with the counselors, who are familiar with the evasive tactics of the men who come to the mission, inner conflicts are brought closer to the surface. Whatever excuses a man has used to paper over his troubles are held up to him for what they are. Eventually, a man is expected to face the truth about himself. Often, when the probing comes too close to his real trouble, the man walks out to return to the Bowery or is never seen again. The attrition rate is high. The mission could easily keep a man longer by putting less of an emphasis on religion or by relaxing some of its other rules. It could also serve a far larger number of men by limiting itself to transients and serving free food to all comers several times a day. This could be justified as elemental Christian charity. It would result in impressive statistics regarding the number of men served and perhaps make it easier to raise funds. But few, if any, men would be rehabilitated either socially or spiritually.[6]

Stephen Burger and the remaking of the IUGM

The IUGM was slow in changing with the times. It was not until the mid-1950s that the position of executive secretary was created to maintain an office on behalf of the total membership. But the office floated with changing office-holders. The first executive secretary, Ernest Tippett, who was named in 1957, maintained an office at his home in Bridgeport, Connecticut and at Winona Lake, Indiana. He was followed by another who directed the organization from Cleveland, Ohio and then another who established a temporary office in Parkersburg, West Virginia. Finally, in 1966, the IUGM's headquarters was moved to space provided by the City Union Mission of Kansas City, Missouri and to rented space. In 1991, it moved to the building it now occupies—an unprepossessing single-story structure an industrial area of North Kansas City.

There was one other major change. For all of its early life, the IUGM was a fellowship of individual mission superintendents. This was changed in 1960 so that missions themselves were the basis of memberships. But it was not until 1984 that the IUGM undertook a serious study into possible change. Lloyd Olson from the Campus Crusade for Christ was commissioned to do a study and make recommendations for the future. Among other things, this led to the creation of the office of executive director in 1985. In 1989, the board chose Stephen Burger, of the Union Gospel Mission in Seattle, Washington, an immediate past president, to fill the post.

I had a long talk with him at his office. He comes from a prominent family in St Paul, Minnesota. His uncle was Warren E. Burger, the Chief Justice of the United States. Stephen Burger said he was preparing for the Methodist ministry when an assistant superintendent of the Union Gospel Mission of St Paul came to his church's Youth Fellowship:

"I knew about the mission. As a teenager, not allowed to buy liquor, I was on the periphery of a group of guys who used to get men standing outside the mission to buy booze for us, so I knew

where the mission was but I thought it was just a bunch of old drunks. When the man from Union Gospel talked about the things they did, I asked if I could go on a tour. He took me into the boy's club and it was there that I was introduced to a life of service. During my freshman year in college, I started volunteering at the mission while working in the mailroom of an insurance company. At five o'clock, I did a last sweep for all the mail and then went down to the mission, first one night, then two nights, then three nights and finally five nights. I fell in love with their youth work. I also fell in love with a young woman named Delores Prohosky, who later became my wife."

He worked at the mission's summer camp, became assistant director of its Ober Boys Club and, at the age of nineteen, became its director. He later ran the mission's entire summer day camp. In 1964, he was hired to start a youth program at a mission in New Castle Pennsylvania.

"The director was F. Dickson Marshall, who had started his work there by taking over a small storefront mission that was about to close. He built it up and bought another building and added family work for the distribution of clothing, food and counseling to a lot of women who had drunken husbands or no husbands. There were no facilities for children, so I went out to the housing projects with a football and played with the kids to get them to know about the mission. There were facilities in the public school and I started a fight to get to use them. The school board, on the advice of their attorney, refused to rent me facilities because we were a religious program. However, that attorney was also a candidate in an election for judge. I didn't know how things were organized there, but much of the remodeling work at the mission was done by unionized workers. When their union heard about the school board's rejection, the attorney suddenly changed his mind and the next time we went to the school board we were allowed to rent a gymnasium and a swimming pool once a week. Since I had no separate building, I worked mostly out of a community room in a housing project and a small room in the mission where we had

small groups for Bible study and a devotion every day for five or ten minutes.

"Dick Marshall had a dream. The mission had been given an old candy warehouse. Over a two-year period, we renovated that into the Ira B. Sankey Youth Center. Sankey, who was Dwight Moody's singer and hymn composer, came from the New Castle area and had been secretary of the YMCA there. The original "Y" in New Castle had been named after him but they dropped the name when they built a new YMCA. I had the idea—I don't know if I would do it today—that the kids had to have some separate identity from the mission because the mission was thought of, basically, as men's work. The kids called it Sankey Center. We developed it into a strong youth center. A few years ago, I went back to New Castle to dedicate a million-and-a-half-dollar youth center for both boys and girls. When I was there, it was just boys.

"We had daily devotions and once a week we had what we called 'Christian Crusaders.' I did not make it mandatory. I had seen in St Paul that it didn't work. There, kids had to attend chapel service every Thursday and they climbed out the windows and did all kinds of things to get out of it. I made our Thursday night devotions so much fun the kids wanted to attend. That doubled the attendance. We had contests where, by Bible reading and memorizing Scripture, a kid gained points for camping trips. I brought in Fran Tarkenton, the famous quarterback of the Vikings, and others who were interesting to children and could talk to them. We also made the time inter-active: Some nights we would have plays and the kids would act the roles of different Bible characters."

"Did you ask the children to make a decision for Christ?" I asked.

"We were careful how we asked a youngster to make a decision. I have always felt we are interested in changed lives, not just emotional decisions. If I have a roomful of kids, I could manipulate eighty percent of them to come to the altar. I've watched it being done and I've seen people making big claims. The children were asked, but we tried to make it clear that they got no physical

rewards because they made this commitment. First we wanted to capture the kids' interest. We were dealing with inner-city African American kids and we did a lot of musical programs that they found great fun. Our missions were always integrated. In St Paul, when I married Delores in 1961, a black pastor played the organ for us. I had an aunt who refused to go down the aisle to be seated because there was a black usher. She went to the other door where there was a white usher. Later, Delores and I had a foster home for three years and lived in the heart of the black community.

"In New Castle, we had two groups that I tried to keep integrated. One was the African American kids from housing projects whose families had come north after World War II to work in the steel mills—poorly educated with weak family relationships. Then there were white neighborhoods in the old downtown sections—mostly Italian families with intact family structures and Roman Catholic in background. One of my first jobs was to make friends with Catholic priests. To do this, I got involved in community organizations. This is always very important for mission people to do. I met a priest of the St Vitus church and took him through our building. He became a very close friend and I started going to the kid's first communions and other observances.

"I was not paid very much and needed money on the side so I started driving a school bus when a regular driver did not show up. They could move people around and call me at 6:30 in the morning to do the run to St Mary's Catholic school in the old downtown area. I had learned that route. I started teaching the kids gospel choruses to keep them busy. One morning, a nun got on at the first stop and I thought I was in trouble. I did not begin the singing but the kids did. They called out to me, 'Let's sing,' and we did. At the last stop, when all the kids had left, the nun did not get off. Instead, she came up to me and said: 'Can you teach those songs to some of the other drivers? You have decorum like no one else has.' Later, we rented a camp and then bought it so we had a full camp program.

"A group of people asked me to run for public office in 1969. By that time, I had served as chairman of the Council of Commu-

nity Services, which included all the agencies in the city, so I was well known. I was also head of the youth division of the New Castle Council of Churches. I ran for the state assembly as a Republican in a strong Democratic district. I made a mistake. I should have first resigned from the mission, but my campaign manager thought it was best that I keep that identification. I led the Republican ticket but lost the election. In the process, I damaged my relations with the director. He thought I was going to win the election and had already brought in another man. When I was still there after the voting, he told me the other man would be co-director of the youth program. I didn't see that as workable and resigned that day."

He moved to York, Pennsylvania as the director of a seven-year-old multi-service mission. As he recalled, it was troubled time, with serious race riots:

"York was the first place I had authority as the director and that summer of 1969, in the midst of the race troubles, we started our youth program with a full mix of African American and white kids. I also developed the men's program from what was basically just food and bed, with the men obliged to leave in the morning, to a longer-term program to give us time to work with the men. I thought we were using the men for our purposes. We needed workmen so we kept four or five guys who did the work, with little else to meet their spiritual and social needs. If others got drunk they were kicked out but if you were a good cook you brought him back because you needed a cook. It always seemed to be a little screwy.

"Delores and I were the only staff. As usual with early missions, a wife works and is not paid. Two for the price of one. We saw a lot of revolving doors. Guys would come and stay and leave and come back. I had no background in men's missions, but I began using the same things I did with kids—getting them involved in Bible studies and then, beyond, to where you deal with issues. In those days, we had a training program at Ocean Grove, the old camp meeting site on the New Jersey shore. One of the men who attended was Earl Vautin, from the McAuley Water Street

Mission. For several years, Vautin had been testing a program to keep men longer by organizing them into small groups for Bible studies. I brought one of his staff to York to talk about their program. Others were doing the same thing: It was something in the air. Historically, missions listed in their annual reports the number of men who had made public confessions. We began to understand that what was more important was how many could a mission report back on a year or two later. Are they living an abundant life? Have they become involved in the local church? Are they doing other kinds of things that show their lives have changed? So the emphasis became not on how many we could get to a room and preach to, but how could we work with a small group on a one-to-one basis.

"The programs started in the '70s, accelerated in the '80s and became a norm in the '90s. That's mostly because we are dealing with a very different client. If you consider social skills on a ranking of none to ten, ten being fully socialized and zero being totally unsocialized, the man we used to work with was six, seven and eight. Beginning in the '70s we were dealing with some that were below zero—people who had been on welfare for two or three generations. They lived not just in poverty. Poverty of money is one thing. Poverty of the spirit is far different.

"We knew from long experience that an instant solution to addiction was rare. Jerry Dunn, in his 1965 book, *God Is for the Alcoholic*, argued against that. He said just like some people are cured of cancer by a miraculous happening, most people are not. His argument was that there are steps down and steps back up and if we want to see men recover we must understand those steps back up and that the process takes several years. As I said, the idea was in the air. Jerry put it in writing and thus we had something to work with.

"Next we started a family services program and enlarged our store as part of our family services. We wanted our people to get involved with the families who came for our donated supplies—to find out what their real needs were and to deal with those needs; to evangelize those families and to connect them to a local church.

We had a group of volunteers. One of our staff and a volunteer made a home visit to everyone who wanted furniture. By 1972, when Hurricane Agnes swept through and severely damaged our community, we had become the prime distributor of clothing, food and furniture.

"All the while, I was getting to know the International Union of Gospel Missions. While I was in New Castle, I took part in IUGM district activities and, in 1969, I attended my first convention as a mission's director. At York, in 1973, I hosted the IUGM national convention, which is amazing since I was, to some, just a young loudmouth. I put in a bid for the convention and beat Los Angeles, the nation's largest mission.

"Dr Francis Peterson, who had founded the Union Gospel Mission in Seattle in 1932, was there with his wife. He was more than eighty years old. After they returned home, they called me three or four times over a couple of months asking if I was interested in succeeding them. I told them I was not interested. We had started with just one employee—me—and a $25,000 budget and now we had fourteen dedicated workers and an annual budget for our enlarged programs of $225,000. Moreover, I was the youngest member of the board of directors of York Hospital and I was on the board of the York YMCA and had been named "Man of the Year" by the York Country Bar Association.

"I had also started working with the Church of the Brethren and together we opened a home for abused and abandoned children serving three counties. They bought a building and we developed a program where the child welfare authorities would drop children off at any hour of the day or night. In the same facility, we set up a place for women and kids who needed a temporary place to stay. Out of this three-county work, we started a mission in Gettysburg and were also doing work in Hanover. I had a vision of a mission for all of central Pennsylvania, but my board was simply not there. I was moving too fast.

"Dr Peterson called me again to come just to talk to the Seattle board. I said yes, but told him not to expect too much. Delores and I found the Seattle mission had deteriorated during Dr Peterson's

fading years. We debated if we really wanted to come into a mission with so many needs but we felt the call."

[Steve and Delores answered the call. In his first years there, among other things, he 1) bought a six-story hotel and remodeled it to house more than two hundred men; 2) turned a Sunday school and Bible Club into an extensive program to nurture at-risk children; 3) began care for men in hospitals and jails; and 4) bought an old hotel to shelter about 120 women. These will be detailed below in the chapter on the Seattle mission.]

"When Mel Trotter in Grand Rapids, Dr William Paul in Minneapolis or Peter MacFarlane in St Paul hosted a convention, they would get five thousand local people to attend. Well, after World War II, the IUGM was no longer the big act in town. Besides, the annual conventions were chaotic. I watched situations where people threw papers in the air and stormed out. If you wanted to summarize the convention, there were eight hours of business and arguments. It was as if they would put a preacher up at the end to be repentant after they had yelled at each other so much.

"There was one great voice from the past: Harry Saulnier of the Pacific Garden Mission would come to a convention with an entourage of people from all over the country who looked to him for leadership. He would rail against new ideas such as mass fund-raising drives and stand up and shout: 'DID I HEAR WRONG OR DON'T WE DEPEND ON GOD ANYMORE!' Then there would be a great crashing of amens. My belief is that a lot of people with new ideas stopped coming because when they got up with new ideas they got knocked down. They would mention a halfway house and either Harry or one of his subordinates would leap to their feet and shout 'THERE IS NOTHING HALF WAY WITH GOD!' I remember that clearly: It actually happened.

"When we got to Huntsville, Alabama in 1984, there were fewer than two hundred delegates. In those days the local mission ran the convention. The director was a Southern Baptist who used the convention as an opportunity for three Southern Baptists to evangelize us those four days. By the Huntsville convention, enough

of us had become convinced that we had to turn the organization around or it would close down.

"The president then in office could not run and it was discovered that the man most favored to succeed him could also not run for family reasons. I got a call from Maurice Vanderberg of Kansas City, who was a past president. He said he was putting my name forth. He told me: 'We need changes and you are the man to bring them about.' So, to cut things short, I became the youngest president ever elected. I was forty-three.

"In the 1960s and onward missions were growing in size and numbers. For one reason, there were more people with vision. For another, there were, despite all the post-war economic growth, still lines at doors. And women were now knocking at the door. There was also a change in demographics. There was tremendous growth of cities in the West. Most of our missions in California started in the '50s and early '60s. New ideas were bubbling up but the IUGM was not keeping pace. As part of long-range planning, we had gotten some foundation money for a study of how we might change. This study was finished in 1984, the year I became president. On its finding, we changed the constitution from a loose-knit fellowship to a service-providing organization. We also appointed an executive director to operate the organization and got the organization involved in education, training and providing materials for the ministry. That is, educating our own people and helping them to become better equipped to do their job. An earlier on-the-job training program—mainly through sending promising young workers from mission to mission—had fallen apart. We wanted to widen out.

"In 1989, I accepted the new position of executive director and moved from Seattle to Kansas City. When I came into this office, we sold $3,000 worth of materials a year. Now we sell $60,000 worth plus free materials. These explain every facet of rescue work: how a mission can develop programs to meet the needs of their communities; descriptions for all the jobs in a rescue mission; how to run a rehabilitation program; what are the rules for shelters and how to put together a women's auxiliary.

"One of the most important ways that we have developed to widen our membership is through the track concept. I had this dream since I began youth work in New Castle when I met youth directors at other missions and wondered if we could not develop a way to bring them together to exchange ideas on their specialties. The first track we developed was the Women and Family Ministry Track, a fellowship uniting men and women who work in ministries to women and/or families. The second was our Urban Youth Ministries, to support those working with urban/disadvantaged children and youth. A special feature of this track is an annual publication, *The Summer Urban Ministry Opportunities Directory,* for recruiting of short-term workers.

"We have since developed five others: a Chaplains Track for anyone interested in the life and ministry of rescue mission chaplaincy; a Development Track for those who work in the field of fund raising and community relations; an Education and Employment Track for staff members involved with education, job skills training and employment readiness; a Christian Addiction Rehabilitation Association for individuals working in ministries that operate programs for alcoholics and drug addicts and an Association of Christian Thrift Stores.

"The tracks have brought men and women who previously would have nothing to do with us into the Association of Gospel Rescue Missions—to use the name we adopted in the year 2000 to further emphasize the word 'rescue.' They joined because we offered a service. Members also use track meetings to find areas where they can build something new and to network with other missions working in the same fields. The first track meetings were only at the conventions. Now most have their own yearly gatherings separate from the convention.

"The entire membership is organized into nine regional districts and this is how we network. There is an annual convention, separate annual district meetings, annual track meetings and annual regional training conferences in the autumn of each year for groupings of the districts. Critics say if member missions accept all the services that we offer they become dependent on the central

office and will have to do its bidding, but I see us as a supermarket of ideas and programs. I will just tick off some of the things we do.

"First, expansion. There was no mission in New Orleans. We raised $20,000 from our membership and sent someone there. And many of our ten districts and sometimes individual missions have dipped into their treasures to sponsor and nurture new missions. If someone or some group contacts us about starting a mission—we receive as many as sixty such inquiries every year—we send a packet of material on how to go about it and the difficulties involved. If they then take the first steps, we generally link them with a nearby mission to—in effect—hold them by the hand. We define an expansion mission as one that has been in development for at least five years. As of May 2002 we had fifty-two such missions.

"Secondly, we are an employment clearing house for mission officers, with a resume and an announcement service. In addition, there are people who are available but who don't want to make a public statement. They call me and I may make a recommendation.

"Thirdly, we put out material that tells the churches, the leadership of other community organizations and the nation at large what rescue missions do. Our primary tool is *Rescue Magazine*, which focuses on general issues and events. It has a monthly circulation of about 4,200. One outreach is through the Internet. We have our own web site that receives almost ten thousand visits every week. More than twenty percent of the inquiries that we receive from people who want to start new rescue missions says they first learned of us from our web site. We can also receive online donations.

"Our major use of the Internet is Rescue College—a distance-training institution now in the final stages for accreditation by the Distance Education and Training Council (DETC) so that students will receive credits toward a Bachelor of Rescue Ministry Degree. As of 2001, sixty-eight individuals from various rescue missions were participating in the studies, including fifteen enrolled in the degree program.

"Fourthly, we have initiated a major change in funding. The big difference between missions struggling to stay alive and those with money for new programs and concepts has been the evolution of going directly to the public to ask for help. Mostly it is Thanksgiving mailing but Christmas too. When I went to Seattle, there were 2,500 people on the mailing list. I got that up to 14,000. Then we went into a direct mail program and when I left it was about 50,000. Today it is over 100,000. The Seattle mission sends 100,000 pieces of mail to actual donors—people who have given in the past. Since I came to this office thirteen years ago, missions have grown from a total income of $35,000,000 to over $550,000,000.

"God has made all this possible. He has also blessed us with men and women who have a call to meet the needs of the poorest of the poor, even in this world where everyone seems more interested in getting rich than in being a servant."

Notes

1.1999. *Red-Hot and Righteous: The Urban Religion of the Salvation Army*

2. William McLoughlin Jr. 1959. *Modern Revivalism, Charles Grandison Finney to Billy Graham*

3. 1946/59. *Romance of Rescue*

4. Drawn from: James R. Adair. 1966. *A New Look at the Old Lighthouse*

5. Ahlstrom, *Religious History*, p. 953

6. Drawn from original 1967 edition, p.114. It was eliminated in the revised 1990 edition

CHAPTER FOUR

Union Gospel Mission, St Paul, Minnesota

The Union Gospel Mission traces its inspiration to 1867 when passengers on the first boat up the Mississippi for the spring season were stranded at the levee. To prevent that from happening again, city officials established a Home for Emigrants where, for fifteen cents a day per person, families could find stoves and fuel for cooking and rooms with straw-filled bunks. Americans in the west took it for granted that it was everyone's responsibility to care for the homeless so, in the same year, churches organized the Ladies Christian Union to "relieve, aid and provide Homes for the Homeless." Before long, they established their own "Home for the Friendless."[1]

Later, as part of a movement to bring the gospel to seamen, the Western Seamen's Friend Society established Bethel (the term means house of God) homes and missions along the Great Lakes and interior waterways. In 1891, the St Paul Bethel Association established a mission-boat to provide sleeping rooms and a restaurant. It was one of the first missions in America whose primary focus was to provide cheap lodgings for working men. The boat burned in about 1900. By then, the city had become a major railroad transfer center. Men were passing through by "side door Pullman" and Christians felt the call to minister to them. The Union Gospel Mission was established in December 1902 as an agency of the city's evangelical churches to help these men. In 1909, twenty-five-year old Peter MacFarlane was selected as its superintendent. He served until 1956, in the process becoming one of the most innovative mission leaders of his times. His influ-

ence within the framework of the IUGM (he was one of the founders in 1913 and its president from 1931 to 1935) extended from coast to coast.

MacFarlane was born in Minnesota in 1884 as one of twelve children. He attended a Presbyterian college but never graduated. Within six months of his appointment, he asked the board of directors to buy their rented three-story red brick building. It was priced at $60,000 and the mission had only $135 in cash. The seller wanted a down payment of $3,000. A board member said, "There are fifteen of us here and if we will each give $200 we will have the necessary $3,000." And so they bought it.

The mission maintained a Bethel Hotel with mattresses on the basement floor for overnight men. This sleeping arrangement was discontinued in 1918 on orders of county officials but, in 1926, an adjacent lot was bought and about one hundred men staying at the mission helped to construct a four-story addition with dormitories for as many as 240 men plus another 96 in individual rooms. Dorm beds rented for fifteen cents; a bed in a room for fifty cents. There were showers, a laundry room, a fumigating room, a free dispensary for men too "degraded" to be taken in by a hospital, an employment bureau and a restaurant where men were given free meals in return for their labor. At about the same time, the first mission Sunday school was opened, directed primarily to men. The basement of the old building, where so many men had slept, became a men's club and housed the mission's relief work. A house in another neighborhood was opened in 1925 as the West Side Mission to minister to Mexicans and, according to its early minutes "to aid the work among the Colored people."

The mission was a pioneer in what is now seen as preventive ministry: training boys and girls in comradeship and social responsibility while simultaneously asking them to make a decision for Christ. It opened a boys club in 1930 and simultaneously bought a condemned property on Snail Lake, about ten miles from St Paul, as a site for a boy's camp. It had been a dance hall and roadhouse known as Paradise Park run by Ma Barker, the doyenne of the Barker-Karpis gang. MacFarlane borrowed on his personal

life insurance policy to make the down payment. The first campers slept in the dance hall until a three-story brick lodge was constructed. A brick company sold all the bricks to the mission for $150 and once again the remodeling was done by men living at the mission, using donated lumber and salvaged material.

In 1935, a member of the board of directors said he had heard complaints from several men about the food at mission's restaurant and that there was no place for men to smoke or play cards and that the mission "frequently tried to impose the religious side of work upon men." That was in the midst of the depression and the county was contributing money to help care for the flood of needy men, so the mission had to respond. MacFarlane advised the board to reply that religion was not forced on the men and there was an area for smoking. The other part was true. The mission "was definitely opposed to card playing."

In 1938, the mission was asked to assume charge of a Presbyterian facility known as Welcome Hall Christian Center, comprising a church, a manse and a large playground. The transfer was accompanied by a $30,000 cash gift from the "Colored Work Committee" of the Presbytery and included an "understanding" that Welcome Hall would continue "as long as there are Colored people in this area to be served."

In 1940, the Edgar Ober Boys Club building was dedicated with a large gym, showers and locker rooms, a manual training shop, six classrooms and a library that also served as a chapel. It was named after a founder of the 3M Corporation, who was a major supporter of the mission's expanding work.

MacFarlane died in 1959 and was succeeded by Harold Mordh, the director of what had become a network of boys and girls clubs and camps. In 1964, with the newspapers full of reports on juvenile delinquency, a judge—noting that the Union Gospel Mission was doing so well with camps for youngsters—asked it to open and supervise foster homes where, instead of being sent to jail, delinquents would be given a place to live with counseling and tutoring by paid and volunteer teachers while continuing to attend public schools. This grew until the mission administered eigh-

teen homes for several hundred boys and girls. The homes had to be certified by the county's Juvenile Court Services and have a probation officer on their premises. All went well until a social worker came to observe one of them and was invited to stay for supper. Of course, grace was said at the start of the meal. The social worker came back the next day and said, "Everything was fine but you can't have this religious component." The homes' director replied, "If we can't say grace we're not going to do it." With that, the mission withdrew from all the homes.

Harold Mordh had been in poor health for several years and resigned in 1974. He was succeeded by George Verley, who had been associated with the mission since he was a boy. I asked him about those early days.

"I came to camp as a nine-year-old boy when I discovered that I could go for a dollar a week," he replied. "I took my two little brothers with me and talked to my mom and stepfather. My mom still laughs about it. She gave us two dollars each and said to try to go for two weeks but they would not take us for that long. The gentleman who had the chapel program was a converted alcoholic—an old lumberjack from northern Minnesota who had made and lost a couple of fortunes because of drinking. He was sharing how his life was changed and he talked of the consequences of sin and I thought I was a pretty nice kid. I never got into any trouble. He said even if your mom sends you to the grocery store and you siphon off a dime for yourself, that's sin. My nine-year-old brain said: 'Who told him?' So when he gave the invitation I went forward. We got down on our knees in the little dormitory and prayed to receive Christ—a number of us—and from that moment on I was part of that Boys Club and part of that mission. If we missed a couple of weeks somebody came knocking at our door and asked if we were okay. They gave me a job hanging up coats in the coatroom."

"Don't you have to be more mature than nine years old to make that decision?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "As you get older you get smarter and you want to know the ins and outs. Little kids have more faith than adults."

"But don't you need reinforcement?" I continued.

"Of course. You need the mentoring of an adult you can trust," he said. "I can remember as a teenager on a New Year's Eve being with a couple of boys and adults of my age in a restaurant. It was about 11 o'clock and we were going to go back to the mission for a watch-night service. We were finishing up eating when a car full of young people pulled up. They were pretty much drunk and hanging all over each other and appeared to be having a good time. I said to Dave Cole, who was the Boys Club director, 'They sure look like they are going to have a better time tonight than we are just going back to the mission.' He smiled and quoted from Scripture—'The Bible says there is pleasure in sin for a season.' That woke me up. I had heard testimony of lost men at the mission. What they said seemed like they once were having a whole lot of fun but look where it brought them."

Verley was drafted and spent two years in the war in Korea. He returned home to get a degree in sociology and then rejoined the mission as a bus driver taking kids to the Snail Lake camp. He was director of the camp when the board named him as superintendent in 1975. In those years, St Paul's downtown was being decimated by urban renewal and his first challenge was to find a new home for the mission.

"We tried to move from 1970 to 1978 and they would not let us," Verley said. "I got calls from the police saying, 'We've got one of your guys in here.' That was doubtful, but it was the mission's public image. When an area by the railroad tracks seemed to be the best site, home owners in a nearby recently gentrified neighborhood said any mission located there must be surrounded by a fence to keep the drunks in. If that was not feasible, they suggested that liquor supplies be made available to men near the mission to keep them from wandering. Finally the mayor went to this community and said the land was zoned right and somebody had to take these men and he was not going to do with us the way they did in Minneapolis. During gateway development there, when they redid their downtown, they prohibited rescue missions—they put them out of business and did not let them rebuild. Catholic

Charities now sleeps 250 men on mattresses on the floor because to put a cot up is in violation of the law."

In May 1980, after a $3.8 million fund-raising drive, the mission moved into a 60,200-square-foot structure with offices, classrooms, a cafeteria that seats one hundred, a chapel and a hotel with 142 beds in individual or double rooms and one hundred dormitory beds. Verley recalled his early days as the mission's director:

"In 1972, I wanted to try out some of my red-hot ideas. We did not have a successful recovery program or a successful discipleship program. Later, in the early '90s it bothered me that we did not have a program for women and children so we set out to be more than just an overnight dormitory. The board and I wanted the men to grow spiritually but we also wanted to give them an education and the tools to get a job and we wanted to get them out into society, attending a church, making money and paying taxes like the rest of us instead of coming back through our system all the time. Because of the need for education, we built a large learning center just across the way and equipped it with up-to-date computers and programs.

"Our hotel is a feeder system for our recovery and discipleship programs. We want this to be a place where they are comfortable so we can minister to them. It has always been the housing of last resort. The county kind of expects that from us. Two of the dorms are for men who pay $4.50 a night for beds and they are out working all day. We're trying to find a way to move them on to affordable housing. The county also allows people who receive welfare assistance to use our hotel. It's up to them: If they don't like our religious ideas they can live somewhere else. They choose us because we are the cheapest and safest place in town.

"On the ground floor of the hotel we have an area where men can sit all day long with magazines and Christian videos. If they are unemployed, we will give them a bunk in the dorm. The first seven days are free but they need to work—push a broom, swing a mop—whatever is needed to clean their area. After seven days, they need to hook up with case management so we can find out

how to help them to get back into jobs and an apartment. In winter, we open our lobby and let guys sleep inside. There is no place else in Minnesota as unforgiving in the winter. The county hires a police officer for four hours a night to monitor the lobby for us. The county health department also helps with our clinic on two mornings a week and we rent them a room where a guy in fragile health can be put. Say someone is recovering from a bullet wound, instead of keeping him in the hospital, they send him here. When he recovers, they send another one.

"There's a Federal program called Access that takes men with mental problems off the streets. They rent several places in one of the dorms to put men temporarily until they find some other place. It's two-way. If we have a man who seems to be mentally ill, we call Access and they come and assess him and may move him to a halfway house for the mentally ill. The county loves us and will be helpful as long as we don't ask them for money. The county knows we are evangelical and we tell that up front to the men and women who come here. We offer God and the gospel. If they don't accept, that's okay. They don't have to walk down an aisle and fall on their knees to get our services.

"In 1999, we wanted to make some additions at our Snail Lake property. We were asking for a building permit and they said because we were an undeveloped piece of property we had to get something called Planned Unit Development. Politicians always want to have input in what you are doing because they want to get the property back on the tax rolls. We went through a lot of planning commission meetings and they wanted outrageous things. We hired a zoning attorney and beat some of that and we finally came before the City Council.

"A city councilman who, up until that time, had not said anything, told the mayor he would like to make the motion for the Union Gospel Mission camp and said, 'I would like to make a little speech first.' The mayor said it had to be short: 'We have a long meeting.' The councilman said: "I would just like to make the motion that the mission gets the building permit and whatever else it needs to finish the project and my short story is that I

was one of a number of kids in a single family living in Federal ghetto housing. The purple bus came every afternoon and every evening and rescued me and my brothers and sisters and took us down to the mission youth program. This is the first chance I've had to say thanks.' The motion passed and after the meeting was adjourned he met us out in the hallway and gave me a contribution. I said to him, 'If I had known you would grow up to be such a big shot I would have taken better care of you when you were a kid.' He laughed and said, 'You took excellent care of me.'"

The hotel

The manager of the hotel was Bob Eidsor, who was a pastor of a church in Minnesota before he came to the mission. He thought it would be temporary but as time went on he found working with homeless people was fulfilling.

"Men can live here on an ongoing basis," he told me. "With St Paul's housing crisis, men are caught with no alternatives to staying at the mission. It is the lowest-priced place in town. We have individual rooms and two dormitories where men pay six dollars a night, which includes a breakfast and dinner. We have a third dorm where men can get a free bed by attending chapel service in the evening. The dorms are open from four in the afternoon till seven-thirty in the morning. Men who work the midnight shift can sleep in the dorm during the day after the daily change of linen and cleaning is done."

Howard Redmond, an assistant to the chaplain, supervised the distribution of the free beds. "I do a lottery because only thirty can get beds," he said. "Whoever has a picture ID can sign up. If they don't have a picture ID, they can't stay. We want to know who is staying here. We put the bed tickets in a can and draw out how many beds are available. The bed tickets are handed out after chapel, so men must be there to hear the good news of Jesus."

I asked Redmond about himself. "From when I was nineteen to twenty-six, I had a relationship with the Lord Jesus and I studied for the ministry," he replied, "but for the next twenty years I

walked away. A year before I came here, I worked in foster care for mentally retarded people. They wanted to move a couple of people out and I didn't like that and I made trouble and one day they fired me. I worked as a janitor for a while and was fired and spent six months living in my car looking for a place to stay. My car died at the mission. After ten days of chapel, I knew I would have to give my life to Jesus but I stayed in the free chapel beds for another fifty days. I was pretty stubborn. I never got emotional and I never answered the call to come up to pray. Then I just said, 'Okay, I give up Lord. Where do I go from here?'

"I went through discipleship for two years and then they asked me to be an assistant to the chaplain. I believe, because Jesus lives in me, that I am compelled to share the good news always. I have an opportunity to speak in chapel three or four times a month. Sometimes, I'll be up there speaking and there are thirty or forty men out there. I'll notice that two or three are really listening and there is one who really stands out; I can see the light in his eyes. I pray for him and try to talk with him. Some may have heard the message for two or three years and then suddenly they are filled with the Spirit and their hearts are not hard any more. We try to bring them into the discipleship program."

Ted Rankin, the assistant director of the program, explained how it functioned: "The men are employed by the mission as janitors. Their room and board is taken out of their check but they get a little bit so they can have pocket money. We do this to stimulate them. They have to get up in the morning, go to work at a certain time and assume responsibilities. When anything comes up, like at the warehouse where we receive donations for redistribution, or painting here at the men's and women's mission, our men do it. If they hear about the program, and ask to take part, we interview them for an extensive report showing their history, drug use and things like that. They must be clean of drugs, be healthy and able-bodied. If they have addictions, they can go to some detox facility and then join Christ Recovery Center (CRC).

"Most of the men are fleeing from a bad family situation or gangs or parole officers. They don't have a church family and so we

require that they find a church to attend on Sunday. We want them to get to know people who can be a support group—like a family. Here, within the mission, we try to be a support group in a broader sense—to encourage them to help each other to get the work done. They get up for devotions at six-forty and go to breakfast at seven. They work from seven-thirty until nine-thirty, take a little break until ten and then go to our learning center where there is a computer program that can take a man from almost illiteracy up to a General Equivalency Diploma (GED) in place of a high school diploma. After lunch, there are two Bible-based classes from one-thirty to three-thirty. Most men realize their lives are off-course but some still try to run a scam. A man will be kicked out of the program for using drugs or borrowing something from the mission's property. Expulsion is for fifty days and then they can reapply. We don't necessarily accept them, but we like to give guys a second chance. Sometimes men have been in the program three times."

The Christ Recovery Center

The Christ Recovery Center that Rankin referred to is an Alcoholics Anonymous program. Some missions refuse to use AA because of its reference to "God as we understand Him." They maintain that the AA is essentially anti-religious, a charge that finds support in Ernest Kurtz's 1979 history of the AA: "The early experience of Alcoholics Anonymous, and especially the stories in the first edition of its 'Big Book,' testified clearly that most alcoholics who tried such 'religion' found it wanting. As sick as they sensed themselves to be, they were most sick of being preached at, and preaching seemed to most men the main function of religion in America . . . . The first steps to sobriety did not require classic belief in a traditional 'God' but they did require that the alcoholic accept his non-God-ness by acknowledging *some* Power greater than himself. The AA group itself, clearly was such a 'Higher Power.'"[2]

Still, there is no doubt that AA can be effective. Kurtz reported that AA had saved over a million lives since its inception in

the mid-1930s.[3] But whose lives? As Kurtz wrote, "The claim is clearly to universality, but the impression of both sociologists and casual observers was that most regulars at meetings had hit the rocks of alcoholism from one of two related directions: the frustration of efforts at upward mobility—preeminently a lower-middle-class affliction—or the pains of perceived downward mobility—a torment especially of the children of the upper middle classes who had not successfully internalized the values (or the luck) of their forebears."

One man who faulted the concept of God as merely a higher power was Bob Arcand, the secretary of the mission's discipleship program. "I worked for insurance companies," he said. "All those martini lunches ended up turning into a couple of pints of vodka a day. I tried AA for twenty years and it never worked because God was an abstract idea. At one, they were just listening to other people's past all over again—how miserable they were or how great a drunk they were. The longest I stayed sober with AA was about one year. Finally, I hit bottom. I had no money and was on the street—only for about two weeks—but enough to scare me. I came into the mission and heard about the discipleship program. I thought, 'Well, I have nothing to lose; I'll give it a try.' My acceptance of Christ was a very gradual thing. I always believed in God, but I was angry at Him. About three months into the program, that anger ended and the Holy Spirit began to work on me. I compare it to drinking. When you take the first few shots of whisky, or whatever, you get a warm feeling inside of you, but if you are an alcoholic that only lasts for fifteen minutes and you keep on drinking. But when the Holy Spirit started working in my life it never left me. I don't counsel regularly, but some of the guys come and ask questions. We go back to the Bible. There is a phrase going around among Christians: 'Think before you act; what would He do?'"

An AA center at the mission was first proposed in 1980 by George and Mary Jo Robinson, two recovering alcoholics who were running a program out of their home. Later, George Verley asked his directors if they would approve a center and the three-story,

forty-two-bed Christian Recovery Center was opened in the spring of 1992 and named after Peter MacFarlane. It cost $2,250,000.

It also included the facility at Snail Lake. (Here it is necessary to retrace our steps. By the early 1980s, the Boys Clubs had expanded to include about a thousand youngsters ranging in age from six to eighteen but, as the program grew, so did pressure to restrain its religious training. The board responded by spinning off the clubs to a separate organization that did not require board members to be evangelicals. The Snail Lake property was retained and a new residence was built for men as an adjunct to the new Christ Recovery Center.)

The CRC director was Larry Boniwell, the one-time co-owner of a tavern and a member of the original effort of George and Mary Jo Robinson. Once a month, Boniwell gathers everyone for a loud and joyous sing-along of favorite hymns, a custom dating back to the early Robinson center. "Our primary program, with twenty-three men on the ground floor here and nine at Snail Lake, lasts three to five months," he said. "After that, they can move to the upper two stories where we have twenty-eight apartments of transitional housing with community kitchens where they can prepare their own food, which they keep in their own refrigerator and food storage area. The men in primary eat in the hotel cafeteria and have written duties they must perform, like cleaning the bathrooms, the chapel and the dormitories and raking the front lawn. Duties only last an hour-and-a-half in the morning because a man has two hours of school in the afternoon, including the computer school. They need that. Most late-stage alcoholics have decreased intellectual functions.

"We have to watch a brother in primary carefully, especially in the first month when an alcoholic is quick to go back to drinking. He is on house-restriction and cannot leave unless accompanied by another brother. We have random, periodic urine tests for everyone; primary and upstairs. It shows alcohol, amphetamine, marijuana and cocaine. Periodically we will have to ask someone to leave. They have to go to chapel every Sunday night. In addition, four or five of the meetings during the course of a week will show

how the Bible correlates with the Big Book of Alcoholics Anonymous. We use what we call a Serenity Bible. It shows how Alcoholics Anonymous works along with the Bible.[4] We have a registered psychologist on staff who lives here and does one-on-one counseling for an individual who we feel might need his help.

"The men in primary don't pay anything. Those upstairs in transitional housing pay rent of $180 a month, which they earn either by working or through a school stipend. There are grants available for vocational school—we have a VoTech school in St Paul that is excellent—and we have some junior colleges and some seminaries that give grants. They have to attend a living skills class every week and attend an outside AA meeting. They must also reestablish their spiritual entity through some type of church affiliation. In the last month of primary, they go through the Worknet computer program that gives them an understanding of what work is like out in the community. A lot go out and get really good jobs. This gives them a chance to put a little nest egg aside so when they leave they are prepared. Most stay a year or a year-and-a-half and then leave. Some have stayed here four or five years, but if there is someone coming out of primary and there is no room upstairs, the oldest guy has to leave."

I asked him about criticism of Alcoholics Anonymous.

"They say we are a false Christianity, a pseudo Christianity, well it's not true," he replied. "Sure, there are lots of AA meetings that don't mention the Bible. Sure, there are a lot of relapses in AA. We know because we pick up those failures. Most of the men who come here have been in treatment for alcohol or drugs four or five times and yet our Christ Recovery Center is the most successful program for recovery from alcoholism in the world. Jesus is the power for what goes on in this place and makes this program so successful. For alcoholic recovery, a five-year scale is customarily used. One out of every three men who come here and complete the program stays in recovery for at least five years. According to the last workshop I attended, the professional rate of recovery is something like one in eight hundred."

During my stay at the mission, I lived in a comfortable room

on the third floor of the Christ Recovery Center—the rooms for men in long-term recovery. My neighbor was Philip. "I came to the CRC more than a year ago," he said. "We take a hard look at finding Jesus as part of the solution for our drug and alcohol problems. We will spend three months intensively seeking a relationship with Jesus. We also emphasize education. Worknet and Nova are two associated programs. The Nova Learning Center works with people on basic writing, math and communication skills. In any training that you want to pursue in this world, you will come in contact to some degree with a computer. It does not attempt to teach you everything you need to know about a computer. It is designed to do that with the other skills, writing, math and communications, to make the person comfortable with the fact that they can learn again. Nova usually begins toward the end of the first month. After completion of the primary program and Nova, the clients have their major problems arrested and have Jesus in their lives. They will then go through Worknet. This is an attempt for the future employee to understand the employer's viewpoint. He has the opportunity to take a look at his skills but, more importantly, what his dream or passion is, so that he can go into the workplace and do something that augments and strengthens the other programs that are going in his life. Too often we just have a job and work that revolves around money. We look at what will make the person happy; what will make him contribute something to society and, more importantly, to his own well being so that his spiritual growth will continue to be nourished. He will spend forty to sixty hours on the job. He should have something that he enjoys doing.

"In the fourth week, we turn to the hard skills of finding a job—interviewing skills, how to market yourself on the phone, resumes—whatever. In the fifth week, he will do a mock interview with someone from the business community. Then his task is finding a job. We will stay with him, if he desires, for at least a year. Sometimes they have to start in a survival job, which they should not be in for more than six months. We teach them something that often makes them more employable. The first is no lying. The

second is you can't quit a job without first having discussed it with us. We don't make decisions for them. They may make a decision that we disagree with, but we will support them with whatever decision they make. They must learn to make a choice; to exercise their own options."

The Naomi Family Center

In 1992, the county asked the mission to open a separate facility for women and children, saying that the population of homeless women was expanding five times faster than that of men. It offered, as a site, an eight-story building that had come onto the tax rolls through default. The mission bought it and the land for $1.8 million and assumed its debt and raised $2.5 million to cover the costs. Thrifty, as missions always are, it did the reconversion mostly with its own staff and volunteers and used donated material. What had been a low-rental unit with eighty-four apartments became the Naomi Family Center—a transitional facility for thirty women plus their children up to the age of twelve. Richard Ober, the director of development, told how the mission later upgraded some of its new facility:

"We inherited dilapidated beds and furniture so we put together a package where we knew what it would cost to spackle, repaint and clean a room and got a reasonable quote on what it would cost to redo the carpets and tile. Then we went to a company that specializes in industrial-strength, high quality, and pleasant-to-look-at furniture. It supplies sturdy furniture for colleges and dorms. We figured that a room required a bed, a pull-out bed, a desk where the kids could do their homework, a dresser and a night stand. We put everything into a package for an 'adopt a room' program. For $2,522 you could redo a whole room, from the paint and carpet to the bedding. We had an article in our newsletter with pictures of it and followed that up with mailing. With that, we raised money for ten rooms. It was all from individuals, except for donations from two small family foundations."

While I had him, I asked about fund raising and his budget.

"We have a group of people who go out and speak in local churches, George being one of them," he said. "We not only get a significant source of revenue but also volunteers. In all, we have contact with 484 churches and seventy-five percent support us in one way or other. However, most of our funds are raised through the usual methods of mail campaigns and advertising. In the decade from 1991 to 2001 our operating budget rose from $600,000 to close to $4,000,000."

Joyce Lester, the center's director, described its operation: "For the first four months, they are required to attend our learning center for their GED. We provide transportation to the center. Then we have the Worknet job readiness program. We have a curfew and they have to sign in for every class they go to so we can make sure they are attending. In the third phase, we assist them in finding housing. While they are doing this, their children can be at our child care center one block away. On the third floor we have a program from the Minnesota Department of Education, with two social workers to help the women get their children into schools in the St Paul area, because a lot of our women come from out of state. They assist them with transportation or whatever else is needed. A state program called Health Care for the Homeless is also on the third floor. Nurses come on Tuesday mornings for an hour-and-a-half. We have several programs to help a woman turn her mind around: a women's issues class on Tuesdays; on Wednesdays a relapse support group; on Thursdays a parenting group and on Fridays a self-esteem group. Women's issues class deals with everything from how to be in a relationship, how to cope with ending such a relationship and how to deal with anger and forgiveness—all those types of things. After they leave, their chances of relapse are great but we try to stay in touch and let them know we are available. While they are here, every morning, Monday through Friday, they must go for devotions from nine to nine-thirty. On Monday, I teach a Bible class for one-and-a-half to two hours. Every Wednesday night there is a Bible study for all women. We also have a Sunday school for the children and moms are invited. Later, the women must attend a church of their choice. Of course,

if that church has a Sunday school, they take their child or children there."

The child care center

The mission's child care center is licensed for 152 children, ranging from infants to those in elementary school. For working mothers, or mothers in school, the center is open from six-thirty in the morning to six-thirty in the evening. Its director, with degrees in elementary education and special education, was Mary Jo Connolly.

"We were lucky to find this building just a few blocks away. It was once a Goodyear Tire building. We meet all the state licensing requirements and are inspected every two years. There are eighteen staff members. We require teachers to sign a statement of faith and we also ask them to make a commitment of at least one year. Our children often have made changes in schools or housing three or four times by the time they are only three years old. That is, even before they come to the Naomi center. We think it is very important that we be the stable factor. It is so important in the first five years of life that the kids are with adults who respond in a loving, kind and nurturing way. Naomi generally has between fifty and seventy children and thus there is room here for a woman from the community to bring her child if we have an opening. For older children, that might often be possible, but for infants and toddlers we have a waiting list of up to thirty families. We are very clear when people come that this is a Christian program. Parents can view the program and read the curriculum. Currently we are using a book that integrates a Christian theme into the children's day. If the theme is God, it gets carried into art, into math, reading, and the outdoor playground, so that the child's whole day is Christian. It is not just a Bible study for twenty minutes—shut the book and put it away and say we've done that. The mothers, even though in the past they may never have met God, or have grown away from God, in their hearts they want the best for their kids. We have had many who have stopped us to tell the little

things their kids have done. There was one woman who said she had made some bad choices in her life but when her boy came home one day and began to sing 'Jesus Loves Me' she began to cry."

The Promise center

The Union Gospel Mission was one of the earliest rescue missions to help women who had to earn their living. Its center, called Promise, is located downtown, about a twenty-minute drive from the mission.

"Promise was started by staff members twenty-five years ago," Carol Wickstrom, the director told me. "Women who had children in our club for girls told us: 'You have great programs for our children. What about a class for us so we can go to work?' The staff went to IBM and asked for a couple of typewriters and also asked a vocational school to provide them with a teacher. St Paul Bible College, whose name is now Crown College, was asked to administer the program and I came as the director. We work primarily with single parents and with other women who, for one reason or another, need up-to-date training to get back into the workplace. If they need their GED, they can get that at the mission's learning center. We recruit from the broad geographic area; only a few come from the Union Gospel Mission or different mission programs. Others know about us through special service programs or the welfare department, which wants these women out working. Their ages range from eighteen to fifty-five, but most have been from the early twenties to mid-thirties. When a woman comes to enroll, we ask about her goals, her training and past experience. She then applies for financial aid through Crown College. If she is accepted, she is required to sign a statement saying she understands the rules and regulations. We have two courses lasting for eight months, beginning in September and January, with thirty hours credits. A course is divided into two semesters of traditional business studies, including information processing using Microsoft Word, business procedures, office English and personal and professional de-

velopment. After they finish the course they do an internship with a business or nonprofit agency of eight to ten weeks for twenty to twenty-five hours a week. Corporate internship pays a thousand dollars to the Promise program to participate. That goes into a scholarship fund. Interns are not paid directly because we do not want to jeopardize the federal and state tuition grants that students get if they meet income parameters—just like any other college student.

"We also teach self-esteem, boundaries, proper choices, prioritizing their time and family issues. The women who come here often allow people to manipulate them: to hurt them. One of the boundaries is how to say no. A boyfriend comes over and wants her to drive him on an errand. She doesn't know that in the back seat of the car, with the boyfriend she is driving around, is a bunch of drug dealers. When the cops stop them, she is in trouble. Had she been able to put into place her boundaries, she would have said, 'No, I'm not going anywhere with you at two o'clock in the morning. I'm going to bed because I have to get up in the morning to be in school at eight o'clock.' Instead of that, she thinks, 'He's asking me to do something, I don't want to hurt his feelings, I want to be a nice girl and I'll do what he asks.'"

Notes

1. Drawn from: Virginia Brainard Kunz. 1993. *Where the Doors Never Close: the story of the Saint Paul Union Gospel Mission*
2. *Not-God: A History of Alcoholics Anonymous*, pp. 176, 206
3. Kurtz, *History*, p. 158
4. Robert Hemfelt and Richard Fowler. 1990. *Serenity: Companion for Twelve Step Recovery*

CHAPTER FIVE

Bridgeport Rescue Mission, Connecticut

Micky Kalman's (his name is Michael but no one called him that) experience of rescue mission dates back to 1963 when he was saved in Stockton, California. "I'm so dry, I'm a fire hazard," he told me. "The Lord is good." He directed the City Rescue Mission in Oklahoma City for twenty-one years and then moved East to head the Bridgeport Rescue Mission. He resigned in mid-2001 and returned to Oklahoma. Mission superintendents rarely record their histories. Earlier, I had twice visited him in Bridgeport for long talks.

"My father had a bar in Milwaukee and I developed a chemical dependency," he said at one of our meetings. "I sold drugs and had a contract put on my life. I was a disaster, going from mission to mission in the Midwest and West Coast. They were storefronts—with services and they fed you every night. They did not go much into programs—just Bible studies. Their mindset was to feed and save, with five or ten guys who stayed there, just there to work. They were basically for alcoholics. Even drug addicts did not come in too much because they had a different situation and there was a lot of government money going around for drug rehabilitation.

"I found the Lord in a mission run by the Reverend Seaman Krup, who later became my father-in-law. He had been on the street, but not as an alcoholic. He had a gambling problem. He had a sort of program—a one-hour class in Bible study and he would answer questions about the Bible as it applied to our life circumstances. I was eighteen months there and then my wife and I were the first to take part in an IUGM training program, going

to different missions. We were at Aurora, Illinois, Albany, New York, Milwaukee, Wisconsin and St Paul, Minnesota, not in that order. In Aurora, they had Bible study but their main program was industrial work, similar to the Salvation Army. Then we had services at night and that was that. I returned to Albany as an executive director and then returned to St Paul for seven years. George Verley and I were staff members together. He worked with the boys and girls; I worked with the men. I went back west to Albuquerque, New Mexico, where I worked outside, and volunteered for two years to help my father-in-law in his mission and then I went to Oklahoma City as the director.

"The early missions did not deal with the individual things that keep a person from living a normal life outside so they had a lot of people who kept falling and coming back, floating from mission to mission for a place to sleep and eat. We still have that today. Basically, whether you have a program or not, feeding is what we do. If you don't feed them, they will go and steal money to eat.

"When I started a long-term program in Oklahoma City, my board of directors said it was expensive—they were used to a soup line and all of a sudden we had three meals a day—all this water and soap and la, la, la. I said, 'Okay, we'll not let anyone else in on the program.' Then I went out and the man on the desk said, 'Mickey, there's a guy here who wants to get on the program.' I said, 'I'll take care of this.' I went out and looked at this guy. He said he had had a heart attack and had gone to the hospital. He said he had been drinking on the road for years and it never bothered him. He said he drove a semi [truck] cross country. He said he was popping a few bennies [Benzedrine] and a few dexies [Dexedrine] to keep awake and moving along the road. Then he had this heart attack and they treated him a bit and cut him loose.

"He asked, 'Can I come here and stay. If I don't I'm going to die.' I said, 'Welcome aboard the program.' The men were still sitting in the boardroom. I took him by the shoulder and said, 'Come here. There are some guys I want you to meet.' I took him in to the boardroom and said, 'I just put this man on the pro-

gram.' They looked up and right off said, 'I thought you just said we would not put any more men on the program.' Then they looked more closely at the guy. He had worked for Grace Shipping Lines. They do a lot of ocean shipping but they also do a lot of cross-country tractor-trailer shipping. They had a green hat for their drivers. Right across the front it said: GRACE.

"How could I not put him on the program? Was I not the one who found grace and love in a rescue mission in Stockton, California? Was it not given to me? How could I not give that to someone else? How could I afford to become so harsh, so hard, so disciplined that I am useless to another human being? God is love. When you have been in the thralls and the desperation of loneliness—just look at the loneliness of people who come to us from the street—they can sit with a hundred guys in a chapel but they are still alone with their feelings, with their thoughts and they feel the world has abandoned them. All they need to know is that someone loves them."

"A lot of the guys you get are con men." I said. "That's how they survive with nothing. With all your talk of love, don't they take advantage of you?"

"Yeah. I get burned. I get taken to the cleaners. I'm not so slick and professional that I never get took. I get something stolen once in a while. Okay, so we go on. I don't do stupid stuff. I don't walk out holding up the money I'm taking to the bank and yell to the people on the street, 'I'm going to the bank now.' But I also have to realize if we are going to have a lock-down, slam-down, put-'em-down place and shout, 'Hey you! What are you doing here?' it's going to be tough to show love in a place like that. The Good Samaritan put the guy in an inn and said if it costs any more let me know. The point I emphasize is that the Good Samaritan could not take care of the man himself because he did not have the facilities. We have our HMOs and things like that. They are so squeaky clean they don't have room for charity cases. Well, we make room for all."

Seeding a mission

The Bridgeport mission is an example of how missions are seeded and grown. In 1993, a year after Bridgeport had filed for bankruptcy, James Watson, along with wife Tami and their three children, with funding from the Northeast District and the AGRM, drove their station wagon up from West Virginia to start a feeding program. They rented an apartment and cooked chicken, rice and corn, filled a large insulated holder with the hot food, loaded it in their station wagon and served it on folding tables in city parks. They would sing a hymn to gather people and Jim Watson would preach a short sermon and lead a prayer and then people lined up to take the food. They later rented a basement for use as a soup kitchen and a rooming house for a men's mission. When that proved too expensive, they rented, and later bought, a house on Fairfield Avenue, in the heart of gang turf war, with the sound of gunfire day and night. In 1997, the mission was moved to the Fanny Crosby Memorial Home—the large, late Victorian style home of the blind Fanny Crosby, the most prolific of America's hymn writers. It had been turned into a home for elderly men but that was too expensive for the cash-strapped budget-makers. In effect, the mission took it off the city's hands with a provision that the remaining seniors could continue to live there until they found some other home or died.

Mickey and his wife had once visited the mission while touring New England to view the fall colors. They got to know the board of directors and when the Watsons announced plans to move to another mission, the Kalmans were invited to succeed them and said yes.

"This used to be the jewel of the East Coast," Mickey said. "When New Yorkers wanted a place to party they went to Bridgeport. The finest Victorian homes were here. It was also a hot industrial area, with Singer Sewing Machine and General Electric. You could lose your job in the morning and find another in the afternoon. Then the industries moved out; you had a city full of blue collars—all the white collars lived in the suburbs on the hills.

Then the drugs came, especially crack. If you lived in Boston or New York, you would come here for your drugs. We had one woman who was converted at this mission who had been one of the best cookers of crack on the whole east coast. You got Wanda's stuff when you wanted good crack. When we moved into here it was rough. I can show you at my house where a bullet went through the door."

"Do you still do the neighborhood feeding?" I asked

"Yes, but now at dinner time, six o'clock, for two hours. We use a mobile kitchen, with a driver, along with people from the program and some volunteers from churches. The food is prepared here and then put into the kitchen. We go to the same area so people will know where they can get a hot meal. We also have a midnight run and hand out sandwiches, cookies and personal items—toiletries, warm blankets, and clothing—for the homeless. I tell people we are here to be used. I tell the churches, 'I will put this mobile kitchen in front of your church so that when the people come to eat you can have your people out there inviting them for services. I can feed them temporarily but you can feed them permanently with the Word. Invite them into your church.' Maybe that's radical. I'm trying to work my way out of a job here. I want a smaller place, not a bigger place.

"We now have thirty-five men and fourteen women on our program, including those released to us from jail on some sort of alternate sentencing. We house an additional twenty or so men who stay overnight. We also have a few families from the neighborhood who just come in for a meal and we still have two seniors. In our program, we have Bible studies and classes a couple of times a day and exercise books that they can study and write in. Our main problem is drugs. We use a twelve-step chemical dependency book developed by a Christian psychological hospital in Texas. We also have a computerized learning center. In all, this is an orchestrated, controlled, planned agenda. We ask people in the program to commit to a year in-house. If you walk out you will not come back. But they can return later. Then we say, 'We missed something in the beginning so we have to go back and start at the beginning.'

"Men and women live in separate houses but they both study here. Both have some substance abuse and some every kind of problem that you can possibly name. They do a thirty-day in-house orientation where they are not allowed to go out or have phone calls and then the program, which lasts six months. The basic program is six months and then another transitional period that can last up to six months depending on where they are in their recovery. During the last six months we want them to save up money and work full-time; get their act together; get involved with a church; using the church as a halfway house where they have various activities so they don't jump off from going to college here—so to speak—and then nothing happens.

"A lot of problems for most of who come in here have to do with the mind. A certain percentage is clearly mental—yelling at cars or cursing at walls—that kind of stuff. A lot of them are well known to mental health clinics but they first must get their lives stabilized. We try to encourage them to come in and when we get them stabilized a bit we try to get them on the proper medication. Everyone who comes in here has had two or more other treatment programs. Most of the people in mental health that we deal with are truly, truly blown away that we are successful. There is a love factor, but there is a cap. They can only get so much better and then they hit a level and can go no higher."

"You seem to be using more mental health terms than I have heard in other missions." I said.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Maybe I read the Bible differently. Some of the other program people here in town say that what we are doing is too loose. They say: 'You got to be much more strict. You have to nail these people.' But I don't need to talk about Christ all the time. If they can't see Him in me, hitting them over the head with a forty-pound Bible will not get it across."

"Do you get referrals from social agencies?"

"I work with everybody. There is wisdom in numbers. I don't have to give away my Christianity to be a part of a social agency. They can send men or women to me and know that when I am through with them and send them back they are not going to be

bigots or hate-mongers—spiritually I'm talking about Christ wants to help you. He wants to be an aid to you. It is intimate, personal. It is for you. I knew God as a kid but I still became a disaster and ran up and down the streets like a wild man. I heard about Jesus Christ. Everybody knows about Christ. How can you go through Christmas and not know about Jesus? But they don't have an intimate, personal relationship with Jesus. When you have something personal and intimate—it's like talking about love or your Mother."

"What do you do if someone lapses?" I asked.

"If he lapses he must go out of the program. We have time schedules about how long before they can come back. Fighting is thirty days. For other things, it can be up to a year. We drug test, no set time, every so often. We are not constantly in a regime of testing people. Crack is insidious. The people on the program know when a person is using. They alert us. We don't even have night staff. We self-monitor. The doors are not locked. We have a lot of property around here but nothing is ripped off.

"We have had a lot of Muslims on the program; not African Muslims but Black Muslims from the United States. Of course we will preach Jesus Christ to them and we will show them the differences: 'Here is an answer that you can possibly have.' We have Muslim mosques all around us. They don't want the riff raff. They say, 'Man, you're hopeless. Go away.' If someone puts spray paint on their mosques they go spastic. They shout, 'We will rip your head off.'

A house for women addicts

The women's program is in a former private house about two blocks down the street. Its director was Nancy Jones. "When Reverend Watson, the founder, wanted to start a women's program," she told me, "he asked me if I would be interested because I had scriptural education. I'm only here because God asked me to be here. God has created us all and has a plan for each and every one of us. What happens in most of the world is that we take the plan away from God.

"This is not a homeless shelter or a shelter for abused women. If a woman comes with those problems, I have phone numbers and can direct them to an appropriate place. This is a six-months-to-one-year substance abuse recovery program. Others are thirty days and out the door. You can't change your life in thirty days. But even if we are full, we take a lot of girls in from the street just for a meal, a shower and change their clothes. This is a little place of respite and then they will go out because they're not ready to change their lives. We tell them that God loves them and God certainly did not make them to live on the streets. The women we take in have lost everything and were prostituting themselves. They may only be in their early twenties and they tell us they were thought of as the lowest of the low. They used drugs at an early age and were abused in their families. They can't change themselves without knowing what they need to change. They are caught in co-dependency: Their behavior is a result of someone else's behavior. When the pain comes along, they want to cover it with anything: drugs, alcohol, food, sex—whatever. Success is not just drug recovery. It is changing your life permanently. Ninety percent have had their children taken away by other family members or the Department of Children and Family (DCF) and come here to prove their conduct has changed. If the DCF is involved, an officer will interview a woman once a month to see if it is appropriate for them to start having visits with their children. Some come with parole officers to complete their jail sentences and others are here under alternative sentencing laws. They have been convicted of crimes like prostitution, drugs, drug paraphernalia possession or dealing but if the judge feels he has a good candidate, and the girl sincerely wants to change her life, she is sent here in lieu of jail time but we have to agree. We explain in detail what can we provide for her and what she must do in return so that we arrive at a mutual decision. Once she is here, probation and parole offices come once a month to check on her. They are strictly supervised. They are only allowed to go out one hour a day for a walk but always accompanied by another resident. If they are going for a doctor's appointment, they still must be accompanied, but may

be allowed to stay out longer. Usually, they don't even take their one hour outside. They are afraid. Once they get a taste of being in a house, being clean and sober, and they realize what is really out there, they don't want to be where those things happen.

"It's difficult having a lot of women in one house. We rotate the chores so they get to learn different things. A lot who come in have no domestic skills at all and so we teach them how to cook and clean. Most of them have no high school education. We have a computer learning center with four work stations that they may use any time day or evening, to study for GED or take SAT tests. We also have a series of Biblical classes and others on such things as co-dependency and money management. They don't need money. We supply all of their needs. They may want something that isn't a need—snacks, potato chips or cigarettes, candy or soda—and for that their families give them money. Their first month is a probationary period. After that we make sure they see different doctors to take care of their physical needs and for routine testing such as blood work. We also have them see a dentist. They come in here very tired and worn out and look better and regain lost weight within a month. Their self-esteem picks up. They realize they are very valuable in God's eyes. They inter-act on a different level. They work as a team once they are a little more sure of themselves. When they see themselves in a mirror, they feel better. We help them understand what it says in the book of Jeremiah: 29 that God has a plan for their lives Then they pray and ask God: 'What is your plan for me?' It takes them a good year to work through all their co-dependent issues, their chemical dependent issues and to learn and grow in Jesus so that they are able to go out and stand firm on the Scriptures and to be involved in their churches and to live a new life.

"If they use drugs in the mission, or steal anything or if they violate any of the rules that warrant being escorted off the premises by a police officer, they are not allowed back for at least a year. It's a strict life. All kinds of women want help; very few want to commit to changing their lives in a one-year program. Still, we have only twelve beds and while in summer some beds might be

available, there is always a waiting list during spring, fall and winter. By the time they leave, they will have been reunited with the children on Saturdays and sometimes for an entire weekend. Then it is up to the court and the DCF when they will have full custody. Usually it takes one year after they have graduated. Children visit on Saturdays, one in a while they spend a weekend. We help them find housing and get job training and to look for employment. Once graduated, they come back all the time. A lot of them, they help me out. For example if someone needs a ride someplace. A graduate in good standing will take them.

"There are many women who just can't do it. They leave the program much too early and go back to their old street lifestyles. We lose touch but I know of four women who were in program and left and died from overdose. Another was murdered. But we have had successes too. The first lady I had in the program was a heroin addict for fifteen years and lived in doorways and abandoned cars and ate from dumpsters. Today she has her own apartment and a full-time job. She visits us on her vacation. There was another girl who was known all through New England as the biggest cocaine distributor. She is now married, has been clean and sober for four years, is active in her church. She has a full-time job. It all depends how much they want God in their lives and how much they depend on Jesus Christ."

The fragility of addicts

The men and women of the mission come together for the evening chapel and sing with loud enthusiasm. One night there were about thirty of us in the room. There was a delay of about a half hour until Mickey came in. and held up a can with a hole in the bottom.

"You all know what this is," he said. Since I was there, and probably did not know, he supplied the answer. He said it was a can for inhaling crack cocaine. "How many of you have considered suicide?" he asked. Almost every hand went up. "How many of

you have actually tried to kill yourself?" he asked again. I counted. Seven hands: three women and four men.

"You all know the rules," he continued. "We can't have crack here." He knew who the guilty man was because the mind-fogged culprit had left the can near his bed. Right away, even though the street outside was dark, he was beckoned out of his chair and told him to pick up his things and leave and someone went with him to make sure he left immediately. I had noticed him earlier because he walked with a limp. When I later asked about him, Mickey said the man had been shot in a fight with a drug dealer.

CHAPTER SIX

Sunday Breakfast Mission,

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Michael and Vicki Greer also have long experience in the growth and expansion of missions. Further, as directors of the Sunday Breakfast Mission in Philadelphia, they illustrate the role of the AGRM in rescuing a rescue mission on the brink of collapse.

"I've been there and done that," Michael Greer said. I had met his wife, Vicki, at the AGRM Phoenix convention and was attracted by the words "Sunday Breakfast Mission" on her blouse. I knew mission's pioneering history and said I would like to visit the mission to see how it was doing. Mike turned out to be a storyteller. He began at the beginning, in 1985, when he was a personnel director for the Atlantic Richfield Company in Alaska. Earlier, he had applied to go to a seminary at Biola University in La Mirada, California. After about a year in Alaska, as he put it, "God told me to get on with it." Arco moved him back to the lower forty-eight and offered a retirement plan that gave him enough money for the seminary; he quit and went to school. In 1987 he and Vicki joined the Fred Jordan Mission in Los Angeles.

"It was on-the-job training; overnight sleeping, chapel, meals along with an English and Spanish long-term recovery program, a youth program and an outreach in the tent city in downtown Los Angeles." After Fred Jordan died, Mike joined the Los Angeles Mission. "They took me to the IUGM convention in Miami Beach and God began talking to me about starting a rescue mission.

After I got back, I arranged to talk with Steve Burger. He said, 'We've been waiting for you to announce yourself. We have $20,000 set aside. I'll put you on my staff and you will go down to New Orleans to start a mission.'

"We went down July 4th 1989. We called that our Caleb trip. In the Bible, Caleb and eleven other spies went into the Promised Land. Eleven gave a report that the land was full of giants and the Israelites should not go. Caleb said that's true, it's full of giants, but it's ready for our plucking. We were spying out the land. We returned to Los Angeles and reported that there were other shelters but no gospel mission. We returned to New Orleans at the end of August in a truck with our belongings and supplies. In our first trip we had located an old furniture store. We used part of the $20,000 to pay the rent for a couple of months and repair it. It had a hole in the roof and a lot of decayed carpets. I also called the Los Angeles Mission to ask them to send me an assistant. They did: He was James McFarlane. We got the lights working and I hung signs: This area is the chapel, this is the dining room, the kitchen, the dormitory, and I drew lines on the floor. We also put together a little dormitory for Jim and another man who I had put on the program. By January, we had cleaned it enough to have people stay in the building. We added a kitchen and by February or March we started our program with five and then ten men: a standard program, Bible studies, prayer time, counseling and periods of work.

"The next thing was to set up a chapel. At that time, Operation Rescue was protesting to overturn Roe v. Wade that legalized abortion and eighty men and women were arrested. We suggested they get sentenced to us for community service and they were happy to show up. We had a great time. We started with praise and worship and then broke up and started work. By the time they were done, we had the two-by-four framing up for the interior walls, although not the sheet rock, and we had repaired the exterior. By Easter we had enough of a relationship with the churches to get volunteers down for the Saturday before Easter to feed the homeless. We set up tables and chairs on the street, we

preached and everyone sat down to eat. There were not many. A TV man came and asked me leading questions: 'Why were there not more people; has the homeless problem gone away?' I told him no, they had not heard about us yet.

"We started a steering committee. I asked everyone I met to be on it—businessmen and churches. Steve gave me advice and we hired an attorney for the articles of incorporation and IRS forms. Then we formed a board of directors—mostly men, mostly white—an attorney, an insurance agent, a pastor and a hairdresser. Most of the men on the program were African Americans. There was a big battle in New Orleans at that time because churches felt the homeless were not being taken care of. They had begun feeding programs and that drew the homeless into neighborhoods. Then the neighborhood people would go to the mayor to complain. They were getting ready to sue churches to stop them from feeding people so it was vital to begin right off making contact with city officials. We walked into City Hall and asked to see the councilman for our area. His name was James Singleton and he was helpful. Through him we got to see the zoning administrator. Under the regulations, we were not allowed to sleep people from the streets but the city did allow men to stay there as caretakers. That's what we called the ten men on the program.

"We began with a lunchtime chapel and meal. In about October, we added a half hour evening chapel and meal for about one hundred people every day. There was no sleeping but it snowed the first Christmas we were there. It was dangerous to sleep on the streets so we broke into sleeping by getting government surplus cots and blankets through Operation Blessing, Pat Robertson's club designed to take care of needy people. Later, we would leave cots up extra time. After we left, the new director kept them up all the time and there were thirty men on the program."

The Greers were there for five years. They returned to the Los Angeles Mission and Mike served as the general manager of an outreach mission in Long Beach, California but it closed after eight months. In 1996, they went to a struggling mission in Fairbanks, Alaska and were there for a year. "Its budget was $250,000," he

said. "We raised that to $450,000. They now have a five-million-dollar brand-new mission building."

Then he was hired by the IUGM to start an expansion program but left after eight months because there was not enough money for him to travel and do some of the things he had in mind. Meantime, the Los Angeles Mission had started its own network of rescue missions in San Bernardino and Riverside California and Tampa and St Petersburg, Florida. The Greers were sent to St Petersburg but it was an unhappy relationship. They left St Petersburg City Mission just before the Spokane convention. After that, they reported to Philadelphia to take over the work at Sunday Breakfast. This was in early 1999.

"The mission was once located in a large building at 6th and Vine Streets. It did not begin to house people until 1936 but then developed full services for hundreds of men, with several smaller buildings next to it for women and programs for children. In 1971, the city condemned the properties to build a highway and the board of directors bought the building where we are now sitting with part of the compensation money. It had been a film vault and then headquarters of a construction company. The board spent several million dollars to renovate it, but with a diminished program and only housing and feeding sixty overnight men. When we came, the fourth floor was vacant. I just don't want to be a rescue mission manager somewhere. My thought was that there really was a purpose for me being here.

"The mission had a couple of hundred thousands dollars in the bank and an income of about six hundred thousand dollars, including money from a thrift store that had been started earlier to get money for new programs. A lot of the income came from legacies and bequests. Obviously, about forty years ago, someone spent a lot of time talking to people about this work so we are getting money from that generation. When we got here, there were about three thousand active donors. We did a large donor acquisition in the fall of that year and rented a list and sent letters and put ads in newspapers and added another five thousand. The next year, another nine thousand, so we are now to about seventeen-and-a-half thousand donors with an income of $2.4 million."

He took me on a tour. The year-long program was on the fourth floor with beds for forty men. Overnight sleeping on was on the third floor with beds for 170 men. The kitchen and dining room were on the second floor with a day room, chapel and offices on the first floor. He outlined a program of work therapy, counseling, Bible study and a learning center.

"A majority of our men are African American and we have found that forty percent of them do not have a GED or a high school diploma. We have ten computer spaces and everyone on our program gets in the learning center for six hours a week. We permit men to stay here thirty nights, night after night, and then they can't stay longer. Every night they have to attend chapel service before they eat. If someone does not want to sit through the chapel service he is not hungry. We will feed them both spiritually and physically. If they don't want the spiritual food they don't want the physical food. We don't ask them to respond. We just ask them to sit quietly. We say thirty nights because we want to provide enough time for someone to get a job and a couple of paychecks so he can afford a place to live. We have two chaplains who meet the men when they come in and ten program members to supervise the showers and clothing. We also have a chaplain in the day room, where they can spend the day off the streets. Most of the men who come there feel alienated by society. If a man comes over a long period, the chaplain records who he is and his history and tries to help him, such as getting an ID. If you are on the street and get your wallet stolen with all your identification, you need to reestablish yourself, maybe send away for your birth certificate or help you file again to get a copy of your Social Security card. After thirty days coming here every night, he has to find someplace else to stay; perhaps another shelter."

I asked about his future plans.

"Our vision is to expand this mission to a point where this is the leading mission in Philadelphia," he replied. "I want more people on our long-term program and I would like to use churches as outreach centers. Churches are allowed to do a lot of things that missions are allowed to do. I want to deal with kids after they get

out of school: to find them a place to do their homework and where they can be tutored and work on computers. After that I want a recreation program, getting the kids involved in sports."

As we were talking, a young African American man wheeling a bike looked into the room and listened a while. Mike called him in and introduced him as Montez Johnson. He said Montez was just the man to talk about a youth program. He had heard part of our discussion of youth work and parked his bike and sat down and picked up on what we had been saying:

"We know there is a need. The Lord gave me this vision of mine five or six years ago. We need to find a location that would have gym and classes during the day for adults and an after-school plan for the youth. These are children from broken families who don't go to church regularly. We want to introduce them to the Lord, not just that Sunday kind of thing where you just sit through a service and have nothing more on the other days. It is important to bring the Bible to children because it gives them something to think about at an early age. We will have more than Bible studies; we will have life skills and go on to find out what the people need."

Montez had just stopped by and was in a hurry to get back on his bike and go somewhere. After he left, Mike said Montez had been a maintenance man when he came and was now in charge of all the program men and had taught at a Bible school in his church. He said a building for the work described by Montez had already been found. It was once a movie theater and then an evangelical center that needed more space and moved out.

"It's on the north side of Philadelphia," he said, "a lower-middle-class area; a real melting pot area. There's a real need. A lot of African American churches have summer day camps but they just baby-sit the kids to support themselves with fees of up twenty dollars a week to go to the day camp and fifteen dollars for an outing. Basically, they are taking as much as forty-five dollars a week per kid."

The old mission had a separate building for work with women and children. After that was condemned, the women's mission was temporarily made part of the structure of the men's mission. Then, 1991, the board purchased a building in the Germantown area of

Philadelphia and renovated it as a transitional home for up to nine women as many as twenty children. Vicki Greer is the director.

"We have a thirty-day initial stay on a crisis basis like the one at the men's shelter, including a day room where we give them some social work help," she said. "After thirty days they must join our program or move on. The program is a year long, just like in the men's shelter, with work therapy, counseling, Bible classes and life skills classes. Some have been abused; some were not wise in dealing with their housing; some have tried to work but have had too many kids; some have come off of welfare and some are mandated to come to get their children back. We work with them individually to get them housing, the IDs they need, to teach them to manage their debts and what they need to do to get their children back. At this point we don't deal with drug problems,just the upsets in their lives and a lot of other problems too. Often they have been prostitutes and may have AIDS."

The Greers are able to pick up on the others' thoughts. Mike continued:

"You try to combine enough of those things together to create a program where you can have a group of people who are, one, growing strong with Jesus and, two, more able to cope with life so that when you turn them loose after a year's program they leave to a career-type job and to a transitional housing facility or to a shared apartment. You have to have a full idea of what you are doing. The last three months of a man's stay here is a job hunt. It comes down to finding what interests that individual has—down to that nitty-gritty—either finding training programs that meet that interest or finding an entry-level job so he has an opportunity for a career and not a shlunk-type job, not just a washing-dishes-type job. If he wants to cook, he doesn't have to start out washing dishes. He can go to a cooking school. We have a guy in cooking school right now. I hired him as a cook here to give him an opportunity to learn. You have to be innovative; you can't say one program fits all because it doesn't."

As I left, I asked how he thought things were going.

"This used to be the leading mission on the East coast," he replied. "Now it's coming back."

CHAPTER SEVEN

Rescue Mission Alliance, Syracuse, New York

An anecdote often recalled in histories of the Syracuse mission is that the word rescue in its name is derived from the rescue of an escaped slave named Jerry from a jail before his master could reclaim him. The city is proud of its abolitionist heritage and has raised a statue called Jerry Rescue to commemorate the event.

The analogy is of doubtful authenticity. The word was in the air. One of Fanny Crosby's most loved hymns, "Rescue the Perishing," was first published in 1870 and various groups in the United States and England also used the word rescue in their titles, but exactly when they started cannot be established. And always the ambiguity: Did it mean spiritual rescue or physical? To those who used it, it probably meant both.

The point is not the word but the man who walked down a Syracuse street and may have seen an early sign saying "Jerry Rescue." He was Henry Burton Gibbud. As noted in Chapter Three, Gibbud used to walk the streets of lower Manhattan with a jar of hot coffee strapped to his waist to offer a warming drink to prostitutes along with a Gospel message. He founded a Midnight Mission as part of the Crittenden Mission for women. In 1887, he was invited to Syracuse to lead gospel crusades. He wanted to work at night distributing coffee, but was persuaded to aim his message at a much broader audience. He rented a store and put a sign in the window:

RESCUE MISSION
Everybody's Meeting

Every Night the Year Round
Don't Fix Up. Come in Your Working Clothes
Man or Woman, Boy or Girl
Rich or Poor, Black or White
Large or Small, Short or Tall
Come One . . . Come All

A year later, ministers from about ten churches formed the Rescue Mission Alliance to carry the Gospel to a six-block area that, aside from twenty-five business establishments and private homes, had fourteen saloons, twenty-four houses of prostitution and fourteen combined saloons and gambling houses.[1] The mission held gospel services every night and Gibbud played the banjo while his wife and daughter sang. Over the years, the mission outfitted a gospel boat to sail the Erie Canal and had horse-drawn wagons, and later trucks, to carry singing and preaching evangelists through the streets of Syracuse and neighboring towns and out to the country when the hop fields were full of harvest hands. For weeks on end, it raised tents to preach to thousands.

It had Sunday Schools, mothers clubs and boys and girls clubs but, despite a succession of enlarged or new structures, it still did not have enough space, even on the floors, for the men who needed a warm place to sleep on below-freezing winter evenings. Snow in Syracuse is measured in feet, not inches. In 1957, when the existing mission was destroyed by a fire, it was replaced by a three-story structure with sleeping quarters for one hundred men and a chapel that seated 250. The mission's board of directors realized they needed more than a new mission: They needed new ideas. In 1959, someone recommended Clarence Jordan, the director of youth work at a church in Trumbull, Connecticut. Jordan was asked to come to Syracuse and he prayed over his reply.

"I, in a sense, began to argue with the Lord," he later recalled. "I was finishing up a house I had built in my spare time. It overlooked a beautiful spot and I was anxious to move in. Besides, I had a great ministry going with young people. At the same time, I was also working as a union carpenter, and it seemed to be going

well, so I told the Lord that I didn't think He wanted me in Syracuse. Plus, I had ordered furniture for the house, which I certainly couldn't use in a two-room apartment in the rescue mission."

Testing the waters, Jordan put a "for sale" notice on his house and it was snapped up by a buyer who wrote a check on the spot. When he went to the salesman to cancel the furniture order and explained why, the salesman immediately agreed. He told Jordan: "I want to be a part of that." Jordan went to Syracuse and soon was named superintendent. There were only six other staff members and its headquarters was mortgaged for $152,000. Jordan had the solution. In addition to his youth work in Trumbull, he had supervised an industrial workshop that collected and baled paper and rags for sale and also collected clothing, toys and household goods for resale in several neighborhood stores. With a $15,000 interest-free mortgage from the United Way, volunteer help from the Syracuse Building Trades Council and donated construction materials from building supply houses, Jordan ended with a large concrete block building, two trucks, a forklift, a baler and other equipment with a total value of $40,000. Jordan had set three goals: Provide work for men at the mission, provide clothing and other merchandise for low-income families and pay off the mission's debt. Thirty-six months later, in 1961, and with the help of some legacies, all were accomplished.

When the city condemned the mission to build a big postal facility, paying about $1 million for compensation, it conducted a capital campaign and with the proceeds converted old furniture factory into a men's facility with two hundred beds. The homeless population kept getting younger and the plague of drugs and alcohol worsened. The mission moved to another old factory and conducted a $3-million campaign to convert it into a homeless shelter. Then an adjacent building was bought for offices, classes and long-term residence. The two structures were connected, with a secure entrance to the offices and long-term residence on one side and, on the other, an open entrance for the day room and overnight shelter. A secure interior door connected the two sides. Next, an adult home was added, then a kitchen and dining build-

ing, a learning center and a huge gym and recreational facility were added to the campus—all of which were paid for with money from foundations, corporations and individuals and grants from the Federal Housing and Urban Development agency and the state, county and city.

The Rescue Mission Alliance of Syracuse is now the most extensive rescue mission east of the Rockies. It has a staff of about three hundred (counting part-timers, or about 270 when calculated on a full-time basis), an annual budget of more than $10 million and crisis and long-term care for more than two hundred men and women. It has a network of eight thrift stores, including four superstores of from 15,000 to 20,000 square meters, along with an auto donation program. Together they have an annual gross of more than $4 million or a net profit over expenses of approximately $1 million. A twenty percent return on investment is considered excellent in any business.

The Total Quality Program

Jordan retired in 1997 and was succeeded by Charles (he prefers to be called Chasz) Parker. In 1987, after getting his degree in theology, he joined Metropolitan Ministries, then a small homeless ministry in Tampa, Florida. In his final four years there, he was a senior vice president overseeing programs and operations with a budget of $3.2 million with a staff of one hundred and thirty. Chasz's initial major contribution in Syracuse was to modernize management practices in terms of the Total Quality Program concepts of Edward Deming. He calls it "transparency."

"How can we ask men, women and children to change their lives if we are not willing to do that for ourselves?" he said when we met in his office. "We ask a man to give up drinking and all the things that are important in his life and should we not look at the little aspects of our lives to change? We organized our staff in teams. They are happier when they are working with a group. Everybody has a part in seeing someone's life turned around. We deal with our clients from the perspective that they are customers. As cus-

tomers, they have certain needs. They don't totally define our program, but there are ways that we can deliver the services better to them. We don't think processes and procedures are sacred. For instance, if we are being bombastic with our Bible teaching that might not be how the customers can best learn. If we open it into a discussion format, with give and take where they can ask questions, maybe they can learn better. We have seen that. When we changed from a one-way lecture in our Bible studies to an open-forum discussion, attendance grew immensely. They were eager to come. They asked, 'Do you have snacks? I'd like to be there.' It kind of opened people up a little better.

"We ask our customers: 'What was effective in helping you make those decisions?' When we find out, we want to do more of it or we might do something else. We might hear: 'I almost left the program because you did certain things.' Was that element crucial to what we are doing? That is one element of the whole total quality aspect. There is another. We ask the staff to look around and make sure what we are doing is really meaningful and significant and is not something we have done because somebody else did it or it has been done for a long time.

"There's always a process when you deliver a service, whether it is a Bible study or preparing a meal. Processes can often be improved if you look at them for what they are: Look at the steps involved; are they unnecessary? We want to be good stewards of what the Lord gives us. We can apply this to our day room. On an average day, maybe one hundred men come in. Some may stay just a few hours; some might stay all day or for the night. From day one, we try to connect with them. We try to have case managers who walk around through the shelter, talking to people, trying to get to know them. If somebody doesn't want to be bothered we are not going to force ourselves on them but if they spend a night with us, we want to get them to a case manager the first thing in the morning to see what their plans and goals are, just to help them get started.

"As it is, we have been keeping computerized records of the names and dates of men who come with a few notes on their history. We are trying to grow so that it is more than just a record; so

that we can begin to see what was the last service they got from us. We ask ourselves if we can we build on some of the things that we have done with them in the past. We want to build a seamless continuum. Let's say they came and got services from us and they left for whatever reason; we know they are struggling through different things. Think of a scale from A to Z. They came in at A—homeless and addicted and as bad off as you can be—but when they stayed with us for a few weeks we got them to B. They weren't homeless and they got a little control of their addiction. When they come back the next time, let's say they are a B-minus—not back all the way to A. We can start them at the B-minus and move them that and hopefully get them to a C, D, E or F.

"This is one of our strategic goals over the next year and we are training our staff for it. We will define measures for every area of the mission; key indicators of what we are doing, what we have accomplished and what our goals are. These will change over time as we get better at doing this. We will ask ourselves: What is it that we have done to get people to move to the next level? What worked and what didn't work? This is what we mean by total quality. We assess where they are and how they can move up to a desired point. I will give you a simple example—employment. We assess what sort of job skill a person had before he came to us. If he is with us for any length of time, are we helping him to make himself more employable? Once he leaves, is he employed? We will keep track over a period of time if he is on a job.

"The hardest part is spirituality. That is a big part of what we do. Where were they in the faith? How can we assess that? Is it just belief? Is it positive? Were they a believer when they came here? Were they hostile to Christianity when they came and once they stayed with us were they more open to the Gospel? Did they make a commitment to Christ? Once they left, if they did make a commitment, did they get involved with a local church? Only two or three times a month or did they get involved, maybe serving as a deacon? Or, when they left, did they not do anything? Those that did make a commitment—what are we doing to help encourage that? Or did we do something that turned you off?

"We have developed nine criteria—key indicators—for an assessment, recognizing that people will be all over the scale. The idea is: Any way that we can move people forward in any of these areas they will have a chance of having a better life. Say a person says, 'I have never had a good steady job in my entire life.' 'Oh, we say, that's what you would like,' and we will emphasize employability. If you are a father, we will bring up that is a good area to work on, to get back with your kids; family things of that nature. We will try to determine where a person is because we can only take him so far if the person is not there. This is where we are moving to. Right now we work with that in bits and pieces. We are trying to bring that together. We work with employability; we work with education, with everything."

Thrift stores and autos

Through the 1990s the mission was adding a thrift store a year and once had fourteen but then found it could not supply them all and now it has eight stores, including four superstores of 15,000 square feet or more. The mission has an agreement with Wegmans, the largest grocery store chain in New York State, to put a staffed truck in their parking lots to collect donations every day from nine to five. For furniture, a donor calls and the mission makes a pick up. The mission once used program men in its stores and warehouse but found it hard to supervise them and now uses full-time staff plus a lot of part-timers. The mission also receives donations of more than two thousand autos a year. Men from the program who want to learn more about the auto business are used to detail and clean a car and a paid mechanic does light repairs. Used car dealers come once a week to examine the vehicles and then place a bid in a box. The next day, the highest bidder is informed and told to pick it up. The mission has received more than $2,000 for some vehicles. After that, if it is a good car mechanically and with a good history, the mission has an agreement under which the county will buy and sell it to someone on welfare-to-work under a repayment plan. The county arranges for the

licensing. If the car has no real value, the final alternative is to take it to a junkyard or take it apart and sell the parts to a dealer.

About one hundred and twenty of the mission's staff members are involved in the thrift store complex—receiving and processing donations, including vehicles. Of these, forty are at the high-roofed, 60,000-square-foot distribution warehouse located in a bleak industrial area several miles from the mission, where donations are sorted, ticketed and sent to the stores, including about 25,000 pieces of clothes every week. Some items were sent separately to the "Clothes and Stuff" ministry in the basement of the mission, to be given away to families according to the season.

Linkages with the city and county

The learning center, which used to be a printing shop, was purchased in 1995 with a grant from an endowment fund for education. The grant included forty Macintosh computers to provide self-paced self-instruction, ranging from virtual illiteracy through a GED and how to go to a community college. The team leader was Ron Bourque.

"We have some with a first or second grade reading level," he said. "We use the same program as the Syracuse school district except that we use computers. The students put their names on their programs and answer questions and they get evaluated every month. We also have those with a high school education who want to learn computer operations. Others may want to go on to college and we have software that shows them a list and helps them get into certain colleges. There are also adults who come through the probation department and are here for six months and also women from our Lydia center."

There were thirty-two students in an English as a second language class. "Most are from Russia and the former communist countries and work during the day," Bourque said. "Recently, we are getting more from the Hispanic community. Both groups can get a good grasp of English. Some can pass a test to be accepted into college. We also have a number who are assigned through Jobs Plus, a government program to help people get off welfare."

Teachers for both these groups are assigned to the site by the Syracuse school district, an example of a close relationship with the city and county. There was another linkage in the kitchen and cafeteria, where about 750 meals were served daily seven days a week. Teachers from the school district administered a twenty-week course for men and women.

The team leader was Mary Beth Harris. "The school district was looking for a site already in operation where students who wanted vocational training, perhaps to get off welfare, could work out," she said. "It's also a place where new immigrants can learn American culture as well as getting a trade. They learn how to plan the meals and do the prep sheets and basically run the kitchen. It's great for the school district because they have a site they do not have to pay for. It is great for us because it provides us with help. If we did not have them we would probably have to hire three or four more full-time staff."

I asked about religious input. "We are not pastors," she replied. "Our job is to get the meal out. I see my work as a mission. When we hand them a meal we must make sure it is good. We don't say: 'It's free so shut up; I don't care if it doesn't taste good.' We need to recognize they are God's people and, while they are here, we need to provide them with quality service in a friendly manner to show them God's love. We may not have a hands-on approach as far as preaching the Gospel is concerned, but we can do it with our actions and our output."

I found Mary Beth Harris' laid-back attitude on preaching surprising. After all, this was a rescue mission that began by hammering away at the Gospel. To clarify, I asked to see a chaplain. He was Wendell Phfol.

"You might think we don't push the Bible," he said. "We do, but not in such overt ways that you might see in other missions. I come alongside the program areas and ask: 'Are you making sure that you have things in place to help people come to Christ?' I want them to know that this office is a resource where they can get all their Bible study materials. I can also give them training on how to share the gospel. Everyone here is a Christian, but not

everyone knows how, directly, to reach this population. We hope to develop a relationship to share the gospel. We want to love them to a point where they want to know more about why we love them.

"Men who come into the crisis center do not have to go to chapel before they eat. In the adult home for the mentally ill, there is a prayer before every meal, but we do not force a man to close his eyes or bow his head. For men in CORE, our Christian Oriented Rehabilitation program, chapel attendance is mandatory, but what they get from counselors will not be a strict Bible class. They are not forced to, say, make it through fifteen weeks of Bible studies to graduate in our program, but everything they get will be Christian and Biblically based. If people want to go further they can meet with their counselor and ask what does this or that mean.

"Our alcohol crisis center is a state program, with rules about secularism and all that kind of stuff. Still, the staff routinely leads men to Christ because they are Christian. They have AA there and a spirituality course. I do it on Tuesdays. We talk about recovering in spirituality so we talk about the Bible. Some individual teams have a different method. They say, 'Let us pray,' when people come for any service, such as clothing or a food basket."

Shelters for men

The mission's entry point is its emergency shelter, where Stephen Larmer was the team leader. "Missions are the hospitals for the wounded," he said. "We help men get well. We made an addition in 1998 that brought us up from a forty-bed to sixty-bed facility, but we can receive an emergency overflow up to a hundred men, or even a few more when there is a heavy snow storm. Our base line is forty-five days. Some need more, some less. We try to avoid dependency; that's why we have the base line. We want to give men momentum to accomplish their goals, to conquer substance abuse, for education or life skills. The team will meet to discuss individuals to identify recidivism and what their root is-

sues are. We ask ourselves if we are accomplishing anything. If not we might tell a man: Maybe you should look for some other shelter or make some other arrangement. But we don't want to send a man out to nothing. Our counselors can connect him with other shelters. A man who wants to get off drugs or alcohol will be offered a place in the mission's licensed detoxification center After a man has dried out, he is offered a place, if one is available, in the sixty-bed long-term program where his movements will be monitored to guard against relapse. When he graduates from there, he may find a place in a thirty-four-bed transitional living facility known as New Beginning."

One of this team's members was Mark Okazaki, who was born in Hawaii and was a missionary in several parts of Asia. He came to Syracuse in 1995 with his wife, whose family was from the city.

"The men here have been clean for about a year," he told me. "New Beginning gives them an additional six to eight months to get back on their feet. About half come from our long-term program and the rest from outside. New Beginning has been around for about ten years and is known in the recovery community as a halfway house alternative. The Veterans Administration knows who we are. A lot of men want to relocate in a different environment so we have referrals from Philadelphia and New York City. This is a secure environment. We have cards that pass through a reader to show when they leave the building and return. We try to build a level of trust, but we also do random Breathalyser and drug testing. If a man has dirty urine he may be dismissed.

"Most are work-ready and have outside jobs. Some go for further education to improve their job skills. Others are coming off public assistance and are in the Jobs Plus work-readiness program. It takes time for them to get back where the rubber meets the road. Most stay six to eight months. They have to pay us rent and buy their own food, which they cook in one of several community kitchens. Public Assistance pays us $300 a month for people getting off welfare. Veterans get money and food vouchers from a homeless vets program. We try to set goals. One goal is restitution and making amends. While living here, they can save money to

pay back alimony or child support or a debt to the Internal Revenue. Another goal is a relationship with Jesus Christ. We have some who may not know the Bible or even who Jesus Christ is. We ask if they need prayer and try to network them with local churches. We are trying to get them to face the challenges of life with the power of Christ."

The adult home

The mission's other major facility for men is a Jordan initiative from the early 1980s. As a younger population came asking for crisis care, the mission often did not have room because it was still caring for elderly, chronic alcoholic men who lounged by the front door or in a nearby park and were almost the signature of a rescue mission. Jordan asked state officials about creating a place for supervised residential care. He succeeded. In September 1984, the New Hope Adult Home was opened specifically for elderly or disabled men who qualified for Supplemental Security Income (SSI). It was the first of its kind in New York State. It now has its own building on the mission's campus—a licensed long-term residence for fifty-two elderly men who qualify as partially disabled or with a mental difficulty. They are homeless but do not need nursing care. A major portion of their small SSI checks goes to the mission, with a small portion retained for personal necessities. Each has his own room and kitchen, but there is also a dining room.

Even before that—in the late 1950s—Clarence Jordan began to blend the mission's spiritual and social concerns with the secular imperatives of the government. In one bitter winter, when two drunks froze to death on the streets, Jordan and a Catholic priest, Father James Carey, went to the county's health department and legislature to request funding for what was then called a "Sobering-Up Unit," but to no avail. Jordan did manage to squeeze $500 from churches and opened a two-bed unit at the mission, with one of the men from its crisis program paid to watch during the night. The money didn't last long and the experiment was discontinued.

Finally, as Jordan kept probing, in November 1971 the United Way gave a grant for a seven-bed unit to operate from four in the afternoon until seven in the morning. Next, Onondaga County and the state, on a matching fifty-fifty basis, provided money for a twelve-bed unit in what had been Jordan's own apartment. But there was no way for drunks to get to the facility: They either had to walk, which was uncertain, or be driven in a police car, which was illegal. In 1972, Jordan wrote a proposal asking for a grant under what was then a Safe Streets Act for a van and funds to staff it. He argued that it cost Onondaga County $50,000 a year to arrest, book, prosecute and jail a single drunk and that the van and man would be much cheaper. A demonstration grant was approved the same year, but the unit operated only nightly. The mission said that was unwise because men turned out at eight in the morning and were still drunk. Wisdom prevailed and funds were approved for a permanent twenty-four-hour, seven-days-a-week facility at the mission. It was the first non-medical Sobering-Up Unit established in New York State. Specialists from all over the state, and the country as well, came to study it. It is now a licensed center not only for alcohol but drugs as well. Since it is entirely supported by the county, it is secular.

The women's ministry

In 1976, at a time when few acknowledged that women were also alcoholics, the mission opened a two-bed Sobering-Up facility for women. It was soon expanded, with county funding, to four beds. In 1983, a couple offered to sell to the mission, for below its market value, an eight-bedroom home in a quiet, almost pastoral, residential neighborhood for use as a detoxification and transitional residential home for women. There were protests but there were strong favorable voices too. One neighbor, the Reverend John Finnegan of St James Roman Catholic Church spoke at a meeting: "Can you tell me what the difference is between this proposed structure and our own convent at St James? These women will be studying just like our Sisters, learning the Word of God

and someday, perhaps, teaching others." It took years of legal struggle but, in September, 1983, more than 600 came to an open house of what had been named the Lydia Center. The name derives from Acts 16, 13–15:

"On the Sabbath we went outside the city gate to the river, where we expected to find a place of prayer. We sat down and began to speak to the women who had gathered there. One of those listening was a woman named Lydia, a dealer in purple cloth from the city of Thyatira, who was a worshiper of God. The Lord opened her heart to respond to Paul's message. When she and the members of her household were baptized, she invited us to her home. 'If you consider me a believer in the Lord,' she said, 'come and stay at my house.' And she persuaded us."

The Lydia Center has just five bedrooms with twelve beds, two smaller beds for children and only three bathrooms. Two or three women share a room, but a woman with children gets a single room. With people crowded together, tempers were short, but Mary Lou Cherney, the team leader, was unfazed.

"It's good for them to fight," she said when I visited the home. "What surfaces is the conflict that has bothered them for a long time, maybe with someone in their families. It plays out in their relationships now. Here, they get a chance to work through those feelings in an environment where they will not hurt anyone. It is easier to work it out with your roommate than it is with your dad or brother or sister."

She said some residents were as young as eighteen but most were in their early thirties, made homeless because they were thrown out by their families or split with an abusive husband or boyfriend. Their children have been taken away by a custodial agency and the only way they could start to get them back is by entering a detox facility. The center, with a bright living room and vases of flowers, had a staff of eight, including Ms Cherney, so someone was on duty day and night, seven days a week. There was also a van and driver to ferry the women to the learning center three afternoons a week for GED studies or to a twelve-step alcohol and drug recovery program. Women from an addiction service group also

came regularly, bringing lunch and for an hour or an hour-and-a-half of counseling.

"There are devotions at the start and end of a day and, during the week, local churches come to the house for Bible studies," she said. "The women attend a church together on Sundays but, toward the end, a woman can choose her own church. Different churches volunteer to adopt the women and invite them to Mother's Day services or give them a basket of toiletries and alumni come back to offer support. We have strict rules about contact with men. Some complain, 'We are in a convent.' If they don't have contact with men while they're here, they think they have fully regained control. 'I've been away from men for six months. I'm fine.' That's what they think, but the minute they get out—boom—they're in trouble."

Volunteers

The Syracuse mission's reach is far beyond its campus, largely made possible by 1,200 active volunteers. The volunteer team leader was Beverly Goode. "Our goal is to carry out Biblically based services that will benefit the clients and staff," she told me. "Our customers are the staff. They just have to let me know what their needs are. On campus, I supply volunteers for answering telephones and handling the mails so as to leave the staff free to do evangelistic outreach. All the mailing is manual. We have physically or mentally challenged people—in a wheel chair or borderline functional—who volunteer for such things. They are performing a productive act and feel good about themselves. Off campus, we have a Christian community center in the Southside with volunteers who serve meals, cut hair, take older residents to doctor's appointments, sing Christmas carols, decorate on Easter time—everything. We provide volunteers for the Lydia Center to wash windows and do the lawns so everything looks good. We also have some who provide and serve ice cream and be greeters on Sundays when their families come for visits. Our Clothes and Stuff ministry is totally run by volunteers except for one staff person. The goods are dis-

played in a room downstairs for people who come on two days a week. Other agencies send poor people to us with vouchers for no more than three of each item. We apply the same limit to those who come in on their own. They also can get vouchers for furniture, which they view at one of our thrift stores and make a choice. We are the only ones in the city to supply transportation for furniture. The truck drivers are part of our paid staff, but the people who lift and carry the furniture are all volunteers."

In the late 1960s, the mission bought rural land for a summer camp for inner-city boys and girls and gave it an Indian name: Camp Id-Ra-Ha-Je. It is open from the end of June to mid-August. "About sixty volunteers go there to help," Ms Goode said. "Part of it is a day camp. When we noticed that the kids came to the buses with no lunches, just crackers, we developed a meal program. We got out our chart and started calling. It was surprisingly easy to get people to come at six forty-five in the morning to prepare a lunch bag of sandwiches, apples and juice.

"Syracuse is a college town and I am the one they contact if they want to use our facilities. There are medical programs at the hospital with students who like to come and shadow. A nurse will come and shadow alcohol center paid staff to see how they deal with cases. An entire team from St Joseph's hospital comes to work with the mental health clients. It gives them a hands-on experience of what they are reading in their textbooks. They will also come back and ask if they can do their internship here. Or a school will say it wants to bring kids in a government class to see distribution of clothes or bring kids from the civics class to serve a meal.

"We supply a volunteer to help the Homeless Intervention Services, or HIS, team. This is a van with two trained people that goes where the homeless hide; under bridges or in alleys with big warm registers. They have mental health issues and it takes a long time to build a trust level. We deliver food and blankets to build a relationship and encourage them to come in for food. The long-term goal is to get them connected with municipal agencies or other services that we network with."

Partnership with the county

Along the way, I kept hearing snatches that this or that program was funded by the county. When I asked, my guides were always vague and said I would have to ask Chasz. I did the next time we met and was surprised at the depth of interaction. For instance, he said the van and driver of the HIS program that Ms Goode had referred to had long been paid for by the county. The original funding to pick up drunks from the streets in freezing weather expired but homeless funding for a van and driver came in its place. The van also provides transportation for people in shelters who have appointments to go to. Or, if a man walks in off the street, after an interview the van might transport him to the VA. When I told Chasz what Ms Goode said about sending along volunteers to find men under bridges and elsewhere, he said the volunteers would first need training so that when they face situations they know what to do with confidence.

Most surprising of all, when I asked about funding Chasz said the county paid a per diem rate for the men who stayed in the overnight shelter. I asked him how that happened.

"It has something to do with the court order in New York City saying the city was responsible for housing the homeless. Since Syracuse has no shelters, they hire us to fulfill their legal requirements at a per diem of about twenty dollars a night. As they see it, they are just paying for the shelter, to get somebody off the street. We are licensed by the state and we have to maintain certain standards in the facilities. That's one reason we have so many on staff—we constantly have to meet the state's requirements. That we are faith-based doesn't come in to it because they feel they are just paying for the bed and not for the Bibles. Their per diem does not include food but anyone is free to eat with us."

"So the county depends a great deal on you to provide a number of services," I said.

"Very much," he replied. "We are partners with the county. That works well with our mission because we are trying to reach the same people. We don't have a chapel requirement when they

come in for shelter and we don't have a Bible study requirement. We offer all those things to the men and the county regards it as an elective: If the men want to do that, it's up to them. If we have recovery groups, that's fine with them too.

"How much do you receive in a year?"

"About $270,000. There is a formula based on the number of men and the services provided, per person per night."

"How about alternate sentencing, do you do that too?"

"Yes, for first or second-time offenders with drug and alcohol problem. They are given a choice of coming to the mission or doing jail time. If they come to a rescue mission we will help them with their addiction and they might also be exposed to a better way of life. The state doesn't have a problem with our spiritual emphasis. That's not what they are reimbursing us for. Any of our spiritual services are value added."

"Do you drug test?"

"Yes, and if they use drugs, we call probation. We also call if we put them out for violating our rules. The normal time for a man on our program who wants to pull his life together is six months. We put the probation guys on a parallel six-month track, although they are not necessarily required by the state to stay with us for six months; it's based on whatever their sentence was and whatever their probation is, so it can vary. If the sentence is longer, and they have to go out, the probation officer has to keep track of them. I should clarify: Although the probation officers get involved, we are not talking about probation after a jail term. This is an alternative to incarceration."

I asked him about the camp; Ms Goode had touched on it only briefly.

"It is a day camp three hundred acres on a hillside south of Syracuse in a community called Otisco. We have three hundred kids a year; sixty percent are from the inner city. If a man is in one of our rehabilitation programs, we want to get his kids into a camp. It's not a good thing that your dad is in rehab, but the kid can see there is something good in it; he can get to come to camp. We have had as many as fifteen such kids in camp. We have tried a

three or four overnight, but we are limited by the regulations of the State of New York about what is a residential camp and what is a day camp.

"We started doing a lot more of youth leadership there, a special session for councilors in training. Kids who have done a number of years in day camping are trained to be junior councilors when they become teenagers and are certified. And now we are doing a mini outward bound camp for the older teens. We call it on the edge. We take them to the Adirondacks. My daughter did an eighty-foot rappel down a mountain. They also do kayaking and rock climbing—high physical challenge and high spiritual challenge—for one week. These older teens need something that will really grab them. It takes a little faith to rappel down a mountain. It is like faith in God. You must trust the ropes will hold. God can do that in our lives. That is the approach we take.

"During the school year, we have after-school tutoring for about thirty children at a facility right next to a project area. We are trying to get the children of men on the program to take part. It is a learning center and also a recreational facility and we will help them in other ways, such as getting a medical appointment, medical help."

Aside from mentioning spirituality every now and then, Chasz had never discussed the mission's Biblical approach in detail and I had not asked him, although it was obvious from what he said about chapel not being mandatory that his was different from the standard mission approach. I asked him: "Do you have regular Bible studies? Do the men in your program have to memorize Scripture verses?"

"Twenty or thirty program men attend Bible studies for twenty or thirty minutes every Thursday night. There is a chapel service on Sunday night and depending on what program you are in; Attendance may be mandatory or voluntary. There is a chapel service on Wednesday morning for both the program people and the staff. As to what other missions traditionally do, I would say we have a different approach. We do not do memorizing so much scripture or reading a set amount of the Bible. We do encourage

reading the Bible, but we feel if you are making it compulsory you might be pushing the men away. What we want to do is to invite them to do it and to challenge them to do it throughout their program. Our Bible study is not structured, it is give and take and we talk about questions and concerns. We don't call our counselors chaplains. We have a full-time chaplain and an assistant chaplain, but all the counselors feel they are doing spiritual work with the men.

"A quote that we like was said to our chaplain by a man who had been going through our Bible studies: 'Chaplain,' he said, 'I don't know who in hell wrote this book but I have been reading it and my life is changing.' We take that as a sign we are doing the right thing because it was authentic with him. There was a woman who said to the chaplain, 'I am not an abomination to God.' He said, 'What do you mean by that?' She said she was in a relationship with another woman. She said. 'In the Bible I'm going to hell and everybody condemns me for it.' He just listened. She asked, 'What do you think about it?'

"He said, 'Does it really matter what I think about it? It's what the Bible says about it. Let me tell you truthfully: I read some of things in the Bible and I don't like some of what it tells me, but if I accept it as God's Word then maybe I need to change how I am to conform to it. Have you considered that? Are there some changes that you can make in your life? It's up to you, but here is what God's Word says about it.'

"She left and came to the Bible study later on and she was open to that. Now we think very clearly that homosexual behavior is not approved in the scripture. But, on the other hand, we don't want to forget the person behind the behavior. We don't know why she got into this relationship; what might be going on. It says in the Old Testament 'Therefore Ye Must Believe,' but Christ engaged people, he talked in parables, he liked people so that is what we are trying to emphasize in the Christianity that we are showing.

"Some of the folks who come into our program know the Bible as well as we do but their lifestyle has shown there is a disconnect.

They are the ones who want to give all the answers. I kind of think they have been missionized somewhere. What we are concerned with is can we get to the core of what is going on in their hearts? We want to emphasize Christianity as a relationship. We want to recognize you where you are. How you follow Jesus may look different in your life than it does in my life. It's not the way you cut your hair. We don't hand you a list of scriptures you must memorize, but if you say you have a problem we will offer you scriptures that might speak to that problem."

Notes

1. Drawn from: Richard Palmer and Henry Schramm. 1987. *A Lamp in the Window: A Centennial History of the Syracuse Rescue Mission, 1887-1987*

CHAPTER EIGHT

Mel Trotter Ministries, Grand Rapids, Michigan

Since rescue missions share a vision of bringing men, women and children to rebirth in Jesus Christ while responding to their material needs it might be assumed that variations in their approaches would be minor. Not so: They are autonomous and individualistic. There is no better illustration of this than the missions in Syracuse and Grand Rapids. The Rescue Alliance of Syracuse blends with its environment; the Mel Trotter Ministries in Grand Rapids is an environment unto itself. In Syracuse, Chasz Parker stressed dialogue and example. Tom Laymon, the executive officer of the Mel Trotter Ministries, insists on evangelism.

"We look at the world holistically," he told me. "My physical body needs food and my spirit needs food as well. We are not just concerned with life in the here-and-now; we are concerned about life in the hereafter. What good is it if I feed someone but, in the process, leave him to go to hell? Jesus did not just go around feeding and healing; He went around teaching. We are followers of Jesus: We do not believe one is inimical to the other. We believe that if you tell someone about Jesus while he or she is hungry and inappropriately clothed, and you do nothing about that, you are an infidel. Likewise, we believe that if you just feed or clothe or shelter them and fail to tell them about the One who could change their lives entirely—and not just for the hereafter, because we believe and see evidence that it transforms lives right here, right now—you are being a detriment to that person."

There is another sharp difference. In Syracuse Chasz Parker spoke of being "partners" with the county and, among other things,

of receiving per-diem funding for housing the men in its shelters. Tom Laymon rejects all government funding:

"While I am not ideologically opposed to government funding—the government is not evil and its money is not evil: It's my tax money—the problem is strings. It brings a lot of red tape in administration. It brings a lot of frustration with reporting. That might not affect what you do or do not do, but it is just there. It brings non-religious administrators who tell you it would be best if you do not do religious stuff. Ideologically, it does not have to do that, but it does. These days, everything in this country is dictated by a couple of major factors. One of them is obviously the press. What you do is always at your doorstep. For us here, the news is always good news. We always get great press. The other thing that seems to guide this country is lawyers and liability, not personal liability so much as civil rights liability. You get sued by the American Civil Liberties Union and they usually sue you for things that they feel begin to breach the barriers between church and state.

"The law might allow you to hire people who agree with you, but it will also say you cannot educate and proselytize, and evangelization is our primary focus. The law says you can't force someone to accept your religion, which none of us does—it's a voluntary thing. It is most strong in saying you cannot mention religion in such a way as to influence someone to actually join your religion. That is the very reason why we are in existence. Me handing someone food is part of my evangelization. There is a necessary chain that leads directly from the food to my acting out and eventually gets to my words in saying that Jesus Christ can meet your deepest needs. There is a very strong parallel to John Chapter Four, where Jesus meets a woman in Samaria at a well. He goes up and says, basically, you're getting water. I need water. I'm thirsty, you're thirsty. She says, "That's right." He says you have water and I have nothing to draw it with and will you draw some water from the well? He says you may give me water, physical water, but I will be thirsty again and you will be thirsty again but if you ask of me I'll give you living water and you'll never be thirsty. That was his

point. He, in dealing with the basic issue that we all need water to survive, very strongly introduced the fact that we are thirsty in a spiritual way and need that as well. We see the chain as inseparable."

I said: "I have met men and women at other rescue missions who say they can demonstrate God's love by the way they act and people can learn from that."

"That is precisely true," he replied. "We do that, but we must go beyond that. We have a mouth and we speak. If we are going to deal with humans, we don't go around like mimes or mutes; it's very appropriate for us to use words. A kind of negative example of this is married men who often times tell their wives that they show their love by their actions. There are many men who go into marriage counseling saying the same thing: 'Don't you know that I love you? Look how I have provided for you. Look at what I have done. I have stayed with you all these years. Don't you know that I love you?' She says, 'But honey, you never told me.'"

I asked him how he developed this strong evangelical approach and he said he was raised in an evangelical home. He said his mother was evangelical but his father came from a Mennonite background, which does not evangelize. He added that a young man's family is not necessarily the deciding factor:

"You can't inherit your faith. As a boy I disobeyed my parents and did some things wrong. When I was nine years old, I read the Bible and recognized that I was a sinner and I asked Jesus to forgive me of my sins and I sensed a very strong difference. It was a summer camp experience. Within about a year, I sensed a call to become a preacher. I got my degree and did pastoral work and joined the Detroit Rescue Mission. In 1994, I came here."

A director of spiritual life

With all of its strong evangelical approach, the Mel Trotter Mission, surprisingly, does not have chaplains. Instead it has a single man, the Reverend Bill Dodge, with the title of director of spiritual life.

"I took it from a manufacturing or business point of view," Laymon explained. "He is a quality control officer who operates in my stead to make sure that the spiritual life components of all that we do are of high quality. Every class is first and foremost a discipleship class, although he probably will not be teaching them. Everything, from the counseling to the material used for the counseling on subjects like substance abuse and anger or family life, all have to be done from a Biblical basis. He does not function as a chaplain. He reflects the distinctiveness of how we formulate not only our programs but our actual organization."

Since he played such a pivotal role, Dodge was the first staff member I interviewed. "Our program is spiritual from start to finish," he told me. "The men's department teaches and does counseling from a Biblical perspective. The women's department does the same thing, and so does our camp. Our community services department, which hands out food, clothing and household goods, has a need to tell people how they can get eternal life. I'm not a chaplain with specific duties. I can go to each department and say: 'What you are teaching does not square with Biblical truth.' I become a sort of truth detector. You have to consider what Scripture says. If a person has not come to that place in his spiritual life where he knows for sure that, if he were to die tonight, he would go to heaven, then he is not a believer. Does he understand that the Lord Jesus Christ died for *him*? Has he asked the Lord Jesus Christ to come into *his* life? Suppose you were to stand before God and He asked you, 'Why should I let you enter into My heaven?' What would you say? The answer that a person gives to that question tells me a lot about what he understands about the gospel. If he says, 'Well, I don't do drugs anymore, well, I go to church,' I will move full speed ahead with the gospel presentation because he does not understand what the gospel is. The gospel is not *about* getting off drugs. The gospel is not *about* reuniting with a church. The gospel is not *about* getting a job. The gospel *is* about a change in life that gives him a home in heaven forever."

The mission's Scriptural emphasis on heaven and hell should be seen in context. Michigan, as a whole, is strongly Christian

and, in Grand Rapids, the Mel Trotter Mission is a popular and respected institution. On every morning and night while I stayed there, as many as three hundred men, women and children poured in from the street for breakfast or dinner. The mission's acceptance is demonstrated by the growth of its services and annual budget. From 1994, when Tom Laymon became director, to the year 2000 the number of meals served rose from 74,000 to over 700,000 and the number of men in nightly shelter rose from thirty to fifty men to between 250 and 300. The annual budget during these years rose from $800,000 to $4.3 million. Most of it comes from individual donations—an average gift is fifty dollars—from a donor base of about 30,000 people. In addition, the mission receives about $3 million in gifts in kind, such as clothing and food. Since the mission does not have thrift stores, most of the contributions are distributed to the needy at no charge.

Expansion and outreach

The mission is housed in a pair of four-story former factories and covering a full square block, with a glass-topped atrium in between. The first factory was bought in 1985 with money received in compensation when its original home was taken for urban renewal. The neighboring building, worth $500,000, was later given as a donation. The city, in effect, donated the alley between the two structures that is now the atrium. The mission raised $7.5 million through a campaign for the renovations. One of the buildings houses offices, a chapel, a large dining room and new facilities for women and children. The other is for men. The Dan Vos construction firm, whose owners are Christian, did the work at minimal costs and contractors and others added about half a million dollars worth of reduced or discount services.

The rooms for men and women on long-term or aftercare programs were renovated through an Adopt-a-Room program. A list was made of different size rooms according to the number of children a mother would bring, and with a dormitory for single women with no children. Church groups, individuals, companies and or-

ganizations selected a room and agreed to provide beds, linens, furniture and curtains and helped pay for the painting or, if they wanted, wallpaper—everything. Some groups simply supplied the money and let the mission take care of the details. It was a long-term agreement: If something broke they agreed to replace it. I stayed in a top-floor, single-bed room (with a window) meant for a man in the aftercare phase of recovery. It had fitted floral-patterned sheets and matching pillowcases, a quilt and a soft mattress. There was a large built-in closet and as for furniture: a bureau, a desk and small padded chair—all like a prideful home.

The mission's outreach was called Emergency and Community Services. Its director, Karen Mortz, had a master's degree in theological studies. Her service distributed monthly a food box designed for a woman with two children or a sack of groceries for an individual—both meant for those whose income ran a bit short toward the end of a month or as supplementary help for the elderly trying to get by on social security or disability payments. There was also a clothing room where people could come once a week for whatever they needed. Furniture could be picked in another area up by those made homeless by a fire or who had come out of shelters with nothing.

"When they come," she said, "we fill out an intake sheet to determine their needs and talk to them a little bit about God, sharing our spiritual thoughts. If they don't want to listen that's their privilege, but we want them to know that we care about God. I would ask them if I could pray with them and if there was something specific they would like me to pray about but I don't push it. We are here to help and to share Jesus Christ but it does no good to push. It is God who draws them to Him; it is not our pushing that does it."

Another outreach was in acting as mentor for two expansion missions. In 1997, Tom Williams, the pastor of a church in Benton Harbor in the southwest corner of Michigan, discovered a pocket where people were not getting enough to eat. He came to Grand Rapids and asked Tom Laymon if he had anything extra. His needs were met and he came back about a year later and said he wanted

to establish a rescue mission. Tom Laymon went down to help him look for a building but the town was so small that there was nothing suitable. Still, Williams has started in rented buildings and, with the help of the Mel Trotter Mission and the AGRM's Midwest district, is trying to raise funds to build what he will call the Harbor Haven Rescue Mission. Then some people from Manistique, an extremely poor area in the upper peninsula of Michigan, came and said they had a food pantry and they too wanted to start a mission. They are also receiving help and advice from the Mel Trotter Mission and the Midwest district.

William Merchut and the men's program

During our conversation, Tom Laymon had stressed two aspects of his programs—professionalization and what he referred to as a Biblical skim.

"I have a high regard for academia," he said. "We are a licensed substance abuse program for drugs and alcohol. That means we must meet certain standards regarding hours of classes, of recreation and individual and group counseling. We do even better. We call it our excel program. We take the licensing requirement as a measure of a standard of excellence and have more than the required professional staff. Virtually all of the men's staff are master's level or better—master's in counseling, in social work or in pastoral counseling. The women are similar but we don't have quite the same at master's level. I regard experience as the equivalent. The director of our women's program, Wilma Brewer, has twenty-one years missionary experience with new tribes. She spent fifteen years with the Kapu tribe in New Guinea. Her work there has an approximation to our work here in many ways.

"But we make a distinction between counselors who are Christians and Christian counseling. I know Christian counselors who counsel from a Freudian or Jungian perspective. For that reason, we talk about Biblically based counseling and teaching. Ninety percent of the people coming to us have substance abuse problems and may also have severe depression or other forms of mental ill-

ness. Often, we find, their roots are complicated by substance abuse. With the women you add physical abuse as a child or older person. When necessary, we will deal with the specific issue. For instance, if a woman has had an abortion, we help to deal with the grief. All of those major life problems go through the skim of Biblical basics."

The director of the men's program was William Merchut. I asked him how a non-medical, entirely Biblical, approach was carried out for addicts.

"We have substance abuse treatment," he said, "but we feel that we must meet the soul needs of an individual. We can do this by having the blood of Christ, by dealing with true forgiveness, by dealing with accountability, honesty and integrity on a personal basis—vertically with the Lord and horizontally with each other — by truly making a life change. We have a twelve-step program called Celebrating Recovery, which is a reworking of the traditional twelve-step program to incorporate the teachings of Scripture. This is soul care. In the psychological social work area, there are many books on soul care.

"There are four basic stages in our program. One is a pre-program called consideree for a person who has recently used some sort of substance. He may have a long history of addiction but we focus on the recent use. He is still not free enough of the substance to handle all the stimulus of a treatment program, that is, the Bible studies that a discipleship program must have. We don't want the counselors investing a lot of time in an individual who is mentally not ready to handle the demands of a therapy relationship. Also, we are giving him a chance to get healthy, rested and well fed. At the same time, the consideree starts looking at the program and meets contact people, so new individuals do not just sit in a corner until we are ready for them in the official program. This phase takes roughly thirty days. They might object to our religious emphasis but we are in the rescue business and if the man is not here to hear the Word we can't help him and don't try to hold him. Or we will notice his attitude, his unwillingness to fully invest himself in the work and activities and the family (so to

speak of this mission), we begin to say: 'Maybe this is not for you. Your acts show this program is not going to work for you.' This might shock him awake and we will begin to see progress.

"There is also rap time when all the levels meet to talk about the function and operation of the program. All levels also have a chapel and prayer meeting on Wednesdays. At all levels, we also have praise and worship training. They may not even have a God consciousness. Through singing, they come to know there is a God worthy of praise and worship."

I asked if the mission took men from prison.

"We do, and are able to do that because we are officially recognized and sanctioned as a substance abuse facility by the state of Michigan. The state requires us to have no more than ten men to a counselor. We do better than that, with a ratio or eight or nine to one. I have six counselors. Most are at master's level and all are college trained in the substance abuse area or in a ministry dealing with individuals. The state does not require us to have that level but we do. We have more credibility with the judges and the parole officers.

"Individuals can be paroled either into long-term programs or to the shelter as a place of residence. They may be sent to the short-term section because they need a place to live when they come out of jail. In the long term, they have a parole officer who stays in close contact and we stay in close communication with that parole officer. We must do drug testing and notify the officer if there is any infraction. If a person leaves we notify the officer right away.

"We will hold a man as long until we feel we have done as much as we can toward his rehabilitation. A lot of time, the courts will go with whatever time we decide as to suitability of release. If a person comes here on alternate sentencing, if he does not largely complete the program he will go to jail. If the fit does not work, let's say the man really chaffs under the faith-based part of the program or just the rules he can go back to his parole officer and oftentimes he will be placed elsewhere."

"I have been at missions where men have complained that the

restraints were tougher than jail," I commented.

"We have had that," he replied. "I had a man come here who said he would rather go back to jail than cut his hair. There is a standard hair length for our program. Another gentleman said just yesterday, 'I have been in jail all my life and I'm not staying in a facility that's so closely monitored.' Every other month I hear a story like that. They don't want to live under our level of accountability."

"And if someone does accept the program,what happens?" I asked.

"It's profound. I had a young man, eighteen years old. He was from Ypsilanti, Michigan. His mother was a professional person. His father was a tradesman. He was involved in gangs—your typical gang-banger type. He was in jail for some offenses and was paroled over to us. He had a good education and didn't take everything we shared at face value. He questioned everything. He went through the program and at our graduation ceremony his mom came and put her arms around me and said, 'Thank you for giving my son back.'

"We had another individual who had been in the prison system and had a long history of homelessness. It was a lifestyle choice; choosing to live in a way that wasn't sanctioned by the mainstream life. After coming here, going through the program, the counseling, chapels and mentoring, he is now a productive individual out in the community as a food service chef.

"A lot of the individuals who come in here have a weak work ethic: poor communication skills with co-workers and a poor accountability response to supervisors. Here, every man is assigned to a certain area of responsibility, some to the laundry, some are on different shifts in the kitchen, some are at a warehouse where we hold our donations and also all of our supplies, and some are working in our auto shop. When we receive vehicles, some go into recycling and others to a shop where they are inspected, repaired, made road-worthy and sold for a really low price. This is the only part of our mission where there is a cash transaction. Our goal is to have every man have roughly thirty hours a week of work in addition

eight hours at our learning center and eighteen hours for classes and counseling. That's a forty-eight-hour week, Monday through Saturday. We believe a man with free time on his hands can find a wrong path."

We had gotten off on another track. I asked him to elaborate on the long-term program.

"After consideree, there are levels one, two and three," he replied. "Each is a little different in length due to the chores and learning programs they have to do. In level one, they study intently the book of Proverbs, a new chapter every day. Proverbs is a wisdom book. It is saying, 'Here is where life will generally take you if you go down these roads.' We are dealing with a post-Christian heathenism. These folks largely do not have a rudimentary understanding of Judeo-Christian ethics or teachings, so we are going back to basics. There are thirty-one chapters in Proverbs. That fits nicely with months that have thirty or thirty-one days. They can hit a different chapter everyday then write a journal article about how did those passages speak to them. That's a heavy load, but the counselor will help them through it. There is also a class with Parables as a key component."

"Do you have automatic promotion?"

"No, it is all on performance basis."

"Do they move through the phases in a group?"

"It is individual not cohort. Consideree is thirty days, level one about thirty-five days, level two is about ninety days and level three is approximately six months."

"Then is this the intense phase when you concentrate your efforts?" I asked.

"It may seem like that," he replied, "but it is not. When the men come into level one, for every ten that come in by the time level three occurs, two are left because of the rigors and accountability. They miss home, they miss their job, and they might miss their addiction. Some men leave for financial reasons. The courts might step in and say it is time for this person to get back to work. Once in a while, we will have a visit from the police department and the individual will be taken off to jail for a warrant that we did

not know existed. We are a long-term program but the reality is that, for most of the men who come in here, we are a short-term program. If I have eighty percent of the men leaving before six months, the reality is that I have a six-month program. I encourage my staff to really go after the gentlemen right from the start—working on denial and accepting personal responsibility and also from an evangelistic perspective. I can't count on eight of those people being here when we get to the other areas.

"When they have gone through all three levels they can enter aftercare for an additional six months. In that, they get thirty minutes a week with their counselor and can work outside the building. They live in one of the single or double rooms and can have all the amenities that logically fit into that small space. [Apparently that was the sort of room I lived in.] There are some aftercare and devotional groups they must go to. They come in with their paychecks and seventy-five percent of their income is put into an escrow account as a nest egg for transportation and to pay for first and last month's rent when they find an apartment. Following aftercare, if they are still afraid, we will give them another six months maybe and work with them. Some men who look like they are doing really well, and who have gone through aftercare and have had another eight or nine months of clean time, will suddenly relapse. We tell them to come back. 'Don't feel cut off,' we say. If they come, they will probably go back to level three, but will still get the aftercare room."

I said all the talk of carefully structured phases and intense counseling sounded a lot like the cognitive approach of secular psychology.

"There is a similarity," he said, "but psychologists are just using different operational terms for some of the things we do in mission work. The question is the old chicken and the egg thing. The church and Christianity have been working with people, sharing the gospel, drawing alongside people, mentoring each other and helping each other to process their views of life for centuries before Freud or Jung or cognitive behavioral therapists or rational behavior therapists put pen to paper. I am not saying that psy-

chology is irrelevant. I'm not saying there is anything evil or aberrant in what they are doing, although some of it is arguable. No: There is common ground. Psychology or social workers are just rediscovering or operationally defining things that been found in the church all along. They are just looking at it from a different nuance, using secular terms. I'm not a deep scholar of any of the positions of psychology but the thirty-one Proverbs contain concepts that are sufficient for directing a man or woman's life in a way that would be more productive than if they didn't hold to them.

"There is another thing. The Bible is a strange book in that I can read a Tom Clancy novel and like it the first time. I can read it a second time and find it difficult because I have been through it. I might read it again and maybe not even finish it because it is becoming tiresome. A person might read Proverbs 3:5–6: "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways acknowledge Him and He will direct your path." It's like looking at the Grand Canyon in the morning or the afternoon with the changing shadows of the moment. That verse might stand out for you when you put it in a different light. I might be in a position where I have to look at a job situation or I may have a friend calling me up to go out and do something that would have a very diminishing return. I might read that and tell myself maybe I should lean on God."

"When did you become a Christian?" I asked.

"When I was twenty-one. I had been approached before and had written it off. I remember a man asking me pointedly if I accepted Christ and I told him I believed in God and didn't have any need to deal with all that in-between hocus pocus. I was an enlisted man in the air force working on nuclear missiles. Then I got out and accepted Christ and things didn't seem the same anymore. Once, when I was in a shop, some African American friends were sharing the Gospel with me on a regular basis. Their investment in me kept me growing and growing. One day, my pastor said. 'You need to go to school.' I had graduated in the bottom ten percent of my high school class. However, since I had been in the

military, the school had to give me a chance under the GI program. Finally, I graduated in the middle. The Lord continued to work in my life. I was more serious. My life became not my own: It was directed along the path that God had given me. I started working in a psychiatric hospital and I really liked helping folks who were having difficulty. I asked my wife if I should go on for my master's degree and she said she would support me and I graduated the two-year course in eighteen months. Clearly God had awakened something in my life. I was studying counseling at a psychiatric hospital and was doing volunteer work at the Holland City Mission. Then I asked for a counseling position and Reverend Laymon saw my credentials and asked me to be the director."

Wilma Brewer and the women's ministry

The women's building has thirty-eight rooms and two dormitories to house a total of forty-two to forty-five women and forty-five to forty-eight children. Wilma Brewer, the tall, slim director, took me on a quick tour one afternoon when most women were in classes or away, calling out, "Man on the premises," as we walked. She said she averaged about thirty women in the program with no more than six for each counselor and graduated an average of five women a year. She described a thirty-day consideree phase and then three phases of forty-five days, with thirty hours a week of work therapy and eight hours a week in the learning center. Most of the work consisted of taking turns in the kitchen and in house keeping along with simple office work or helping at the intake desk.

"We put them in a dorm when they first come in. As they move up on the program, and space becomes available, they get into a smaller room. The single women are those whose children have been taken away because of substance abuse or neglect by the Child Protective Service—a state agency. If the women are simply homeless, this is a place where they can have an address and care for their children and keep them in school. If the CPC takes the children, it will put them in foster homes and the child or chil-

dren will be brought to the agency at an appointed time so the mothers get a chance to visit a couple hours a week. After a while, the CPC may allow children to come here for weekends with their mothers.

"Most of the time, for their first thirty to forty-five days, we expect them to stay here unless their reasons for leaving are medical or legal. If they say they have to go to a doctor, they must sign out and sign in. When they are allowed to come and go, they must be back no later than ten and be in bed by eleven. Also, they must get their children in bed by eight-thirty or nine, depending on their age. We have a number of Bible classes because we want them to be grounded in God's Word and to see them grow as godly women and mothers who will lead their children in godly ways. There are also morning and afternoon chapels. These are in addition to classes strictly for the treatment of substance abuse and for anger management, sexual relations and parenting."

I asked if she took women from jail.

"If the court sends them here, they can be a part of the program. If they have to go to court, a counselor will go with them. If they have to visit probation officers we allow them the passes and they must come right back. If they drop out or are dismissed before graduation they normally will have to go back to jail."

"Do you find that they are they hardened in jail?"

"Some, but most appreciate that they have a chance to be cared for through the love of Christ and through teaching in God's Word. Even before they got to jail, they have listened to a lie. The only way they knew to get ahead was to get involved with things that would get them fast money or get them what they wanted right now. Many have been in jail several times. During the chapel, there are often times when the ladies will share their testimonies. It gives the others hope. A lady might say, 'Yes, this happened but God delivered me of it and I believe He can do it for you too.' A lady who was about thirty-years-old gave testimony yesterday. She said she had gone to jail several times and had been resistant and causing problems with her drugs and was in an abusive relationship with a man and so her family had turned away from her. She

felt really ashamed when she was turned over from jail to here. She said many times she felt bad about the harm she had done to her children. She had a new baby, about five months old. That influenced her response to the requests that we made of her. She wants her baby right by her side. Before, in her addiction and when she was in trouble, she just sort of did not care. She would steal and do all sorts of things and when she realized how terrible it was she felt very very ashamed. She has other children. They are with her parents."

Ms Brewer said the mission also maintains an emergency shelter and had recently added a second dormitory with ten beds for single women plus a room for a mother and children. The facilities were for women who might have been recently evicted from their apartments and needed a place to stay or those just released from prison who similarly needed short-term shelter. They were not given counseling but were shown an up-to-date list on available housing and helped to make applications. If they wanted long-time care, they could apply for a place on the program. They were told this was only emergency care for ten to fourteen days.

"It is a lot harder to keep the program running smoothly when you have the ones who are transitional,' she said. "We tell them: 'If you have not straightened out your needs by ten to fourteen days you will have to look for another shelter.'"

The mission does not have daycare, per se, for the children of women on the program, perhaps because of the licensing that would entail, but it does have full facilities for study and play, directed by Janice Laymon, Tom Laymon's wife, who has spent more than twenty-five years working with children. She has the title of director of Children and Youth Ministry. "The average stay for women and children here is nine months," she told me. "We have children as young as infants and toddlers, but most go to school. We have a learning center with five computers and a staff person who works with the children from two in the afternoon until seven o'clock. The child you find at a mission is usually very behind academically. This center has one-on-one attention. For pre-schoolers, we have ten volunteers on a regular basis and a room with all kinds of

things—Barbie dolls, Lego, singing, arts and crafts and also a small gym, but we are not baby sitters. We want the mothers to raise their children and learn to play with them. They must make arrangements with other mothers to take care of a child while they go out or go to class. This way, they interact with other mothers just as they do at home. We went bowling as a family unit with mothers and kids."

Chuck Sisco and camping

During much of the school year, from October through May, the mission maintains a Faith Power Club, a name derived from I John 5:4, "This is the victory that has overcome the world, even our faith." The verse contrasts faith power with worldly power. The club meets from ten to twelve o'clock on the first and third Saturday mornings of the month, with singing, different kinds of programs and sometimes games and crafts followed by a lunch. Since 1974, the mission has also had a summer camp for inner-city children.

"Our youngest is nine and our oldest is seventeen," Chuck Sisco, the director, told me. "It is about twenty-seven miles northeast of here with three cabins for boys and three for girls. We can handle about forty-eight youngsters a week. They play softball, basketball, soccer and do archery and canoeing off grounds. It is for one week but, if the cabins are not full, some can come back a second week. We try to make room for children whose mothers are here at the mission because they don't have a lot of the benefits of outdoor exercise that even kids in the inner city do. I also recruit the kids by going to schools and telling our offer of a free week at camp. We have people who give money for that purpose. If they are able, we ask the parents of campers to pay but that's between them and Lord. I don't ask for proof. We have a morning Bible study, an evening chapel and evening cabin devotions. They enjoy it. We have puppet teams and others come in and do chapel. They come with the understanding that it is Christian boot camp with a little fun thrown in."

I said from his description there seemed to be more emphasis on religious studies than fun.

"Many of the kids who come have real behavior problems." he replied. "We are role-modeling good anger management. With them, the big deal is if you have an argument with someone you fight with him. They do that on their street. I tell them this is my street and we don't fight on my street. We sit down with them and tell them how they can talk out their issues and if someone is messing with them they should come and talk with a counselor to resolve the problem, not fight. I had one little guy who kept coming back. The first year, he was sent home within two days. The next year, he lasted almost to the end. A year later, he trusted Christ and we got him into a good Church and when he came back again he was a different kid. I'm not saying he was an angel, but when he got into trouble you could sit him down and he would talk. I look at that as progress.

"If a counselor has kids fighting in his cabin, he goes outside and blows his whistle and has two or three other counselors go there to assist him. We move the kids out of the cabin with its audience because they are usually fighting to prove something to someone else. We do not have a hundred percent satisfaction, but a lot of kids cry when they leave and are happy to come back the next year."

I asked if he asked the children to make a decision for Christ. When he said yes, I asked if they were not too young to make such a decision.

"A child of nine or younger can recognize that he or she is a sinner and that Christ is the only way to heaven," he replied. "When a child makes that decision, we write down the circumstance and, about a month later, we visit him or her at their homes. We go in twos, women if they are girls, men if they are boys. If they are up to twelve-years-old, we tell them about the Faith Power Club and we try to get an inner city, Bible-believing church to take them under its wing. Our job does not stop until we are disciplining that youngster on a regular basis and seeing him or her grow. We think it's better to build a fence at the top of a cliff than park an ambulance at the bottom."

CHAPTER NINE

City Union Mission, Kansas City, Missouri

Each rescue mission has its storied lore and guards its autonomy. For almost all of them, there was one man who was the inspiration. For City Union, he was David Bulkley, a young southern evangelist who answered a call for YMCA chaplains to minister to American troops in Europe during WWI. On his return, he became the director of social and religious work at the Helping Hand Institute with an office overlooking what had once been Kansas City's commercial center but had become its Skid Row. Flophouses rented a cubicle for fifteen cents a night on streets crowded with saloons and dance halls and—bordering it all—was a flourishing red light district protected by the police. In 1924, Bulkley rented a two-and-a-half story building on Main Street in the heart of Skid Row and called it the City Union Mission.[1]

At first, the work was limited to a chapel service and meals but then he rented rooms above a Skid Row diner where men could bed down on clean cots. In 1926, he bought two storefronts adjacent to his mission for a dining hall that could seat 375 men and a chapel that held six hundred. In 1927 the mission was able to lease a once lavish but deteriorating brothel—Madame Lovejoy's (it's not clear whether that was her real name or a *nom-de-guerre*) three-story, solid stone, twenty-four–room-mansion. David Bulkley, his wife Beulah and their daughter Ruth had been living in a cramped rented apartment and needed more room. The Lovejoy place gave them that, along with rooms for elderly men who paid ten dollars a month for bed and board.

The Bulkleys wanted a home for women and children and had

their eyes on two former brothels next door. Then, in 1929, a young prostitute came to their door in tears. Her baby had died and she asked if the Reverend Bulkley would please perform funeral services at the Eva Prince brothel just next door. He did and the funeral became a newspaper story. Eva Prince no longer lived in Kansas City, but she read of the funeral and returned to offer the Buckley's her house for $2,000—$6,000 less than the market price. She made only one stipulation: "If a girl ever comes to you for help, never turn her out." The Bulkleys agreed and Eva Prince's place became a home for former prostitutes and for mothers with children.

All that was closely followed by Annie Chambers, the ninety-one-year-old former Queen of Kansas City's Red Light district who had long since retired and lived alone in her decaying mansion. One night an explosion at a nearby bootleg liquor distillery brought people onto the streets and Annie came out and introduced herself to Beulah Bulkley. "I have been watching you," she said. "I heard the sermon your husband preached over that woman's baby. I want to be your friend." She was led to Christ and hosted the mission's Ladies Sewing Club in her drawing room. When she died at the age of ninety-three in 1935, she willed her home and estate to City Union.

In 1933, Dave Bulkley bought a thousand-acre tract in the Ozarks, near Warsaw, Missouri, and twenty homeless men constructed cabins and a dining hall for the growing army of the Depression's unemployed. It also became a major farm as the men planted crops to feed themselves and to sell on the market in Warsaw. In 1934, cabins were added as a vacation camp for poor children—six-years or older—from Kansas City. There was even a unique miniature camp called "Tot Lot" for ages two-to-six.

When David Bulkley died in 1940, his wife and daughter visited California briefly and there met Maurice (pronounced Morris) Vanderberg, whose family had migrated from the dust bowl of North Dakota. He was soon drafted and was stationed at Ford Leonard Wood, Missouri. When he received a four-day Christmas pass, he visited the only persons he knew in the area—Beulah

and Ruth Bulkley. He later recalled the scene in Kansas City: "I discovered the bodies. Some were propped in doorways. Some sprawled full-length across the sidewalk. Some lay with legs stretched into the street. They weren't dead, for there was movement and even strange unintelligible sounds from a few. From the gaping doorways of near-collapsing taverns came an alien din and a suffocating odor. Strange, unreal figures staggered in and out to add to the noise or to join their fellows on the sidewalk. And I was scared."

Maurice was sent to Europe and fought from the beaches of Normandy to the battle of the Bulge. Meantime, Ruth got her college degree and became a schoolteacher in California and there married Maurice when he returned from the war. Ruth later said she never intended to marry a pastor, but Maurice went to college, took his degree, was ordained and pastored a church in California. With three children (later six) life was good and she never thought she would return to Kansas City.

Beulah Bulkley had succeeded her husband and carried on for eleven years until her retirement in 1954 at the age of sixty-five. The board sent a letter to Maurice to come as the new superintendent. Maurice and Ruth resisted until one night Ruth woke up Maurice and said a verse had come to her mind: "Now it is required that those who have been given a trust must prove faithful," (I Corinthians 4:2). And so they came to Kansas City.

Maurice Vanderberg was executive director of City Union until 1992, during which time he supervised a move of the mission to a block-wide former dental college at 10th and Troost, the opening of a family center at 1310 Wabash Street and the beginning of a long-term Christian Life Program. This was a time when academics scoffed at rescue missions. For instance, Howard Bahr, in his 1973 book on Skid Row:

"Some Skid Row men speak well of the missions. Many receive emergency help from them. But most speak disparagingly of them, reaffirming the negative image of the 'mission stiff,' the man who has prostituted himself to the mission. More than anything else, the 'strings attached' charity, which demands the facade of

penitence, interest in religion, and repudiation of the values of homelessness, seems to rankle. The typical Skid Row man knows his heart has not changed, merely the level of his blood sugar. He seeks not eternal salvation but immediate surcease of hunger. The message of the missions is 'we will help you, but you must be what we want you to be.' The kind of help the homeless man seeks, but rarely finds: 'We will help you, because you are you, because you are a man.'"[2]

In 1980, James Rooney wrote of missions as a type of organization that succeeded (that is, guaranteed its continued existence) by failure (not achieving sufficient conversions to put itself out of business). The gospel service, he wrote, "serves as a divestment ceremony through which members of the congregation are shorn of membership in the self-supporting working class and are newly defined as belonging to a lower stratum of thoroughly inadequate persons." Rooney savored the epithets that he claimed were used for those who sought the help of missions: They were "cold-weather Christians," "mission stiffs," and "curb-stone canaries" who "sang for their supper." Sermons were "earbeatings" and to be converted was to "nosedive."[3]

Actually, mission directors were experimenting with ways to improve their performance. Among them was Maurice Vanderberg, who attained stature within the International Union of Gospel Missions, serving as its president from 1973 to 1977. At its 1980 convention in Asheville, North Carolina, he sounded a trumpet call for long-term ministries:

"We should try to establish a mission and a ministry that is appropriate to today's people experiencing today's needs in today's urban environment. We must recognize that only occasionally does a man come to us for spiritual help . . . . He does not want to be saved; he wants to be fed. He does not want to grow spiritually; he wants to be comfortable and warm. Only as we establish both the environment and the motivation that he cannot produce within himself, will we see the beginnings of new interests and new initiatives . . . . The man who comes and makes the trip to the altar and remains for one or two days to become calm and comfortable

and then leaves again cannot really be called a convert. It is false to make him a statistic on your monthly report."

Jonathan Capp

In his later years, Maurice Vanderberg brought in Daniel Doty, who had been associated with City Union as a young man and then went on to get master's degrees in divinity and theology and serve with Central Union Mission in Washington, D.C. On Vanderberg's retirement in 1992, he was succeeded as executive director by Doty. However, since my main interest was in the day-to-day operation of the mission, I spent much of my time with Jonathan Capp, the mission's associate director of facilities. Workers in rescue missions often speak of God opening doors. So it was with Capp.

"I grew up in an inner city nondenominational Central Bible Church in Kansas City," he told me when we met in his office. "It was a multi-cultural melting pot and I learned to look at people differently. I grew up in a suburban setting but I was transported to an urban area. My great-grandfather helped found that church. As a child, I was brought down here by my dad, who would come to preach chapel services and have me and my sisters come to sing. As I grew up, I was tied to a Christian camping ministry called Del Haven for inner-city delinquent children. We brought kids from the inner city at no charge for a week at camp where they sampled the love of Christ and stable environment. They would have only one pair of underwear and they brought things that were not washed and they themselves were not washed. We spoiled them—discipline, good food, a lot of fun and building a small community.

"I went on to college and was recruited into a secular management program and had a good deal of success but there came a point when I started to think of the values that had been instilled in me and I recognized that my career had a number of incongruence with the path that I needed to take in my life. I was in a retail management setting where I was managing a multi-million dollar

store operation and later got a job in a factory and they moved me up and taught me several different skills. They were going to move me into a specialty sales force, which, with that company, meant that you had made it but I was still feeling that call. I looked over the entire world for an opening for the ministry and it seemed the Lord did not open a door. Then, just before the company offered me that big promotion, the mission offered me a job in bookkeeping. For my first year-and-a-half, I simply worked in the business office processing donations and other kinds of stuff. I knew I told them from the beginning that I wanted to minister to people. An evening job came open and I worked two jobs for a while getting used to the men's shelter. I got to know those guys pretty much all by name and looked forward to seeing them. They were my friends. Over a period of time, that enabled me to take over the men's ministry. I knew we needed to create opportunities by questioning them, training them and disciplining them so they were motivated to do better. A lot of men have never had motivation to succeed. We enlarged and broadened the Christian Life Program initiated by Maurice Vanderberg so that we now have about forty men in a multifaceted program lasting twelve to fourteen months. We try, in the job details that we give them, to teach them to be good workers and employees. We also try to deal with the choices in their past through one-on-one counseling. They live together in a room and this has what I call the community effect. Our society is starved for community. We sit in front of computers and TVs and never talk to one another."

He went on to describe a program that began with a twenty-eight-day probationary period during which they get their addictions behind them, followed by—if both sides agree—three four-month phases. After an early breakfast the men meet as a group for Bible study and then separate into groups of four or five men to pray for their families, themselves and others. After that, they disperse to different jobs—housekeeping assignments in the men's mission or at the family center for women or working in a warehouse sorting donations for the mission's thrift store. They are not allowed outside employment and, instead, are given a spending

allowance for cigarettes or soda—three dollars a week in the probationary period, seven dollars in phase one, fifteen dollars in phase two and twenty dollars in phase three. All missions do this: They have found it dangerous for men on the program to have too much money in their pockets.

In addition to a weekly one-on-one Biblical counseling session, on Thursday nights, they separate again into groups under different counselors where they discuss what they are struggling with and how are they coming along. This is another attempt to foster interaction. Assigned churches come on Sundays and pick up one or several men. The aim is to build a relationship with a mentor who might invite a man to dinner or for a canoe trip with his church. After completing the program, they may find work or school outside and continue to live at the mission—putting a major part of their earnings into an account for when they find a place to live and must pay their rent and put down a deposit. If a graduate has a valid driver's license, and has money to get insurance and whatever it costs to tag it, he can use one of the automobiles that are donated to the mission. A man can stay out all day but he still must come back every night: There is still some accountability. If he is searching for a job, he is given a phone number with voice mail. Someone can call him and leave a message and not know he is inquiring about someone who lives in a rescue mission. The final phase is transitional housing in a drug—and alcohol-free fellowship. This is a building with a large unit for six men, including a live-in manager, and five other units for two men each.

The mission still has the hundred acres of land about two hours drive from Kansas City, now called Opportunity Farm. Fifteen or twenty men on the program are sent there to segregate them from the environment where they were failing. They are kept busy maintaining the property, including a camp for inner-city children where, for alternate weeks, boys and girls live in cabins and have crafts, swimming, games and Bible studies. The program extends through July and the first week of August.

City Union has a day room where men from the street—called guests—are allowed to come and go, using a large ground floor

room to rest, drink coffee, snack on left-over buns and cakes, read magazines or watch Christian videos. To many, this might seem like "enabling," with men just sitting around waiting for chapel, a meal and a one of the ninety-six beds in the overnight shelter. I asked Jon about it.

"Unless we have had some sort of referral, we bring men into our program by means of our day room or hospitality center," he said, "but they just don't sit there. We have assigned a chaplain to the room to talk to a man and, if initial counseling needs to be done, he can minister to their needs right then and there. We also try to get a grip on what is important to those men. As long as they can get along with the rest of the community they are welcome. That's the beginning of socialization. If he is able-bodied and able-minded we can be an answer for a couple of weeks but we don't want an able-bodied person to hide from responsibility and reality. We think that's very unhealthy. We will try to work with him if he will cooperate with us in a case management setting. Our goal in the shelter is to stabilize a man to live a life of responsibility and self-reliance. If he accepts this case management he can get to see the nurse or information on where to look for work and bus fare to get there."

I mentioned that I had seen one man, over a period of days, just standing off to one side looking at a wall.

"We recognize that we are a magnet for that person," he said. "A disturbed individual can not be required to stay in a mental institution if he or she is not a danger to himself or to others. If we have a severely withdrawn man, we work with him as we can through an interview process, trying to determine his needs or background. He can stay a month or more if that is a reasonable need. We have relationships with mental health facilities and can make a referral. If they can demonstrate a need I don't think we have ever closed the door on a person. If we seem to be the best option for that person, there we will be. But there is an indignity in living your life at a rescue mission. We want people to maintain an attitude that there is something better for me—that there's something beyond this. The problem is that many are not willing to take the

steps to make that happen. In that case we try to do a kind of triage. We have said: 'For your own good, we can not be a resource for you anymore.'

"We had, over a period of years, a man who had been a successful banker. He was skilled and intelligent but he had a problem with seizures and his pride would not allow him to work knowing that some day people would see him having a seizure and so he chose to enclose himself in an environment like this where there were people like him around. He was capable of living a successful, stable life. Medication helped quite a bit, but it did not totally eliminate the possibility of seizures. We had to say: 'Man, you're not going to gain anything long-term by staying here.' He had a disability income, but he just filed the checks without cashing them. Is that responsible to our donors? He was living off resources from people who give for people who don't have resources. He had to move on.

"We believe that, through the Holy Spirit of God, lives are truly changed. That is the only source of true change. One of our program directors is a recovered long-term alcoholic. We have a counselor who has a master's degree as a pastor and who had a prison experience. One of our aims is to try to have a staff reflecting the community that we serve; who can relate at a very deep level with the men they are dealing with; to know what they are going through as we try to bring them out of it."

Lorraine Minor

City Union is one of the pioneer missions to reach out to women and children. It opened its first family shelter in 1976 and called it Pilgrim House. Ten years later, Lorraine Minor, a slight, soft-voiced, always smiling woman was selected as its superintendent. She supervises what may be the most well –thought out women's ministry in the United States. The old facility is devoted mostly to programs for children and crisis care for women and there is a new building for family care—long-term spiritual and social restructuring. She first showed me around the original building, includ-

ing a large room used for neighborhood children. Sometimes it is used for physicals for 120 children then, in August, part of it is partitioned off and parents of about five hundred children come to order school supplies, returning a few days later to pick them up. The greatest use of the room is for after-school use. Up to ninety children come twice a week for a full program of spiritual, social, mental, academic and group dynamics.

Then she showed me a small room near the building's entrance for a mission-sponsored homeless hot line. "We were concerned that people had to cross over so many hurdles to find shelter," she said. "All women and families looking for shelter in Kansas City use this number. We check with the other shelters in the city in the morning to find how many places they have and keep a unified list. The caller benefits in that he or she only has to pay for one phone call to find out if there is space anywhere in town. If they qualify for that space, they will be connected to that particular shelter and will be told when to arrive and anything else they need to know. Previously, they were told no, no, and no before they got a yes."

She looked at a list kept by a woman with a telephone headset and said they had calls from twenty families on that day and space at her mission for only two of them. The others were referred elsewhere. "There are ten shelters, all are privately run. There may be a few others in town but if their facilities are not up to snuff we do not recommend them. The Homeless Coalition makes the decision whether they should be on the list. Other than that, we run the effort. We only take people in our shelter who have absolutely no other place else to go. We have room for one hundred every night. About half are children; sixty percent sometimes, the count varies. It's not just women. We have custodial fathers where the mom has gone off on drugs and dad is stuck with the children. In all, we have five categories of families: fathers, mothers and children, single mothers with children, custodial fathers with children, couples with no children and single women.

"I don't want to come across anyone saying what we are doing is dealing with women and children. We are dealing with families.

Homelessness is caused by the breakdown of the family. I believe that more than anything else. We minister to the whole family when we get a chance—to fathers and mothers and their children. Ministering to just a few pieces of the family—the mother and kids—is not going to work. A good family ministry is looking for a place for a complete family to get back together again. A broken family has many ramifications. There is no extended family to take care of a woman's needs. There's no grandma with space in her house. There are relationship issues where a woman has messed around with the wrong people. She has not said no to the wrong people and yes to the right ones.

"There are issues around that. What happens to kids when they don't have any models to follow? This woman herself didn't learn parenting or money management. When she was little, her mother was off doing something else. Then crisis comes when a woman has lost every other opportunity. A man disappearing is just a small percentage. The single females we have in the shelter mainly result from the fact that there has never been a solid relationship. The man was a baby maker and she ended up with the kids.

"The longest a family will stay in the crisis center is two to four months but most will stay only a week or so, just to rest up and get their heads back straight again. They are tired and stressed out, but within two weeks we expect them to start to say 'I can make some changes here.' We present them with what we call our motivational class. They hear all the opportunities they have within our center to improve their lives and then they must start making choices. Within those two weeks we expect them either to apply for our New Life program—our long-term program—or actively get out and get their housing. But we tell them if they go after housing when they don't have other problems solved; they are not accomplishing anything and will be back with us in three months."

Then she showed me the new three-story facility completed in 2000. Each of the two upper floors had a central gathering area and a dining area for families to store and cook their food. The corridors were lined with rooms, some large enough for a man, his

wife and several children, complete with its own bath and toilet. I was surprised. I had been at missions where men and women were deliberately kept as many as blocks—even a mile or so—apart. If the ministries for men and women were in the same building, a man and his wife had to live apart—men and teen-aged boys with the other men and women and girls with the women, with separate entrances and locked doors. Here, families lived across a hall. However, Lorraine had an explanation. Each room complex had its own locks. Moreover, motion detectors were installed in the hallways so that if anyone left his or her own room after ten o'clock at night an alarm would sound.

"We thought for a long time about why the folks who went through our New Life Program were having such a difficult time after leaving us. There was a time and place when the person was getting ready to leave and my attention went to the person walking through the door. I did not have enough attention to go around. And so: "Goodbye." "Hello." What did that person think of that? We thought we had the solution in getting each family involved in an ongoing relationship with a church. Well, that works sometimes and sometimes it doesn't. It seemed to me that if we were not successful a year out it had been a waste of time. I know there is no expended energy that is not used in some way and I have a sense that everything we do will have some value to it, but certainly it makes a whole lot of sense if we can help a person not only to just get up on her feet but to keep on walking. So we designed a follow-up program that gives us an opportunity to stay with those persons while they are out in the world—to continue to encourage them, to challenge them and to let them do some self-assessment. I don't know of any secular agency that has a follow-up program.

"Our New Life program has three phases: a one month probationary phase in which they get lots of things done. They get a physical exam, maybe for the first time in years. They get their paper work in order, including getting an ID. You lose these things when you lose your home. Many have been evicted. After Probationary, they graduate to Basic for three months and then to Ad-

vanced. We do that because they have to know they are progressing and not just sitting there moldering. We always emphasize priorities. If I am helping a family find a house to live in and the one chosen is two doors over from a bar for a mother who is a recovering person, I don't have my priorities right. We begin in the last two months to develop a time-line. We go to the outcome and work backwards. If moving into a house is the end result what are the incremental things that have to happen and how many weeks ahead does this happen? A case manager might go with the person to the house and check it out. How is a graduate going to know what to check on if this the first time she is getting a place of her own? This is the first time she is doing things right. Not the first time she has done things but the first time she is doing things right and so you walk them through the process.

"Then a move-out budget. Their money is going to look different now. It takes extra dollars to move into a place. We try to prepare our folks for that. Something like a bank account is extremely important. It's one thing to get a job and another thing to hang onto the money after you have earned it. No one in our long-term program gets to spend all the money that comes in from things like Social Security, SSI, welfare allowances or other sources. They have to save seventy-five percent. We insist that they open a bank account before they get onto the program—at the latest during the probationary period.

"We try to make leaving a gradual process. We might visit the new home a few times, clean it up, and maybe move a few things in so that on the first night they are in they are not overwhelmed with the strangeness of it. We also talk about their fears—about safety, for instance. What will you do to keep your home safe? Who are you going to let come in? Is the man who wants to come in someone that you used to go drugging with? We say, 'Do some goal setting. What do I want to happen in my home?'

"One of the best transitions I was ever involved in was with a lady who went to a house a few years ago. She heard that the people who were there before her were into some witch-crafting stuff. It scared the pudding out of her. She told us and we agreed

to get all the staff together and pray through the house. Five or six of us went through room after room with that lady and prayed and asked the Lord's blessing in the kids' bedroom about how they were going to grow up and on and on. She's now doing well. Her kids have stayed in the mission's youth department for a number of years. She has successfully finished school and has a great job.

"We make sure that all the staff knows. We have a large enough mission so that not everyone is connected with the program people. They may be walking down a hall and someone in bookkeeping passes them by and they think: 'I'm leaving here and no one seems to care,' so we make the move date an event and tell all the staff. And at the learning center or work center where they have been working we have had a little donut party or something to say goodbye. This is in addition to the graduation that selected people come to.

"All that is while she is still with us. We decided some years ago that we also needed to work with a person a year out. Lydia is our staff person who co-ordinates this program and tries to get all staff involved. As they are leaving we say to the client: 'Go over to Lydia and look at the follow-up program and see if there is something you would like to sign up for.' The follow-up is a yearlong program. If they sign up, they get a Christmas adoption for the whole family—equivalent to a hundred dollars for each person in the family, including clothes—more Christmas then they have had and more Christmas then they are probably ever going to have again. They also get a Thanksgiving food basket. Then, depending on needs, there may be home visits for budget training or life skills classes, summer camp and school supplies for the children. We may also provide academic opportunities, which includes coming back to the learning center if they have not finished everything they wanted to, plus regular encouragement and anything else that they may elect as they talk with the follow-up coordinator. We tell them up-front when and how they can come back to visit. We have regulations about who can come into the building. It's two or three months after they have left and they want to come back and visit but people have changed. This was their home.

They think they can just walk in and then security is asking: 'Who are you?' Feelings are hurt; it's not a good thing.

"For their part, they agree to a set list of things: to be active in a church, with a growing personal relationship with the Lord; to make and keep a monthly budget and a debt reduction plan if applicable; to meet a minimum of three self-improvement goals, like attending a class or visiting a child's school; to make and maintain important family records and show improvement in household management; to participate in good meal planning and see that their children are enrolled in school and maintain regular attendance; to seek employment if eligible and finally, if they have a history of addiction, to participate regularly in a support group. We follow this up by mailing them, once a month, an envelope with a questionnaire and a self-addressed mail-back envelope. It has a list asking how they are doing with that month's goals with a space underneath where they check 'never, seldom, sometimes, often, or almost always.'"

She showed me the third month list with fifteen topics:

1) I have structure in my life. I can make a schedule and arrive on time.
2) I'm responsible for my life. I will do what I say I will do.
3) I communicate plans with others who need to know.
4) I'm clean and organized. My belongings are orderly. I know where to find things.
5) I feel good about me and where I am and where I am headed.
6) I have a growing relationship with the Lord and I allow sufficient time for that relationship.
7) I'm improving in my emotional happiness. I continue to identify needs and set goals for improving areas of need.
8) I respect myself and I am practicing healthy self-talk.
9) I am growing in love, kindness and respect for others. My attitudes and speech show it.
10) I practice using my emotions in a constructive way.
11) I am participating in Christian fellowship in church and friendships.

12) I am remaining sexually pure in actions and making effort to do so in thought.
13) I delay satisfying desires to focus on more important things of life.
14) I am honest with God, self and others.
15) I am grateful for all that God is doing and choosing not to do in my life.

She continued: "We have had about one hundred families in this program and about twenty-five percent have returned the questionnaires. That gives us a chance to go back for a home visit to those who have not responded. Lydia, our follow-up coordinator, has forms that she uses to keep track of what we are doing. We want to be sure there has been some contact with every family once a month. We do this by making a telephone call. Then, in June of every year, we will visit everyone currently in the follow-up program. We use volunteers for this or staff, going in pairs and trying to match people up with people they knew. Our clients are used to a self-assessment because, while they were in the program, once a month they sat down with the staff for a half-hour performance evaluation. They learned how they were doing in all the different areas and got a little paragraph from each staff saying what their strengths and their challenges were. That is a great motivating experience. Self-assessment is valuable because this is first time a client knows she is doing something good. It's one thing to tap someone on the shoulder and say she is doing good, it's another thing for her to know that you have taken the time to go through some things and then sat down with them and talk through it so they have a sense of 'Hey, I did great in my anger management' or something else.

"We also try encouragement. It takes very little effort to send out cards of encouragement. We have their addresses. We have a lady on the staff who likes to do reunions so we have a reunion once a year. We don't get everyone coming but those that do have a great time. I like a spiritual wall hanging. We might type a little Bible verse on the computer and add a personalized message and a

picture and put it under glass in a frame from our thrift store—very simple. They will put it up on their wall as a constant reminder of the Lord after my face is long gone."

Somewhat abruptly, I changed the subject. I sensed that this elaborate reaching out to women who had left the program was a vivid example of the love that missions speak so much about. "Is this long-term program an example of love," I asked.

"The only love that I can give to a client is the love that I have received," she replied. "I learned a long time ago about the difference between the Dead Sea and the Red Sea. One has water flowing into it and out of it and it stays fresh. The Dead Sea is putrid. I don't want to be putrid. I am a conduit. The love that I receive from the Lord flows through me. The people who come here are God's creation. They are brothers and sisters in our family. When they come to know Jesus Christ they are in the family of God. I feel strongly about what happens to them."

"And yet, while emphasizing the Bible, your program seems to be to be based on secular motivational or cognitional psychology," I said.

She laughed. "You have found me out. I am in education. I studied psychology as part of my bachelor's and master's degrees. I don't know how much cognitive psychology impacted me other than I know that you are what you think. I have a master's in education with an emphasis on occupational education. My doctoral thesis was going to be on motivation and I wasn't motivated enough to finish it. I don't know if it is technical training or the kind of thinker that I am. I am a person who sees a problem and works through to what are the solutions for that. In my thinking, there is never a problem that can't be solved. That's my way of life. I have studied what causes homelessness, so I can come along and address those issues in an effort to help the people out of their struggle; out of their rut.

"Like everyone else, I work out of my own experiences. Pictures or other meaningful things on a wall that people see over and over again will impact their thinking. There was a sign on the kitchen wall of my home that caused me to accept the Lord. It

said, 'Only one life will soon be lost. Only what's done for Christ will last.' So here was this eleven-year-old kid walking about the house and I'm looking at that sign and it had an impact on me. I'm realizing that since I am not in God's kingdom, and have not signed up with Him, my life is a waste. At eleven years of age I thought I did not want to be a waste. We had a garage separated from our house with a 1948 Ford. I curled up in the back seat and tried to hide away from God. Then I realized I couldn't hide. When you were a kid, were you ever in a fight when you had to cry 'Uncle,' meaning you give up? I did that. I prayed: "Lord Jesus. I know I have done wrong. Please forgive me. I want to live with You so will You please come into my heart?"

Notes

1. Drawn from: Julia Vanderberg-Rohlfing. 1999. *I Never Asked for the Easy Way: The People who Shaped City Union Mission*
2. *Skid Row, an introduction to disaffiliation*, p. 138
3. "Organizational Success Through Program Failure: Skid Row Rescue Missions," *Social Forces*, March 1980, pp. 904-24

CHAPTER TEN

City Mission of Schenectady, New York

Two men played crucial roles in the early years of the City Mission: one otherwise unknown, the other famous. The mission grew out of an evangelical crusade: A noted English preacher challenged the young city's ministerial association to preserve the built-up spiritual energy of a recent revival and, in 1906, the ministers opened the doors of a rescue mission on the model of the McAuley Water Street mission. They hired as its first superintendent Edward Trout, who had been saved in a prison in New Mexico and had honed his faith at the McAuley mission. There were just gospel services to begin with but, when a man was found sleeping in a piano box behind the mission, Trout and others added food and shelter.

The other was Edward Everett Hale whose 1863 short novel, *The Man Without a Country*, made him nationally famous. He became both a prolific short story writer and the pastor of two churches, first in Worcester Massachusetts and later in Boston. He also was appointed as the chaplain of the United States Senate and as president of Schenectady's Union College. He became president and director of the new City Mission, adding the professional guidance that Edward Trout lacked. It was not a long relationship—Hale died in 1909—but it did set the pattern for a kinship between the city and the mission as implied in its name.

The director of City Mission was Michael Saccocio; everyone called him Mike. "Politics was my dream," he told me. "I went to Union College and got a degree in political science and then worked for a state assemblyman and loved every minute of it. While I was

doing that, someone told me about volunteering at this mission. After six months they offered me a job to run the urban ministry and; to my shock I said yes and left politics. Then, a new mayor was elected and he needed a deputy—the man he had in mind became ill. The assemblyman I had worked for recommended me and soon I was deputy mayor. I had a good stay there for about two-and-a-half years but I think it best when you do it for a few years and then go back to the private sector."

The city of Schenectady seems fixed in time: a lot of architecture of the mid-twentieth century, a lot of small family homes with front porches and gimcrack decoration and a downtown with few buildings more than six or seven stories high. It flourished as one of the major manufacturing centers of General Electric and declined as GE pulled back. The mission is in a small, friendly, two-story building a few blocks from downtown in an area known as "The Hill," a neighborhood of the poor and with a large African American population. Just across the street is a little park with a pavilion where people can sit in the shade and rest or read or talk—whatever. The mission has been at the same location since 1910. It is a welcoming place.

"I challenged the staff," Mike said. "Whether a man spends one night or one year he must benefit from his stay here. I don't want anyone to leave this place without someone sitting down with him, saying, 'How are you, what brought you here?' Some missions put all their energies in their programs and do little for the overnight men. We challenge ourselves: God's plan may be that he will spend only one night with us. We need to be distinct in that one night. It is all casual. My philosophy, especially for people just coming in, is before we try to teach them anything, to show them that we really care. But we just don't sit and talk. By two weeks, a man has to come up with a plan. When we say two weeks, it's not that at the fourteenth day we will say you have to leave. We say to the man, if you don't want to stay for our long-term program, that is fine, but what is your plan?"

"What do you do if he mumbles and blows a lot of steam?" I asked.

"We say: 'We will refer you to a place that is more fit.'"

Tyrone's dinners

The staff of City Mission mirrors those who seek its services: The director of urban ministries is black and so are the director of the women's ministry and the chaplain, Tyrone Lynch. He is thin, erect and speaks with a quiet inviting voice. "I do a 'You are Welcome' class every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon," he told me, "where I interact with the men and do some counseling." His unique contribution is the evening meal. As with most missions, it is open to all, including the elderly from a nearby low-income housing project or others who may have just run out of money. Tyrone described how he had combined the evening chapel and the evening meal into a single service:

"People go out to breakfast together or to lunch, so that's what we do. I stand at the door and greet them. We get the same people almost every night but, if they are new, I introduce myself and get their name. I shake their hands although there are some who don't want to shake; they just glance and say "Hi." The tables are set with plates and drinks and they sit down and I go in and wander around a little bit and just chitchat. Then we have a devotion of from five to seven minutes. I see some people getting tired of even that and imagine how much more tired they would be of an hour or half-hour. They would get turned off by the over abundance of the Word. I'm not saying God's Word is not effective, but they would feel almost like we are cramming it down their throats. I sing a song once or twice a week because it lightens up the atmosphere and gets us into a spirit of worship and gets our hearts ready for the Word, but not always; I do it as the spirit moves me. A different church comes in every night and brings six to ten people and they begin to serve. The guests don't have to get their food; it's brought to them, almost like a restaurant. If you need anything just raise your hand, kind of like flagging the waiter down. The love of Christ can be seen in our faces as we serve. People are happy and smiling. They may even interact with the church people who are serving. They leave on a good note, full and laughing. It's a better meal than they would get in a restaurant.

"One person pulled me aside after a dinner and asked, 'Pray for me. I'm having trouble with my job.' I did and he left. He only wanted God to know he was having some trouble. And there was a young couple. The man said, 'I liked what you said and I would like to talk with you outside.' We went to the hallway with his new wife. He said they were staying with a friend who could feed them during the week but not on the weekend. I told them they could get a meal on Saturdays. We did not serve Sunday evening meals they could get a bag lunch. He also asked me to recommend a church. I introduced him to one of our graduates who picked him up at his house and took him to church. He later came during the week and asked for some bread and we supplied him."

When I saw Mike again, he had a postscript: "We had an intern this summer from Word of Life who was assigned to our men's shelter. He was a gifted pianist and every Wednesday night was piano night. We would set up the piano in the dining room and he would play and do requests on what he knew. It created a wonderful atmosphere. People loved it. That's the type of innovations we want to be doing."

The man in charge of almost everything in the mission was Larry Lonczak, the director of operations "I worked for twenty-two years in a forty-seven door warehousing operation and was then laid off in 1996," he said. "Then I came here, I left a twenty-two-dollar-an-hour job for less than six dollars, but that was okay. Outside this building I was a mess; I was nothing, but I loved people and loved sharing the gospel. The doors are not locked: We are open twenty-four hours a day and will take anyone in as long as he does not jeopardize the safety of the men inside. We sleep an average of forty-five men at night—both overnight guests and the program men. That goes as high as sixty in the winter. We don't kick our overnight guests out during the course of the day. This gives us a chance to get to know them and for a counselor to meet with them. If they stay more than just overnight they have a work detail, cleaning up here or in the warehouse sorting donations. If a man is working in the mission, his self-worth is up. If he finds a job we will extend his day maybe up to twenty-eight days, but he

has to obey the house rules and stay drug free. The rules are no profanity, no girlie magazines, no threats of any kind to the staff and a weapon has to be turned in to the deskman. He locks it up and puts your name on it. I have never received a gun but I have found knives and rifles. The guys respect that. They want to sleep at peace during the night. Most of the time, the men leave without their weapons and we throw them away and there is another weapon off the street.

"The overnight guests I breathalyze randomly at night but I will not drug test randomly. If he is going to do it, he has to do it on his own. If I start to test him I am not performing our mission. We are here to serve the drug and alcohol addicts. If I check him right off, the very person I'm here to serve is turned away. It's not don't look and don't tell, it's look and say, 'You are a child of God; I am here to serve you.' We test only for a particular reason. I do not test one man and not the others. I have to look at the men with the eyes of Christ and say: 'You are God's child.' The program men are different. I test and breathalyze them regularly."

There was a reason for this. New York is perhaps the most regulated, bureaucratic state in the nation. Only now is it beginning to experiment with what other states have long been doing, either a special drug and alcohol court for non-violent offenders or some other form of alternate sentencing to reduce the huge jail population. Schenectady County is working to begin something called "community" or "restorative" justice to get non-violent offenders back into the community to do service. The City Mission is the lead agency for such service. Under this, careful supervision is required and if a man violates the rules or disappears, the mission is obliged to report him.

The discipleship program is largely of work therapy, with other time spent at a computerized learning and spiritual group meetings. The mission receives about a third of its revenues from three thrift stores and maintains two trucks to pick up donations or deliver material to the stores. Program men accompany the drivers. Four program men work in the sorting warehouse in the morning and a different four in the afternoon. If overnight men are

available, they work as helpers. A program man helps in the thrift stores, but the clerks and others are full or part-time on the mission's staff. There are other duties for program men around the mission—cleaning and repairing—and, most importantly as Mike explained, they might act as the outreach to the community:

"Soon after the destruction of the World Trade Buildings in New York, the mayor felt Schenectady needed to do something so he organized a bottle drive. He had a dumpster put in front of City Hall where people could bring in their bottles and all the proceeds would be sent to the mayor of New York. They weren't planning on manning this operation and got overrun with people bringing bottles. The Mayor's assistant called me up: 'Mike, we're in trouble. Can we get guys from the mission to run this operation for us?' We sent two men every day for three days and we took over that operation."

He mentioned another outreach, a "Sunshine Café." I asked him to spell the name since there are missions that spell it SonShine, to suggest Jesus. He did. "We debated the spelling," he added. "It is a public building and our faith there has to be expressed in our actions. We were invited by the Schenectady Housing Authority to operate it in a building for low-income seniors. It's a real restaurant and anyone can come, but it is mostly used by housing authority workers and low-income seniors who often are not fully ambulatory and can not get out of the building. The mission staffs it with a full-time chef and part-time program graduates. We buy the food because we are selling it and thus can't use food from our mission, which we receive in donations. It's a commercial operation, but on a break-even basis. There are not many places beside a mission that would run a break-even operation, but we feel compelled to minister to the folks who are there."

The mission's outreach began back when Mike was deputy mayor. "I was getting constant complaints about how filthy downtown was. I had been with the mission as a volunteer so I asked about having some guys come down to sweep up. They did as volunteers and made such an impression that the Schenectady Development Corporation wanted to hire them. The mission agreed,

not only because it was a revenue stream but because an action like that helps when you compete for donations; you are able to distinguish yourself when people are making charitable decisions. We had articles in the papers and a letter of thanks from the Chamber of Commerce, which is unheard of for a homeless shelter. Where there is a city strapped for cash, there is a great opportunity for missions. There was an inner city park where the city pulled out its recreation supervisor. The parents did not want their children going to the park. Things got broken up and it was seen as a dangerous place. We stepped in and said we will supervise that park every day at no charge. They said, 'Great, it's all yours.'"

Incarnational Christianity

I visited the mission twice, with an interval of about two years in between. The first time, I spent a day with Al Tompkins, who used a rented office in the city's Boys and Girls Club several miles from the mission. He said he was in charge of Urban Ministries. I asked him what that meant.

"It is incarnational Christianity," he replied, "reaching out to the community in any form that they will reach out and take, even just a cup of cold water or sitting and listening, finding out how we can best help them. I work with a family or their children. I'm in this office just a few hours. I meet with high school guys once a week, maybe for breakfast or we go to McDonalds and sit and talk. I will pray with them and they will share their concerns with me. We have a Bible verse and close our meeting with prayer and I take them to school. I mentor at one of the high schools in the afternoon. I see one of the students a lot. He is the same age as my son and comes to stay at my house on the weekends. Sometimes I do community work with high school students. We may go and rake leaves on some Saturdays or, after school, we may help someone move.

"Much of my work is building relationships—to get to know the pastors in the community and let them know what the city mission offers and what they can offer us. I may get a call about a

family that needs food. I go and visit the family and take a quick survey. How does the home look? Is it stable? Is the mom stable? She needs food, but that's just the surface need. There may be a boyfriend who wanders in when the check comes. I meet people just to talk about what's going on in their lives and how we might help them. We have a referral program where people come to City Mission by appointment once a week to receive furniture or household type things. They may have been burned out or are in some other crisis. Most of my time in the summer is spent at the park with children from the ages of five to thirteen or fourteen. We pray to begin the day with a Bible verse, such as 'Honor your father and your mother,' and then we talk about how kids can do that. The rest of the day is a structured program where they play games led by a recreational leader. Mostly games but with arts and crafts: My wife heads that portion."

When I returned two years later, Al had moved into an office in the mission itself with the title of Director of Community Outreach, to work as much with adults as with children. The mission now hired college students as summer interns in the park and paid them a stipend. An agreement had also been reached to share responsibility with Youth For Christ, which had an office on the other side of the inner-city area. It hired daily interns for work at a high school. These interns were paid and also received college credits. Some of the Youth For Christ interns would be assigned to the mission—for instance, the man who played the piano at Tyrone's dinners.

"We needed to strengthen our volunteers with paid staff," Mike explained. "We get a lot of volunteers but where you have to start at a certain time in a certain area you need paid people. We start with cleaning up the park. The kids help. The goal is not to do for them but for them to take part. Most importantly, what we do is to make the park a safe place. We have issues where gang leaders might try to take over the park. Drug dealers try to move it. Bullies hang out."

I asked Al how his program had changed. He said he still mentored high school students, just being a big brother, but much

of his work was dealing with people from the community, helping them with clothing, furniture, food and sometimes just listening to them or referring them to other agencies. He worked from a large room in the basement of the mission. "We care for people," he told me. "Sometimes a mom will express that the situation seems helpless. One mom said her son was not behaving in school. He had just started fourth grade in a new area and she thought the teachers didn't understand him. She said, 'I just can't seem to get through to my son that he's got to behave and stay at school.' Meanwhile, she has two children at home and it was very hard. In those times I say, 'I am also a pastor and I can pray for you.' Most of the times they say, 'Sure, let's pray.'

"Gangs are a real concern. There are single parents, women-headed households, with three or four children. There is no support system in place and so when their little boy becomes eleven, twelve or thirteen years old he looks his mom in the eye. Sometimes mom tells him to do this or that and sometimes he just doesn't pay any attention. That's when the draw of the gang begins to come in. His sense of belonging and acceptance is lost in the home because mom is concerned with the other kids and not losing them to the streets. That's the phrase they use. 'I've lost my oldest son to the street.' I asked one woman how old was her oldest son. She said, 'He's thirteen. He's getting out there and is hard to control. He has had to go to a detention home several times because he has gotten into trouble.'"

"What do you do?" I asked.

"We try to connect the mom to resources that will help; maybe ongoing counseling for mom, or parenting help or activities for children. There are other agencies like Youth For Christ who are doing work on Saturdays and also have clubs during the week. If she is interested, I will go get a worker from Youth For Christ and we will visit with mom and we go on from there."

"I interrupted you," I said. "Go on with your activities here."

"Once a month anywhere from 150 to 200 families will come in for clothing and food. We publicize Family Assistance Day by saying we will give clothing because that's what we started with.

As of late we have had excess food. We give them a box about twelve inches wide, twenty-four inches long and ten inches high and they can fill that with can goods or anything they need. After they fill that box, we have other things like potato chips and cookies they can just take. We have been giving out a lot of food and clothing and the Lord has been providing more food and clothing. That's an exciting thing. We will give out the last little thing that we have to give away and the Lord opens up another source. We have been doing that for more than a year and now we want to deepen our relationship with those families so we are setting up seminars that deal with budgeting, nutrition, school work things and parenting help and we will ask the parents what they would like to do."

I asked him what brought him to this ministry.

"I am a father of four children with two grandchildren—my daughter's children; they live in Binghamton, New York. My heart has always gone for the underdog. When I was in third grade I could not read. We were from a low-income community; a lot of the negative things but my parents got tutors to help and all of that stuff and I finally caught on and was able to read. By the time I was thirteen or fourteen, when I got my first job, it was tutoring and I was able to help other children. It seemed like the Lord brought things full circle. I knew how it felt; it was terrible.

"My eyes were really opened when I was about sixteen and I got a chance to work as a recreation leader in the little park where we are now. I would get to the park at eight o'clock in the morning, open it up, and would be there for about twelve hours for children from six to twelve-years-old. I would bring a big lunch and my father would come from time to time and drop off some food. I had kids—six, seven, eight and nine—who would stay with me the whole day. That just touched my heart. They would wear the same clothes all week. There were two little boys, Howard and Dale. Dale couldn't hear very well; he had hearing aids and couldn't speak very well, and Howard stuttered. They were nine and ten years old. They were adopted and they would come to the park and would be with me the whole day. I got a chance to meet their

father one day. He drove up in a nice new car. That was a real contrast because I was looking at these two little boys who were dirty and were always hungry and would be eating my lunch. That was okay, but then I looked at the father.

"It was a different from the world I came from. I had parents who cared for me and loved me. I got a chance to talk with their dad a little bit. I said the boys were just great and I really like them, and this father talked about these two kids as though they were animals and that they were inconvenient to that family's lifestyle. That was a real shock to me. At the end of that summer . . . ." [He paused for about ten seconds, swallowed and continued]. "I still get emotional. They wouldn't go home at lunch time and I would say, 'Don't you have to go home to get something to eat' and they might go home for a few minutes and come right back and say, 'Our Mom gave us money.' She gave them fifty cents to get some potato chips."

Then he put the memories aside and went on to tell how he had taken up his work.

"I got married early and we had children. I got into the apprentice program of GE, graduated and was a deacon in my church. Over a period of time, God kept saying, 'You need to do something else; these are good things but I have something else for you.' I was laid off, went to work for the Watervliet Arsenal and made mortars and after about six and a half years the Lord called me to the ministry. I told my pastor and we prayed about it and I told my wife and gave my two-week notice and we went to Bible college—husband, wife and four children, two of them teenagers. It was quite a journey. In those four years, I averaged making maybe seven or eight thousand dollars a year, but we never went hungry and paid all our bills on time. We had a medical plan sponsored by the school where you paid a lump sum of about eighteen hundred dollars a year. You couldn't pay it in installments, but God provided it every year. I worked and did some different things. My wife also worked for two years while we were at Bible college. I mention all that because we did not have anything but God provided for us—food, clothing, everything—so when we came back

to Schenectady our thinking was, 'We're back Lord. What do you want us to do?' I applied here because I was a volunteer at the City Mission working with kids before we left. My first job, as you know, was as director of the Urban Youth Ministry but I told the board I saw youth ministry as a family ministry. Youth may be an opportunity, an avenue, to talk to the head of the household because they are the ones who will form the years of the young.

"When Christmas comes, we will target parents. They will come on a certain day, show some ID, and register how many children they have, boys or girls, and their ages and we will give them an appointment time for a distribution day. We will set up a room like a toy store in a mall, with brand new toys and other items and the parents can go in there and shop. They will be so stunned they will not know where to go and what to do, so we will assign a volunteer to walk with them to the areas they need to shop. And there will also be something extra. The City Mission in Albany receives donations of Avon products. They will pass some on to us and we will give them to our moms."

The ministry for women

The mission's budget was a meager $200,000 in 1982, when a husband and wife team, Randal and Kathryn Tabor, arrived. By the time they moved on in 1990, (they are now directors of the Star of Hope Mission in Houston, Texas) they had revitalized the programs, repaired the aging building, recovered from a fire and brought the budget up to about $800,000. It is now $1.5 million and the mission was gearing up for a two million dollar capital campaign to build a new family life center, a new innovative learning center, and renovate the chapel and the men's shelter. The director of the fund-raising campaign was Rebecca Moore. She was so young she seemed out of place. I asked her about her background. She said she came from a Catholic home and had studied sociology at Vassar. That was even more surprising. I said I wouldn't expect to find a Vassar girl in a rescue mission. She laughed and agreed:

"I moved here a year and a half ago and found out what the City Mission did. I thought, just coming out of college, this was one of the best places for me to come to because I studied how some people have and some people don't have. I felt here was a place I could give back. I was very privileged. I went to a boarding school, I went to a very nice college and here I am with some skills that other people don't have."

The new family shelter will be a three-story building with accommodations for up to seventeen mothers and children plus classrooms and other facilities. The existing women's shelter, which dates from 1995, is down a hall from the men's ministry and has beds for only seven women and no children.

Chris Parsons is the director. "This is a home, it is not institutionally decorated," she told me. "They can be with us for up to a year. At times, all seven beds filled and we get eight, nine or ten requests a day. When a woman comes here who has had her children taken away, she is given a list of what she must do. We offer parenting classes, counseling and help in budgeting or financial things. She may have to go to a certain kind of substance abuse counseling. No mission is an end-all or be-all for every body and we have to be able to interact with other agencies and their expertise. Some women come in not looking for a place to stay but for a change of clothes and a shower. I have a little room I call 'My Sister's Closet.' We used to send them to the thrift store but this is nicer stuff: a boutique. I get them everything from the inside out—clothing and toiletries like soap and deodorant or shampoo. It makes them feel good. They are not ready to come into the program; they might just want a hot meal and somebody not to talk to them but just to listen to them."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Union Gospel Mission, Seattle, Washington

The familiar name for a street of cheap hotels, saloons and derelicts is Skid Row but that is a corruption. In the pioneer days of Seattle, a path was hacked through a steep hillside. Lumbering ox carts unloaded logs at the top and skidded them down to the Yessler Mill where they were prepared for shipping out of nearby Puget Sound. Then came the railroad and Klondike Fever and the road became Yessler Way with the city's commercial, hotel and entertainment center at the base of the steep decline. Then again, the lumber industry failed and, with it, the commercial heart of Seattle and Yessler Way became Skid Road, a place of twenty-five cent beds, cheap taverns and drunks.

In April 1932, Peter MacFarlane of St Paul's Union Gospel Mission and Ezra Gerig of a mission that had been established in Portland, Oregon in 1905 gathered a group of business and clergymen and challenged them to witness to and serve the men of Skid Road. Before the meeting ended, a charter was drawn up and a potential superintendent was chosen. He was Francis Peterson, who had pastored a church in Minnesota for seventeen years and had worked for three years under Mel Trotter in Grand Rapids. The Union Gospel Mission opened its doors the following August. After moving from place to place, the old six-story Ace Hotel was bought in 1951 to shelter and feed upwards of three hundred men. As has been said earlier, Peterson retired in 1974 and was succeeded by Steve Burger who brought new ideas and a new dynamism. When Burger left in 1989 to become executive director of the IUGM, he was succeeded by Herbert Pfiffner, another vet-

eran of St Paul's Union Gospel Mission. The mission had a budget of $3.5 million with a debt of one million dollars when he took office. By 2001, the number of people and the variety of programs had steadily increased and the budget rose to over $12 million.

At my request, a place for me to stay was found at the SonShine Inn—the mission's intensive drug and alcohol rehabilitation program. I had heard its director, Frederick Robinson, a tall, courtly African American, speak at an AGRM convention in Phoenix. He told about a confrontational method of trying to break the hold of drugs and also of the grip of codependency—in his case, between himself and his mother. I also wanted to spend some time with the hundreds of children in the summer vacation program.

I was less interested in the many other elements of the Union Rescue Mission's. Still, just to visit them briefly, took much of a day for Michael Rideout, the Director of South County Ministries, to drive me around and wait patiently while I did my interviews. The six-story former hotel that houses the men's downtown shelter is only a block from Yessler Way. The adjoining building, now part of the mission outreach, is land marked with a brass plate reading:

> Graham's Sporting House
>
> Lou Graham Seattle's Sexual Madam. Opened her house on this site in 1888. Rebuilt and expanded after the great fire of 1895, Graham's parlor became the most elegant of Seattle's bordellos during the city's rough pioneer era. She catered to the carriage trade, entertaining government officials and members of Seattle's first families. Her many land holdings made her one of the most prosperous women of her times. Upon her death in 1903 her estate was given to the public schools of King County.

The forth and fifth floors are for about forty-five men in a nine-month discipleship program called New Creations, after which they may graduate to a one-year internship called Advanced Chris-

tian Therapy (ACT) where they train for a career in mission work. The sixth floor has an elaborate twenty-station learning center and the third floor is for classes and recreation. On the second floor, there was something I had never seen before—an Extended Care Shelter for up to twenty-eight men recuperating from an injury or illness. They must be ambulatory because they eat downstairs in the kitchen. It is the only place in Seattle that will take a poor person coming out of a hospital or clinic. The average stay is about two weeks, but there was a man who was eighty-three years old who had been on the floor for twelve years. The mission once arranged for him top go to a nursing home but he did not want to go. He will probably remain until he dies.

At the street entrance there was a high window where overnight men—called guests—registered for a bed and meals. Actually, it was told *mats* were available. I decided to come back in the evening to check that out but for now, I continued the tour. On one corner of the building, a chapel for Spanish-speakers was open from seven to eight in every night of the week with Hispanic churches administering the services. Otherwise, they ate and slept as part of the homeless crisis center. Michael took me around the corner and down a flight of stairs to two more ministries—a legal clinic and a dentist office. The attorney was Teresa Nauta.

"We have had a legal service for more than two years," she said. "When the former director had to resign for personal reasons, I quit my job and started with the mission a few months ago. We provide services on such issues as family law and debt. Men might need to modify their child support and women might claim domestic violence. Women also tell us of a threat that their children will be taken away. We make phone calls, go with them to court if necessary or sometimes refer them out to pro bono attorneys who specialize in some area. We can do some direct representation but we are small—just me—although I am in the process of hiring a legal assistant."

"Why did you quit your job to come here?" I asked.

"I was in a law firm and my goal was to go to a big firm for a few years and get good training and experience and pay off my

school debts but I go to church and think we all have an obligation to help out one another. I had some friends in the law firm who thought, 'I pay my taxes and that's enough charity work for me.' We will never have a great society if that's your attitude. You have to do more than that."

The dental clinic had once been a saloon; part of the plaster on one wall had been removed to disclose elaborate wallpaper from 1898. Its director was Juanita Banks.

"We began in 1995," she said. "All the dentists and hygienists are volunteers. They want to give something back to society and not just send a check. We have three rooms for patients, all with state-of-the-art equipment, including X-rays, either donated or bought with donated money. A lot of dentists in the community know of us. If they have an abundance of things, maybe gloves that don't fit, they come in and drop them off. Some dentists say their own offices are not as well equipped. We are the only free clinic in the state. Poor people often have lost teeth or they rotted away and they need a denture. We do the fittings and send out to lab for the final product. Someone might be in one of our programs and close to graduation and needs to look good. We do that for them and they can look for a job with a smiling faces."

Michael Rideout's wife, Patty, was the assistant director of the women and family shelter. "When we got this building in the early '80s," she said, "it was an old hotel in a tourist area and the neighborhood was concerned about its image so the mission stipulated no meals would be served except to residents and no clothing would be distributed. The idea was to avoid lines outside and we have just a little sign identifying who we are. We have forty-nine rooms, nine of them double made by joining two single rooms with a connecting door. Our population ranges from sixty-five to eighty-five, depending on the age of children. If they are younger, they can fit into a smaller room. While they are here, we will give them Bible studies; disciplining them and so on. They can attend a computer program for their GED and other training and take classes in anger management and parenting. The program, depending on their goals, can last up to twelve or eighteen months."

Mike then drove me to a transitional residence—three buildings that were once a nest of gangs, drug activity and prostitution. The city got a court order to close it and evict the tenants and for about a year it was boarded up and fenced off. The mission refitted the first building for sixteen apartments, each to be shared, at a moderate rent, by two men who had graduated from the Union Gospel Mission's programs or any other faith-based program in Seattle. It is a drug and alcohol free facility and the tenants agree to random drug testing. A residential manager and his wife, both on the staff of the mission, live in the building and teach Bible studies at night. The other buildings were still under rehabilitation.

The question of enabling

That night, I went back to observe the intake of overnight men. Men were admitted at about seven thirty in the evening and filed into the chapel for a service that was supposed to start at eight. Two elderly men and a woman from an outside church came for the service and disappeared into a room and did not reappear until eight thirty. The woman played the piano and one of the men, with a weak voice, led the singing. Then the other man, even more elderly, gave a little sermon, holding his papers with a shaking hand. Finally, the first man returned to the podium and asked if anyone wanted to testify. One man held up his hand. He had a question, not testimony: "How old is that woman playing the piano?" The speaker paused and replied, "Well, I am eighty and she is my wife and is a little younger." He said the second man was ninety years old. Apparently, their ages were the most impressive thing for the disheveled men sitting in the chapel—not what was said or the words of the hymns. For me, there was another contrast: These were outsiders sitting on a platform looking down on us and us, the outcasts (for I was one of them at that point), sitting mute below.

When the service ended, the men filed out of the chapel and into a dining room across the hall. They lined up for food and ate

quickly. Those who had come only for the food left while rest had their bed tickets checked (they had earlier applied for them) and went downstairs to a day room where they showered, were given a blanket and came up again to wait in the chapel. Meantime, the benches and tables in the dining room were pushed aside, the floor swept and mats placed in rows. When all was ready, the men filed out of the chapel again and into the dining room to sleep in their dirty street clothes, which they had put back on after their shower. It was then somewhat after nine in the evening. I was told the process would be repeated in the morning. The men would be roused at five in the morning, the mats cleared away, the tables and chairs put back in place, the food distributed and eaten and they would go back on the streets. Never once during the evening did I see anyone from the mission approach a man with the love that missions so often speak of. The only words spoken were to hurry them along.

Although many mission put mats on a floor for an overflow or during winter, I had never seen anything like this. I asked for an interview with Bill VanderMeer, the director of the shelter. He had been, as he later told me, the chief operating officer of a large food company. He had an alcohol problem and found God after a serious auto accident. When the company was downsized and he was demoted, he resigned. Just at that time his present position opened at the mission.

My interview with him was arranged for an afternoon two days later. I said that I was surprised to find men sleeping on mats, which, to me, was a primitive sort of thing that had disappeared at rescue missions seventy-five years ago if not earlier. He defended the procedure although, when I asked, he said he had only been in his position for about two years and the mats were something he inherited:

"Our guest services program is fourteen nights on a mat. Once he fulfills these he is gone for the rest of the month. They can either stay at other missions around the city or live on the streets and do the things that they normally do. We have men who come, go out and do their drugs and come back and want help. Some pressure has to be put on them to become accountable because if

we continue to take them in, to allow them to do the same things they have been doing over and over again, that is enabling them. We are not helping them at all. We have to become proactive in their lives."

"Enabling is not the question," I said. "Many missions limit the number of nights a homeless man can use their shelter. The point is sleeping on mats in their street clothes. That seems undignified in this age."

"One of the challenges we have is the physical layout of the plant," he replied. "We have our learning center, our New Creation Ministry, our recreation center and classrooms and our Extended Care Shelter on the upper floors. Physically, we have no other place to put men to sleep on a bed."

"You can reduce the space allotted to some of the other programs," I suggested.

"That makes no sense to me," he replied. "Here's my vision. We are right here in Satan's territory. At nighttime this becomes an incredible place of drugs and drinking. If we had a compound or location outside of town where we could then take men who want help and house them and do our disciplining with them, we could better use the ground floors instead of turning them into a bed room every night. The area would just be a day room and dining room. Get these men out of this area with so much temptation when they walk out of the door."

It was not for me to debate the issue so I left it at that.

A ministry for seniors

The SonShine Inn, in a tree-lined residential neighborhood, was once a home for Carmelite Nuns. It was then used by the Evangelical Teen Challenge. It is where the mission houses longtime drug and alcohol abusers to isolate them from the temptations surrounding the men's mission in downtown Seattle. I also discovered it was the base for the mission's senior ministry. I saw the sign on a door and knocked to ask Jim Brass, the director, what it was about.

"I started this program in 1995 with about thirty seniors through advertising in senior centers," he replied. "Then the mayor's office contacted us and said seniors fall through the cracks; they don't get the furniture they need, or their utility bills paid and so forth and asked if we could do any of those things. We said we were already doing that on a limited basis because we had limited resources. We now have an arrangement. The city has a crisis line for seniors. If appropriate persons call that line, they are referred to our number. It may happen once a week in summer or seven to ten times a week in winter. They report their power has been turned off or they have no groceries. We work with various shelters to get them temporary housing and then work to get them permanent subsided housing. A lot of them had subsidized housing but lost it because someone was pilfering their money or they were no longer able to handle their finances.

"We now have four thousand seniors. About three thousand can't go out so we go to see them or call them. We see the thousand who are active to some degree twice a week or once or twice a year depending on their situation. For seniors who live in high-rise buildings, we meet every week and have a Bible study. We also go to a nursing home and have a chapel service. A lot of seniors are lonely. A volunteer or I will call: 'Good morning. I just want to make sure you are up. How are things going?' I am the only full-time staff but we have forty volunteers who take them shopping or to things like a camp in summer or to a Christmas program. Although the city has Meals on Wheels, we serve meals with a lot of our programs. For shut-ins, I will pick them up and take them to a nightly meal or something. When we go on trips we have picnic lunches.

"When you work with seniors, a lot of them graduate and go to be with Jesus. The family or neighbors call me. They say, 'Grandma couldn't go to church and you were like her pastor.' I am like a pastor-at-large for the seniors. We have twenty-two nursing homes that we work with. They call us if there is someone who is going to die. Sometimes they call when it's just two or three hours and I will go in and lead that person to Christ as they slip

away to eternity. We do one or more funerals a month, sometimes with as many as two or three hundred in attendance. We usually get three to ten people at a funeral to accept Christ as their Savior. If they can't pay we work with the state and get that paid for."

"Is such advocacy another part of your ministry?" I asked.

He said yes. "Lots of times the seniors know what they need but they are not assertive enough or do not know where to turn. I call the doctor's office or the health insurance and say this person has this need and you will do it. I believe in being forceful. When a patient gets ninety years old or so, some doctors are ready to write them off saying he or she doesn't need an antibiotic. So we get in there and fight for them and they live another five years."

"And your religious programs?"

"We have Bible study programs all over King County for seniors; we just don't limit ourselves to the city. At one senior center we have a group of five ladies that I meet with on Mondays. They are all babes in their faith, so we stick with rudimentary things. I have been meeting with other groups for six or seven years. They have grown into a family of solid believers of twelve or thirteen people. We get real deep into things, like Revelations and Romans and now we are going through Exodus with that group. We have volunteers that do those Bible studies all over town as well."

I asked him my usual question: what brought him to the ministry.

"My parents were Christian and I grew up in a little church and was saved when I was fourteen, but when my Dad died, I walked away from the Lord and went into drugs and alcohol for three years. I hit bottom. I was visiting my cousin in Alabama when I drank a fifth of vodka and was throwing up and I said to myself, 'What am I doing? Why am I wasting my life?' I called my Sunday school teacher. I said, 'Leona, I'm in trouble. I messed up and need your help.' She prayed with me and told me she loved me and told me to come home. I flew home and spent two weeks at her house, crying and praying and I've been sober ever since. It was a wasted three years but, in the long run, God has been able to use this by giving me insight when I am working with people with

the same problem. I was a contractor for a while until, in 1980, I felt the only thing that was making me happy was when I was a volunteer at church so I started looking for ministering opportunities. I worked as a youth pastor with the Salvation Army for ten years and then directed the youth program here before starting this program. Over the years, my back became bad and I thought if could not get around well I could get a degree and always teach or preach so I also went back to school and got a master's degree in theology."

Frederick Robinson

There were only six staff members in the ministry for substance abusers. Frederick taught a class and was a counselor in addition to being the administrator. "We are in a residential facility dealing exclusively drug and alcohol addictions," he told me. "We get some men from our downtown men's facility and others from the jails, in conjunction with the Washington State Drug Diversion Court. For a guy arrested with drugs—he might be buying or selling—a public defender can opt him into drug court. These are men looking at sentences of anywhere from ten to thirty months. If they opt into the drug court, and are accepted here, they have a chance to get the conviction expunged from the record. A lot of guys in prison will call me and want to come here, but they don't really want to come into a program, they just want an address. It doesn't work out. Sometimes probation counselors send us men but usually neither does that work out. They have already been in prison for a while and come here and feel they are still in prison. We hold about thirty men for a basic six months, which can go up to eighteen months or two years. It takes a long time depending on how much damage has been done emotionally and socially, being in and out of prisons and living on the streets coupled with long-term behavioral problems. They do not have to do all their time here, just a good portion of it. Then they can transition out into some low-income housing but they must still keep in contact with us and parole court. Some come here and think it

will be soft and then they find it is tough and want to go back to jail or do something else."

"In what way is it tough?"

"Because we use confrontational behavioral modification modes to give them guide lines. We look at the behavioral problems that keep a person caught up in the criminal justice system; that will keep him in bondage to drugs and alcohol. They want that fast lifestyle they see in the movies. Some can't control their anger. They act out and think they can get their own way. We get together at least once a week in four or five groups. At any given time one of those groups can turn into a process group, where you process information about a person's behavior. Maybe they cussed someone out for taking their food. That is a behavior. Maybe something happened and they shouted. That's a behavior. If someone is smoking in an area he is not supposed to smoke in, we say, 'Brother, you are not supposed to smoke here.' If the person does not say thank you but instead, goes on smoking we might give him a process group and we will all confront this individual. The whole group discusses that. His peers can get a look at him. It is important in behavior modification that you see yourself through other people's eyes.

"Some of our behavior modifications can get real volatile. We get loud in a guy's face to get his attention. With crack addicts and methamphetamine addicts, their attention span is much shorter, so there are different methods you must use. Sometimes anger comes out. If you holler, it gets their attention. But you don't holler just to holler. You don't get upset just to be upset. We don't always have to yell. The other side of that intensity is love. When we have made our point and have their attention they will signal they want help. They may signal that they don't. They will draw attention to what they need help for and, at the same time, say they don't want it. Then you come around with some tenderness and they know that you really care. They see the compassion in what we do. We get upset when they don't realize how blessed they are, how special they are. When you couple that with some compassion, when you can bring the volume or the intensity up a

little bit, you are doing this because you are afraid for this person's life."

"But you must admit that yelling at someone is a strange way of showing love."

"If you just have a person come here, give him a job detail and show him some films, you are not confronting the behavior that keeps them in this pattern. Some of these guys won't get it until after they leave. I had a guy who used while he was here. We didn't know that until seven or eight months ago. But I think we poured some stuff into him, some love, because he was up here last week trying to get back in. He does not have any other place to go. It's humiliating to put your head down and say, 'I messed up.' We could look at him and see how broken he was, but he did say it."

"And did you take him back?"

"We will always consider taking someone back but this guy will have to wait a couple of years before we take them back."

I recalled the incident during the chapel service at the Bridgeport Rescue Mission, with thoughts of suicide. Even Jerry McAuley had contemplated suicide. I asked: "If you see a man desperate like that, aren't you worried that if you don't take him in he might try to kill himself?"

"That is a danger," he replied. "In the fourth step of the twelve-step program that we use, you are told to make amends and you range across your lifetime. You can go from being remorseful to feeling very very guilty. You're no good and some guys . . . . "[His voice trailed off, then he resumed.] "Well, there are any numbers of ways you can kill yourself. Guys grapple with that and it's very serious; you really never know, but so far we have been blessed; only one guy has attempted suicide in the four years that I've been here and he had mental health before he came and he did that for attention sake. Addiction itself is a preoccupation with self-destruction. A lot of people are addicted to relapse. If suddenly the drugs have no effect, if you couldn't get high on them, people would find some other way to degrade and destroy themselves. It's brought on by their lack of hope. We try to instill some hope in

them that they are somebody in Christ; we love them, Christ loves them and they can love themselves. It takes time."

"And do you succeed?"

"We have a real good success rate. In the past four years, it has gone up from ten percent to like twenty-five percent—that is those who stay clean and sober and gainfully employed for a year after they leave. We get those numbers because we have contact sheets from the time they come in. While they are here we arrange for them to get a sponsor or a church. We get their phone numbers and we call once a month and they let us know if this person is doing well."

Frederick had to go off to a class and we agreed to meet later. When we did the next day, I reminded him of what he said at the convention about his own drug experience and his codependency with his mother.

"I drank too much and I was out there slinging drugs," he said. "The last time I was using, I was waiting in an alley to get more drugs and I got beaten up by a gang. For me, that was enough: I went to treatment for about the sixth time. It was a behavior modification program something like the one I'm running now. I had a lot of behavior. I got saved in the early '80s. God just came back to me. My getting more diligent about honoring Him helped me and I hit the ground running. I got jobs. I delivered phone books. After I was clean and sober for a year and a half, I had to go to jail for an assault case. A couple of years earlier, I was in a bad accident and could not do physical therapy, but they did let me go to school. That kept me out of the general population. I took a course in pharmacology—which was the hardest class—to get a chemical dependency degree. Periodically, we would sit up all night to pray. In work release, I met someone from the class whose husband gave me a job internship and I went to school full-time and worked full-time and got my certificate in chemical dependency.

"As far as being separated from my Mom, we were really close. I am the oldest of four children. My father left home very early and my mother depended on me to take care of the younger kids. I was introduced to alcohol in high school while I started working

in local theaters. Then I played professional music—singing and playing my guitar—and I used drugs for about twenty-three years. My mother was there to support me but it became a real sick relationship. She wanted control as a parent. As long I kept relapsing into drugs, she could still be a hands-on parent. I found out about this through counseling. It was hard for me to accept that my mother was one of my problems. I remember being in treatment once and she cussed out one of my counselors because she wanted him to address her feelings right away and I had only been in treatment for a short time. When I got out of this treatment I stayed with her for a brief period and then stopped using and went to live on my own. After I was married and clean for seven years she did not want anything to do with me. She called me to her house with my wife and mostly talked to my wife about me not being any good, about me being evil. Time went on and I found she had been very fragile when she was young and she had a lot of verbal abuse from her dad and I reminded her a lot of her dad, my grand father."

I didn't want to end the interview on such a somber note and said that I would spend the next day at the children's summer school program. He was immediately enthusiastic:

"They are at-risk kids. They asked me to speak about drugs. They were running every place and it looked like they are not paying attention but when a little woman herded them into the theater they were so manageable. She had their undivided attention. They started spouting Scripture and sang Christian songs. When I talked they were so attentive. They even started telling me Scripture about what they could do to say no to drugs. These people have a heart. It beats for these children. What I saw—we overuse words a lot—it was like nothing short of a miracle to see these kids get a chance to have some calm and peace and serenity in their lives. They will go back to those homes where they are at-risk and it will make a difference. Their parents might continue to do what they are doing but these kids will say, 'I want to go to church, I want to go to school, I want to go to college some day,' and that will make the difference."

The summer after school ministry

The Union Gospel Mission's Children Youth Reach Out Center (YROC pronounced Y-Rock), is part of the original large store that was bought for the mission, although there are now separate entrances. There is a large gym and, down a corridor, an auditorium with banked seats and, elsewhere, rooms for classes and small meetings. Everywhere there were children running and shouting.

The director was Ron Goodman. "We have an opportunity to change a lot of children's lives," he said. "When you think of the Union Gospel Mission you think of the homeless but the mission is very much about prevention. If we can get them coming in through our front door we may prevent them from coming through some other of our doors, such as the rehabilitation centers. Our summer day camp academy runs for eight weeks, Monday through Thursday. From nine to noon there is academic enrichment for grades they have just come out of with certified teachers from the public school system and about sixty high school and college interns to teach math, reading, history and life skills. Two afternoons a week, they go on field trips. We also have Christian fellowship, teaching the word of God and sharing with as many as we can. At the end of summer we have retreats of three night and four days. It costs five hundred dollars a child but the mission supplements it down to where we charge the parents one hundred dollars for the summer.

We use church facilities for the classes. This year we have 450 kids in the everyday program and another 250 in separate high school activities. Seattle has a Sack Lunch Program that provides food, not only for the kids in our activities but for any child who comes in from the street. Most of our kids are underprivileged; a lot come from single families and a lot from grandmothers raising children or households where both parents are working. We fill a large gap.

"This summer program is a take-off on our normal after school activities. Five days a week, we pick up about 250 kids from twenty-six different elementary and middle schools and bring them in for a snack and for five or six classes as well as things like cooking,

dance, drama, arts and crafts and body, mind and soul. It's no longer safe to have your child go home and stay alone. About forty tutors from Seattle universities come in to volunteer. We will teach the Word of God and have devotions, Bible lessons and Bible memorization. Each week, there is a different verse the kids are asked to memorize. They also have the opportunity to make a decision for Christ. If a child comes in and wants to know more about Christ we have small groups they can join."

I was driven in a mission van by Sang Lim, a Y-Rock staff member, to the Skyways United Methodist Church (Skyways is an area of Seattle), where we sat in on a language lesson for third to fifth graders. The subject was how to make a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. The teacher talked of putting the peanut butter on the bread and put the entire jar on the bread. The third graders knew that was not right. Then he demonstrated putting peanut butter on a piece of bread and tore off a little corner. They got that message too; he should have said a slice of bread.

We went to another room where kids from kindergarten through second grade were working on journals, writing about the summer events and illustrating them. Sang Lim said the instructor would check the spelling and handwriting. She said there was one teacher, three high school interns and one volunteer for the classes and that there would be Bible studies later.

Then we drove to the large Dunlop Baptist Church in the Rainier Valley where the site coordinator was Selena Taylor. Sang said Selena had been a site coordinator for five years. She taught third to fifth grade, exuding authority as she looked down at her charges sitting at their little desks, heads down, writing intently. When we went into an adjacent kitchen to talk, I commented on her control of the class. She smiled. "They call me boss or chief," she said. "I had experience with the Seattle Police Department before I came here. I rode with police officers and wrote what happened and then went to the police academy for training."

I was surprised. She looked too young for all that. When I asked her age she said she was twenty-eight. I asked her why she had left the police to join Y-Rock.

"I started in this summer program when I was twelve years old," she replied. "I had a counselor who guided me and did so much for me that I wanted to give back."

I had interrupted. I asked her to continue to describe what was happening in the class:

"We have children from kindergarten to fifth grade. In the morning we focus on writing and math. If they are struggling with writing, I challenge their writing skills. I challenge their reading skills and their math skills. I group them so three students are on division and three are on addition and so forth. We also do journal writing. When the kids go home they talk about the program the fun we had and how challenging their work was. This program is also geared to instilling Biblical programs into children's lives. Some parents go to church, some don't. Some question: 'What is God? Who is God? Why is God here?' Parents come to me and say they are really encouraged by me telling their kids about Christ. I have one parent who comes in every day and watches and listens. She says, 'You are really doing a very good job.'"

"Do you ask the children to make a decision for Christ?"

"Yes, I do, and when they make a decision I have little bracelets that I give them with the letters WWJD. That stands for What Would Jesus Do. This reminds them of having accepted Christ. I take their name and address and we write to them to saying, 'We thank you for receiving Christ in your life,' and we give them a step plan to follow up."

We had only touched briefly on her leaving the benefits of a police career to work with children at the mission. I asked her why she did that.

"God called me back here in 1996," she said. "I was raised by my mother: My father was never in my life. I have two children but I never married. I've always known what was wrong and what was right but I chose to do wrong things. I had grown up in the church but I wanted to experience life for myself; to go out in the world and find out what it was like for me. I went to clubs and partied. I didn't smoke or drink, except for orange juice, when I went to the clubs but I was very promiscuous when I was out in

the world. I notice a difference between when I was in the world and where I am now. My children are eight and five, a girl and a boy, and I am raising them. It is difficult, but I have the Grace of God. I think about how my mom raised me right but I chose to go out into the world. "I went to church one Sunday and there was a lady who came up to me and she said, 'I see you in clubs. I see you fornicating with all these men.' I thought: 'Well, hello God.' I knew that God would tell me to get right with Him. I started to get sick and that Monday and I went to the doctor because I was throwing up and that's when I found out that I was pregnant with my son. I remembered the Bible said you reap what you sow and I rededicated my life to God. I have two beautiful children and I am pouring my life into their lives. I want them to be raised in holiness."

Terence Proctor and cutting strings

Sang drove me next to the Mount Zion Baptist Church, one of the largest and best known in Seattle, to meet Terence Proctor, the pastor of its youth program. He said there were eighty-three children at this site and that the church gave scholarships to families who could not pay the hundred-dollar fee "These are students with no support network at home," he said. "Mother or father is out all night doing drugs or alcohol. The most impact that we can have on their lives is by forming a relationship: mentor relationships, discipleship relationships. Many have no spiritual foundations. At the last camp I ran, eighty-five percent of them ended accepting Jesus Christ as their personal Lord and Savior. Those who had already done that repeated their pledge. I personally do follow up. Relationship is the only thing that is really lasting. Any time you serve this many children you have what I like to call teachable moments. How does the Word of God apply practically in our lives? If they fight, the first thing we do is to get to the core of what's going on, not who started it or who did what and why. We draw on what they have already learned. How God would have handled it and, if God were here, what would you like to say to

Him about this situation? When a kid says I can beat you up or I am better, a lot of that is a mask used by young people to hide their own insecurities. These are teachable moments for glorifying God, where we can apply what we have learned."

I told him about someone, not mentioning Frederick by name, who when he was in recovery, found that he had to break with his mother. I asked him if he knew of a similar situation. "As I said," he replied, "we try to foster relationships. They love their mother. It may be the only trusting relationship a child may ever have with an adult. We don't want to compete with that. They can be abused and the child welfare organization may want to take them out of the home and they still want to stay. They have never seen what trust or reliability looks like. It is a process of establishing a trusting, loving relationship that emulates the love of Christ. Then they can see that I do love mom and mom loves me but what mom or dad are going through is not about me. They don't have to take the blame for that situation. They can define themselves through God's Word and God's eyes. So, if they are going to move on, sometimes—and here's the hard part—they have to turn their backs to their family.

"There is a young lady whose mother was on heroin, and still is on heroin, chaotic, in and out of homeless shelters, in and out of methadone, robbing people on the street, shop lifting: This student wanted to change her life. We started building relationships, accountability and trust. It took some time. I can remember one conversation we had. I said I know you love mommy. I know you love sister. You may have to cut some strings. You may have to say, 'That's what they are doing, that's not what I am doing. I am going to walk in the newness of life.'

"Her loyalty to herself and to God had to transcend her loyalty to her family, especially if it is draining from her everything that God is trying to put into her. And that takes time. She could receive that from us because we had established a relationship based on trust and accountability. There is no simple solution for complex problems."

"And where is she now?" I asked.

"This student wanted to go to college" he replied. "Well, she eventually graduated from high school and went on to Tuskegee where she is on the dean's list."

CHAPTER TWELVE

Fresno Rescue Mission, Fresno, California

Sometime before World War II, a young man named Cliff Phillips, at the urging of his mother, attended the Chicago Gospel Tabernacle. Unlike earlier temporary tabernacles, this was a fixed huge auditorium established in the 1920s by Paul Rader, with noted evangelicals invited for rounds of crusades. Rader was also a pioneer in radio evangelism. Phillips accepted Christ and was later associated with the Pacific Garden Mission and other Chicago missions.[1] After the war, he moved with his family to California and settled in Fresno in the heart of the rich San Joaquin valley. He became a carpenter and contractor but that was just to earn a living. For Born Again Christians, southern California was the place to be. The Fuller Evangelical Seminary opened its doors in Pasadena in 1947 and Billy Graham's national fame began with a massive 1948 revival meeting in Los Angeles. Phillips organized friends from his church into a "Fishermen's Club"—then a popular concept of evangelizing—and they went to the parks and streets to witness and pray. When they found themselves in the Skid Row of Fresno and saw drunks lying on the street, Phillips had a vision to open a mission. He did not hesitate. As he phased it in his later talks: "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." The men of his Fishermen's Club invited community leaders to a fund-raising banquet, and in 1949, they bought a one-room storefront in Fresno's Chinatown and started the Fresno Mission.

About a year and a half later, Marleta Heath wanted to get her husband, Lonnie, turned around. He was a cook in a Fresno restaurant and spent his off-hours gambling and fishing. Marietta

persuaded Lonnie to attend a Baptist church that happened to be the same one that Cliff Phillips attended. After only three nights, he went forward when the call was made and accepted Christ. He became so eager to learn the Bible that he kept one open to memorize passages while he was preparing food in his kitchen. When an announcement was made at his church that there would be a meeting of the Fishermen's Club the following Saturday, Lonnie showed up with his creel, fishing line and gear and found himself with others preaching in the parks.

Lonnie went himself to preach to farm laborers and in the surrounding towns. One weekend he was in Bakersfield and saw the same thing Phillips had seen in the Skid Row of Fresno—drunks on the streets and that inspired him to start his own rescue mission. In 1951, Cliff Phillips went with him to Bakersfield and they found a building. As for money, Phillips had a formula: a fund-raising banquet. Lonnie had one and raised $500 and rented a storefront and he and Phillips got tools and divided the room with walls and built a platform and shelves that could lie flat against the wall when they weren't used. After the nightly chapel service, they would let down the shelves and serve the men coffee and beans. It was a matter of doing with little. Lonnie went to a corner restaurant and asked the owner to save his used coffee grounds for the men at the mission. They had only seventeen cups and bowls and sometimes as many as one hundred men came so the men who were staying at the mission had to wash them quickly in the kitchen and set them up for another serving. There were three or four men who had to bed down on the platform or on a sort of shelf above the front window. Things got better. Cliff Phillips had a saying: "God owns the cattle on a thousand hills and he can have a beef sale any time he wants to." Lonnie had another banquet and raised enough to buy his building and the one next door, which he renovated as a dining room with tables and chairs—no more shelves against the wall.

The seeds of Fresno and Bakersfield were spread by Skid Row alcoholics who were saved in the missions or by businessmen who were on their boards of directors. They opened a mission in Kla-

math Falls, Oregon, then in Stockton, California and then in Sparks, Nevada. John Drzewiecki, a converted man from the Fresno Rescue Mission, served with a mission in Boise, Idaho and Dave Itkson from Fresno went with his wife to Eureka, California and started a mission there. Paul Holland, a friend of the Bakersfield mission, went to Redding, California and opened a mission there and then went to Santa Rosa, California to open another. Jim Stamford, a wandering transient from Tennessee who stopped at Bakersfield for a bed and meals, answered a summons to the altar, stayed and worked at the mission and went on to open his own mission in Ogden, Utah. So it went: Missions were opened in Richmond, El Cero, Brawley, San Bernardino, San Luis Obispo, San Jose, California; Flagstaff, Arizona; Helper, Utah and Medford, Oregon. All this occurred between the 1949 and the end of the '60s. Some are now flourishing; some have vanished. There were probably an equal number of missions in the West started by others.

The mission as a portal

When I visited it, the superintendent of the Fresno Mission was Larry Arce, who was raised in the San Joaquin Valley and, as a young man, worked in the fields. His father deserted his mother and vanished into Mexico. He grew up, became a sergeant with the Green Berets in Vietnam, returned home, got a law degree and was making a lot of money, but he was not content.

"I found it a life of emptiness," he told me. "My wife wanted to go to church and I resisted but finally I sat on the corner of my bed and said, 'God I need something different.' The following day we went to a revival where I committed myself to the Lord."

For seventeen years, while working for the Fresno County Probation Department, Arce served as the associate pastor of a church and joined the board of directors of the Fresno Mission. The chairman of the county's Board of Supervisors, in effect, the county's ruling body, was also a member of the board. When the mission's superintendent retired in 1998, and there were a number of contracts with the county pending, Arce was asked to assume the post

of interim superintendent to assure continuity. He took a year's leave of absence from the Probation Department until there was a finding that he had put in enough time to retire, so he did and became superintendent full-time.

"We look at the mission as a portal to God," he said. "The Bible says there is only one way to heaven and that is through Jesus Christ. Many of the men and women who come to us realize that this is their portal to get back into society and to reconcile with their wives or their husbands."

Duane Le Bar was in charge of the men's ministry. "We have forty-five men in our program," he told me. "It lasts eight months with an additional four months of transitional housing. Most of the men are from the county jail but others walk in from the street or are brought in by their grandparents because they started getting into drugs or alcohol. We have a contract with the Fresno Pacific College—a Mennonite institution—to come four days a week and also a professional licensed counselor who has a master's degree so that, once a week, every man gets one-on-one counseling. They are also divided into small groups of about fifteen men who meet with a counselor once a week. These groups stay together throughout their stay, so they become the keepers of one another. We have a range of classes and a small computer program so they can get a GED or work on résumés. They must complete Bible studies and turn in papers that are graded. Towards the end of the program, they can go out to look for job and, when they find one, they can move over to our transitional home a short distance away. We are a work program. We have only two staff—me and the cook– everything else is done by the men on program: the kitchen, building maintenance, pickups for our thrift shop, separation of donations and taking care of our food warehouse. We are in an area with a lot of agricultural products and many packinghouses give things to us. Then we put out the word and other non-profits come and pick up what they can use. Every week we give tons of produce and vegetables away. We have several freezer facilities and in one year we were able to give away over 150 tons of poultry. We also give away bread and other kinds of food."

I asked about a new law for men facing criminal charges.

"It comes under California's penal code 29. Non-violent offenders have the option of going to prison or to a drug and alcohol program." he said. "We are a one-year program, but I have seen men with only six months to do in county jail who choose us for a year. After a sixty-day black out, they are given one day off a week to visit their families. If, when they come back, our tests show they have used drugs or alcohol, we notify their probation officer and a bench warrant is issued for their arrest for the remainder of their time. The Fresno County Court probation officers know if men do anything amiss they will be notified. For Fresno County and the probation system we are—if I can use the word—a Godsend because we don't charge; we are making their job much more simple."

"How many men from all sources complete the course?" I asked.

"My estimate is almost twenty percent. The highest drop out rate is in men who walk in from the street; their average stay is only nine and three quarter days."

When possible, I liked to sit near a mission's entrance for the intake of men on the overnight crisis program. There were about one hundred available beds at the Fresno Mission. At about six thirty, a program man—the same man every night—arranged numbered metal disks on a table top. Then the doors were opened and the men filed in and picked out their bed number. If they were new, they simply said so and were given a disk. They all then went into the chapel for the evening service and later downstairs for a meal and then up to the second floor for a shower and bed."

"Don't they have to be registered and give some sort of identification?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "They can give any name they want, Joe Doe if that suits them. We are here doing the Lord's work. We feed them and give them a place to sleep. What their background is and what they do is none of our business."

"And how many nights can they stay?"

"As many as they want. People have come here for years. We have some gentlemen who have come two, four and six years, night after night. You can set your watch when they are going to walk

through that door. There are two guys who are working and always come in late. If they are not coming they will call in. We only ask that they be here by seven fifteen for the chapel service."

One night there was a man in a wheelchair in the line. At the front of the building, there was a flight of steps up to the entrance but, around the side, there was a ground level entrance to the basement where the meals were served. Someone told the man at the desk that he wanted to come for the night. The deskman resisted, telling me that the man was paralyzed from the waist down and defecated in his pants and smelled. He was eligible for a nursing home, but preferred to live on the streets and went from mission to mission to plead for a meal and a place to sleep. Larry Arce was called at home and said the man should be admitted and given a mattress downstairs. I saw him at breakfast the next morning. There was no one who could tell me how he had been cleaned for the day.

That was Arce's way—to do something for everybody. There was also a practice where, on three mornings a week, a man could come for a complete change of clothes. On the other two days, he could come for a shower and shave and get his hair cut by a program man. I asked Arce about enabling. His reply was brief: "A lot take advantage of it but many don't. There is no reason for any man to look disheveled. Some of those who look very ragged have mental problems and we try to get them taken care of at the Holy Cross clinic down the street."

A crisis center for children

There were two other ministries just across the highway—a shelter for families and the Rescue the Children Craycroft Youth Center for abandoned, neglected and abused children. The Craycrofts were a couple from one of the smaller towns in Fresno who became wealthy in the brick and sand business and gave the money for the original Save the Children group home, which was built on mission land. It was a center for out-of-control boys. In addition to a building opposite the mission, it had a ten-acre ranch

with horses and other animals, including a llama, and a lake where the kids could swim and paddle a boat.

"When I was with the Fresno County Probation Department," Arce said, "I was privy to a lot of the things that was going on in the community. Children were taken from their homes by police officers and many times there was no place to put them. Some were taken to juvenile hall and placed in the hallways to sleep at night; others were actually riding in the back of patrol cars. The county wanted a place to keep them and the mission wanted to help. We said we did not want to proselytize the children but only to provide a facility, to love them and to let them see Christian virtues and values. We accepted a stipulation that the children could continue in their family's faith and attend a church of their choice. The county, for its part, agreed to meet the costs of staffing and all else."

I went across the highway to meet Larry Gray, the shelter's administrator. "This is the one and only of its kind in the United States," he said, "a true collaboration between a Christian organization and a county or governmental body. We have thirty-nine beds as a temporary safe and secure home where all children are treated with unconditional respect and love. Most of the staff is college educated or going to college. I have a master's degree. All the clinicians are college trained and licensed by the county. We are open twenty-four hours for seven days of a week. The mission provides the premises but all the costs are borne by the county. They pay my salary and my upkeep but my staff and I are mission employees. We negotiate a contract with the county to set a salary level. I have fifty-two who are mission staff and the county has another six full-time folks who do the normal county clerical operation of how to take a child. There is no secret about our being a faith-based organization. If a child wants to hear about Jesus Christ we will tell him. If the child says, 'No, I don't want to hear about it,' we will not talk about it."

"Are they old enough to make that decision?" I asked.

"Some of them may be newborns and others only three, four or five, but these younger ones always come with at least one older

sibling. If he or she says no, that's it, but if a child wants to know, we talk about Jesus Christ being our Savior and about what a good person He is. The children have seen the bad side of an adult. We try to show what a good person can be through our kindness and actions. There are certain things the county will pay for but, if we want to take the children to Disneyland or buy something special for them as a group, the county will not pay and should not have to pay for that. The county will also not pay for buildings. For that, we depend on generous contributors. For instance, I gave a tour to two women and they asked what they could do. I said we needed a school and a week later a representative of the Fassler Foundation came in and wrote a check for $62,000. We now have a fully functional two-room school with up-to-date computers. There is pre-school education for the three-, four—and five-year-olds and an elementary school for junior high and high school from six to seventeen, with three teachers and four aides.

"We also have a fully functional health clinic and a nurse and doctor come twice a week to give the children complete physicals. If there is a need, we do psychological assessments and therapy. And we have our ranch. Children will go out and see the pigs, the llama, the horses and the sheep and pet them and it soothes them. We have vans to transport them every afternoon if the weather is good."

"How long do they stay?"

"Sometimes just one day but they might stay as long as thirty days, although we try to limit them to fifteen days. We don't want to institutionalize them. They may go back home because many times the things that were said about their parents were not true or they will go into foster care and later into adoption. We have had children who have been with us and, a year later, we do the adoption down at the ranch. We are not part of the process—the county decides where they will go—but it is a full circle. They started here and ended up being adopted."

He took me on a tour, pointing out a building where interviews for rape and molestation are conducted, the new school and, best of all, a pre-school/play school in an old water tower with one

quarter size chairs and desks and next to it a pool—their own little world. I asked about cost.

"It takes about two million dollars a year to do this and we receive only about 1.5 million dollars from the county," he said. "We need donations for such things as clothes for the children and many incidentals. We help anywhere from eight hundred to one thousand children a year and we know we are making a difference. I have had three of the children come back to work for me. I have calls from all over the state from parents who have adopted children and they say, 'We don't know how you did it, but we want to thank you.'"

Finally, he pointed off to one side where men from the program were clearing away brush and trash. "Here the mission will build a gym and basketball court that will be available to the community at large when children are not using it. It will cost about a million dollars. We have already started to receive some foundation grants and small private donations."

A crisis center for families

Almost next door to the youth center was a shelter for homeless families. It had been a ministry for about twenty years. The man and wife team who were supervisors—Jerry and Robin Bump—had themselves been homeless. About a year and half before I met them, they had come to the shelter with their three children seeking shelter.

"I have eight crushed disks in my back," Bump told me. "It is congenital, an arthritic process. In the early stages the pain was so bad I was flat on my back. In pain, you need something to hang on to. We found a church and Robin was saved there but it didn't go for me. I lost a business because of that injury but got to the point where I could work again. We had been evicted from our home but, through day labor, we could live in nice hotels. Then there were four days with no work and I could not pay for the hotel and we ended up here. God literally had to make us homeless and penniless before I came to believe. I accepted Christ and

He turned my life around. The man who was running the place at that time wanted me to be his assistant. It was God working. When he retired, Larry asked us to be the superintendents."

"And your children? Where are they?" I asked.

"Our oldest is a boy who is nineteen and drives a truck for the mission. We have another boy who is seventeen and a girl who is fourteen and they too work for the mission when they are not in school. There is no other shelter in the San Joaquin valley that has a shelter for an entire family who may become homeless for lack of job skills, addictions and simply bad luck. Almost every one works at minimum wage and rents can take up to seventy percent of your income. With high power bills it becomes a juggling act between paying the rent and buying groceries."

"Are people evicted so easily?" I asked. "In New York, people can appeal to a tenant's court and, with free legal assistance, extend the process for a year or more."

"Here there are laws to get you evicted and no laws to keep you from being evicted: Thirty days and you are out. Then, if they have a marriage certificate, a family may come to us. We ask them if they work or do they intend to look for work. If we find they want to change their lives, we feed and shelter them for up to two weeks, three weeks at the most. We try to work out a plan with them to find a job and an apartment. Emergency housing is available. We don't have childcare so parents must watch their own children. If both work they must have a babysitter to take their children to. They must certainly send older children to school. We have an agency that works with us called Public Access; it will provide bus tokens if needed to keep the children in the same school they used to go to or help them transfer to a school in this area. We tell them they will have to attend gospel services twice a day and a breakfast and church service on Saturday morning. There's also a luncheon and church service on Tuesday afternoon and separate Bible studies. For the first few days they feel a bit off center and then God comes in. This is God's house. It's nothing that I can pound into their heads; it's something God has to do. They begin to open their hearts and minds and if you watch as they go

to morning and evening services, pretty soon their thinking has changed. All they need is a little bit of a start. Their three meals come from across the street but sometimes we will get together and cook a meal. Everybody just helps out. It's like one big family."

Every day, I saw one or two women sitting on the sidewalk outside the shelter. I asked about them. "They simply do not want to turn their lives around," he said. "At night, they can sign up at six o'clock, go across the street to chapel and eat, then come back here to sleep in a room with six beds. We get them up at five in the morning and they go across the street for breakfast and spend the rest of the day on the streets, here or somewhere else. One woman has been out there for almost three years. She has a mental condition. I got her into a situation where she could have stayed in a room and board as long as she needed but her ability to interact with others was so bad they kicked her out and she ended up here again within a month. Then there was a girl of about eighteen, a blond with a baby in her arms. She lost the baby two days later to Child Protective Services. She's still on the street right now. She comes here every now and then but if she wants to get her child back she must find a permanent home and a job."

Notes

1. Drawn from: undated typed memoir by Lee Graham of the Bakersfield Mission

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Evangel Home, Fresno, California

The Evangel Home is unique. It was founded by a woman for women and is operated entirely by women. Cliff Phillips, who inspired so many other West Coast missions, also inspired the Evangel Home in Fresno. Its founder was Pauline Baker Myers, who used to go to the Fresno Mission to help sort clothing and to attend the evening chapel. It worried her that both men and women came for the mission's service and both ate dinner but then the men were given a place to sleep and the women were turned away. In May 1955, Phillips was the speaker at a meeting at the Fresno mission of board members of the National Association of Evangelical Women. His topic was familiar to those who knew him, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." He issued a challenge: "Isn't there someone here among this group who would take the challenge to open a home for women and children?" Pauline Baker stood up (or, as she wrote in her recollections, she was pushed up by the Holy Spirit).

"Is there anyone else?" Phillips asked and all the board members stood up. She went home that evening and told her husband, expecting him to try to dissuade her. Instead, he said, "It's about time. They have homes for orphan children, cats and dogs and horses and men and no place for women." Her husband found an old rooming house and they paid the first month's rent and her husband and her brother got tools and started to tear down walls. Then, a tragedy. Her husband took Labor Day off to go fishing; the boat was swamped and he was drowned. After he was put to rest, she went back to work on the home. Her mother asked. "You

mean to tell me you're going to continue this home?" She replied, "I put my hand to the plow and I'm not going to turn back because God said if we do, we are not worthy to be called His disciples." (She later remarried, hence the double name.)

Eventually, another building was found and bought on North Yosemite Avenue and then the two buildings on either side. Pastor Arce had someone drive me a few miles over to the Evangel and there I met its executive director, Gerry Brennerman, who joined in 1988 after a career in public relations at a community college. Of the three houses, the one in the middle is a crisis center for women with children: a six-bed facility for a month-long stay. If their difficulties are not solved by then, they can request to be taken into another building next door—a long-term shelter known as CrossRoads. Those with a serious problem with substance abuse are taken into the house on the other side, called Garden.

I asked Ms Brennerman about finances. She said her budget ranged between $500,000 and $600,000 and that the home had about five hundred active donors. "We don't do acquisition mailings," she said. "I do a lot of speaking and we go into churches. In the last few years, we got large funds from estates, which increased our income but our expenses remained the same. With one legacy, we were able to purchase the house next door as the Garden home. With the most recent legacy, God has not made it clear to us what should be the ministry. The owner of a house down the street has said he would sell it to us. It could be a six woman facility, but for what? We have many ideas and dreams but, so far, not God's vision."

The superintendent of the Crisis Home was Lydia Courtney, who had been with the mission since she graduated from the home's long-term program eighteen years earlier. I asked her how women were admitted. "Usually, they telephone first," she replied. "We ask a few questions and if a woman appears able to understand we ask her to come in for an interview and bring a few things because she might stay. I am the only staff here during the day and sometimes we have as many as sixteen women and children. If we don't have a volunteer receptionist or a volunteer cook if the cook is ill,

then I do all that too. They can stay here twenty-eight days but, if they have been cooperative, we can give them another week. There is a praise and worship service every morning, Bible studies Monday through Friday from eight thirty to nine thirty, then a cleanup, vacuuming, dusting, cleaning kitchen and washing dishes. The rest of the day they spend in their own activities until a one hour teaching and learning service in the evening. After two weeks they can apply for the CrossRoads residential program. In that time, we get to watch them and they get to watch our methods here to make sure they really do want to continue applying. At the end of the two weeks, they have an interview with the program manager and the entire staff votes on whether to accept them. If women don't want to go on the program, I give them information about housing and different programs."

I walked through a backyard to the CrossRoads house to meet its manager, Michele Hatt. "This is a nine month living skills program," she said, "where women learn independent living skills, parenting skills and how to take care of finances as they also develop a closer understanding of what the Lord means in their lives and how to live a Christian life. We have fifteen apartments; including one we use as a gym so the women can get exercise. That's another area that is often neglected—their physical health. The size of the apartments varies. Some are large enough for a mom and her children; others are studio apartments. We have had up to seven children. We now have two moms who have three children each and another who has one."

I mentioned that while having lunch at the Crisis house I saw two women with newborn babies.

"One is applying to come over here and the other has been accepted," Michele said. "We take all women. Two women have given birth here in the last four months. They probably have been living a life of drug or alcohol abuse and have squandered their money. They know they have a baby coming and they need to get someplace where they can get their act together."

"What do they do about school?"

"A mother has to take her child to school. We are trying to

teach them independent skills. If she were living on the outside she would have to enroll them and look for a uniform if the school is a uniform school and make all the other preparations. Catholic Charities is just across the way and sometimes it has used uniforms; sometimes they even get new uniforms. We might help with the little knickknacky things, like paper, pencils and backpacks. We help them where they cannot help themselves but we will not take from them what they can do themselves. We are here to discover what their problem is through our one-on-one with them. We have a licensed counselor who works with them on a weekly basis. To pay us for their apartments, they have to do the usual housekeeping chores. After seven months we send them to an outside learning center to get their GED or advanced studies.

"Sometimes we will accept a woman on probation and then find she needs more supervision. In that case, she will go to the Garden if space is available. The women in both CrossRoads and Garden attend the same classes. A lot of these women don't trust women. They don't trust men. They don't trust anybody, so we try to develop trust in them by developing friendships between them and encouraging a community feeling."

"How many succeed?"

"Unfortunately, not all the residents are one hundred percent successful, although many get quite near to nine months. We try to keep in touch after they leave and have found that a lot of time they have taken their new skills with them. There is a young lady here right now and we are very proud of her. She started using drugs when she was fourteen and when she grew older she got with a man who was very violent with her and did not support her in anything. She had a son and left that situation and came to the Evangel Home. Her appearance was awful. She was very skinny and had hardly any hair; she had chopped it down to nubs. Now she has blossomed into a girl who got her GED very quickly—she is very bright. She is taking care of herself and her son, who is six. He is a kind of a high maintenance kid but she's learning parenting skills. She's very joyful and has God in her life and turns to God when she has troubles. She is on her way to beginning college next

week and will be a respiratory therapist for people with breathing problems. She likes working with people and helping them."

Seven of the eighteen staff members with the Evangel Home are graduates of its programs, including Patricia Jennings, the manager of the Garden—the house that deals specifically with substance abuse. She came to the CrossRoads in 1985. "I am from an alcoholic family and an alcoholic myself," she told me. "I married a drug addict and have been through the whole thing: I just didn't have any jail time but my husband did. It took a year for me to figure out what was happening to the children and me but then I came up here from Orange County and went through the CrossRoads program. My in-laws kept the children. I accepted the Lord on the third of December 1986 when I was watching a Christian program on TV. [She laughed]. I was reaching out for help. My husband came up too but in that process he was gone. In CrossRoads, we called our substance abuse classes Seekers I was going to Seekers for myself and then they needed someone to go into the jail to teach it and I volunteered for two hours, once a week. I later left Evangel and worked and got my own home and continued to volunteer. That's how I learned more about getting women from jail to come into a program. We prayed many years for this house although we did not know why or for what. When it was up for sale the board bought it and then the staff got together and we presented what we thought Evangel Home might need: a house for women coming out of jail. They agreed and later I came here on staff. This is a nine-month residence program; it's small, we have only six beds. The county jail has a list of all the resources available for inmates. When women are eligible for release on probation they read the list and some might write us letters. I interview them in the jail. Sometimes I go to the court to have the judge finalize them come to the program.

"There is also alternate jail time. They get arrested for burglary, forgery, drug charges, prostitution—things like that—not violent crimes. They have not yet been found guilty. They have an arraignment and waive the seventy-two-hour speedy trial rule to give the public defender time to grab the paperwork he or she

needs to see all the trouble that these women have been in. This can take several months, since the prosecution also needs time. I interview them to see if they are suitable candidates for us. I think that's where God comes in. He will let us know that there is something about these women's request that is real, that they are ready for a change. They have a chaplain and a chapel service in jail so they get familiar with God and the Christian life and they think that's what they want. Some just think that, but some do quite well. When they go to court I fax the probation an acceptance letter that they are okay to come here. It is up to the judge. If he says yes I go and pick them up the next morning."

"What is it like for a woman to come out of jail?" I asked.

"Some of them are sad and embarrassed that they are in that position," she replied. "Some are happy just to see the sun. They are thankful. They come out with nothing. Some were not wearing decent clothes. One time, someone came out in the paper gown that is given to patients in a hospital. We also get some women from the Crisis house. Most go to CrossRoads but that program is not for someone just coming off drugs. If they don't have clean time they are eligible for time here. Detox is only three to five days but they have a lot of psychological problems that take much longer. For the first six months they are going to be up and down. It would be hard in a less structured program. Here, there is supervision by a staff member twenty-four hours a day. They attend classes in anger management, substance abuse, boundaries, emotions and feelings and finances and we have Bible studies. We look into both Testaments for character traits in women of God. I teach the classes in substance abuse, boundaries and support groups. We spend a lot of time on substance abuse. Often their childhood traumas are hidden under drugs and alcohol. Until they work through these they will go back and back and back into drugs so if they don't get good substance abuse training they are not going to walk out and relapse."

"And then you have to notify the authorities."

"Yes, and they will go back to jail. Most addicts have been sexually abused as children. Most are from alcoholic families. It is

their norm. Until they get issues worked out from their childhood their choices are not healthy. They have not worked through the classes yet and learned enough tools to be able to make the right decisions. So they go with what they know and make the bad choices."

"What about their children?"

"If they have seen their children in jail, we try to have them see them at least twice during the first thirty days they are here. If not, they have to wait thirty days and then their children can visit them on Tuesdays and Saturdays—husbands too, but we see very few husbands. They have both generally been addicts and have split up with relative watching the children. After some five, six or seven months, depending on how they are progressing, they can receive a weekend pass. They also go to the Evangelical Free Church, which is nearby and has a prison ministry support group every Wednesday morning. That's important: They can see the growth in other people who have been through what they have been through. They help each other. When they graduate they can continue to attend these classes. There is a similar program for men at the church.

"After nine months they have six months of aftercare. They can apply for one of the apartments that are available through CrossRoads and can live there while they work or go to school, but they have to come back and see us every seek for meetings if they are still on probation. At the end of that six months, I send a letter to probation that they are out of our care; from then on it's up to their probation office."

The night manager was Rosa Lina Gonzales. I asked her about the women. "Most are here because of drugs, "she replied, "others for prostitution. Sometimes they get cited for both. They could be serving or facing a five-year sentence. Their first two months are hard but after that they fit in and learn about themselves. They have low self-esteem but by the time they leave most do not feel like that any longer. There was one I will always remember. She was molested from the time she was a little girl to when she was a teenager and ran away from home and got into drugs and prosti-

tution. When she came here she had a very low self-esteem and would cry in her sleep every night. She was up against death so many times. About four years ago, we had a serial killer of prostitutes in Fresno. He picked her up one night and took her someplace and put a gun to her head. She prayed, asking God for help. He said, 'Be quiet.' Then he said, 'I don't usually do this but I'm going to leave you exactly where I picked you up.' That left a big scar on her and she cried every night. She did not graduate but left after six months. I have heard she is now in prison.

"But we had one girl from Mississippi who also had a hard life and came here and made it through graduation. She had been a prostitute and her pimp took her from state to state, selling her body. She ran from him one night and went to a couple of missions. He was looking for her. He was from the same town she was from and when she called home he found out and came looking for her—to kill her. If he had caught up with her at that time he probably would have, but he never did and finally she came here and applied for our program and completed it and aftercare for another six months and graduated with cap and gown. She is working now and has her own apartment."

"What brought you to the mission?" I asked.

"I began volunteering here, making tortillas. They asked me if I would like to work here and I said no and they said 'we're going to pray you in.' I came full-time in 1992. God ministers to me. I don't think I would have made it without being here. While I was working here my son was murdered in Fresno. He was twenty-eight and was shot by a gang. I think that if I had not had the staff and all these ladies praying for me I might have gone back to my old life."

"And what was your old life?"

"I was into alcohol and drugs: running amok. I found Christ in 1979 and then left the Lord and went back into drugs. That lasted until I started volunteering here. It brought me back to Christ."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Kalamazoo Gospel Mission, Kalamazoo, Michigan

The Kalamazoo Gospel Mission was started by Jacob Hildebrand, an alcoholic who was saved along with his wife Anna. In the bitter year of 1933, when the unemployed wandered the country and were called hobos, they had a grocery store by the railroad tracks. They closed their front door at five in the evening. and opened the back door at five-thirty to serve soup, day-old bread and coffee. Word spread and the first night they handed out 150 bowels of soup made in a copper kettle handed down by Anna's mother. The mission is still opposite the railroad station, which now is also the bus depot. There is an old building on the corner with a thrift store at street level. Its upper floors are used for additional office space and classrooms. It eventually will be torn down. Adjoining it is a $2.2 million dollar two-story building that combines office space and facilities for men and women.

The executive director was Nick Westra, who described himself as "a hard core Christian." Westra was appointed in 2000 but his association dates back to 1991 when he joined as a volunteer and designed what is now the New Life Recovery program. He later became the chief operations officer, making sure all of the systems ran smoothly. Following the resignation of its previous executive director, the board named him as the successor. What is most unusual for someone who directs a rescue mission is his profession as a police officer.

"My first career job in the early '80s was with the Michigan Department of Corrections," he told me. "I was a probation and parole officer and later did other police work. I volunteered spe-

cifically with Christian organizations while getting my money from these jobs. In June 2001, because of how well things were going here, the board approved my working at the Kalamazoo Valley Community College, where I am a police academy instructor. I start there early in the morning and come in here at about noon and take care of what needs to be done."

"And now, how are things going?" I asked.

"We are experiencing extraordinary growth. Our discipleship program, which we call New Life, is growing by leaps and bounds. There are seventeen men in the program, plus eight or ten living in the mission and waiting to get in and anywhere from fifteen to thirty men in jail waiting for us to accept them under an alternative program—a bed here instead of a jail bed—but only those found guilty of non-violent crimes. A sex offender, an arsonist, or someone convicted of assault can't be here. Sixty to eighty percent of those who come to missions—including those who come just for overnight or a few days—have been in jail or prison for some reason or other. One of the functions of missions is to deal with these men. There are few who can. To some, this may seem a burden but we don't think so; it gives us an opportunity to deal with their spiritual needs."

What made it possible for Westra to spend only half his day at the mission was his staffing—a blending of university trained specialists and graduates from the New Life Program. "My kitchen manager is a graduate," he said. "He has been with us two years. Kevin, my men's administrator, is a graduate and so are my thrift store manager and night chaplain manager. My goal is to have at least fifty percent of the staff as graduates. They understand homeless people more than I do. I have worked with addicted people for the last thirty years and with homeless people for the last fifteen years, but those who have been homeless themselves can show the most compassion. Those who graduate and leave are also doing well. I have one gentleman who is a licensed contractor. He will come down and take five or six guys out for painting jobs and put the money in their accounts."

Westra explained the New Life Program under four phases — Seeker, Builder, Servant and Leader. When he called the manager

of one of the units "coach," I interrupted to ask him what he meant by that.

"We say coach because if we called him director he might try to tell people what to do. If we say you will work in the kitchen, the kitchen manager would simply feel you were working for him and he would make you do what he wanted you to do. There is more coaching going on than there is telling someone what to do. When a man in the program is ready to graduate to another phase, he has to prepare a plan. Then a panel of six mission employees and former program members will grill him. If they feel the plan is workable, they will bless that, or they might tell him he is blowing smoke and he will have to go back and do his plan over again. The men have work and training for which they get a minimum wage. Everything is done by the Federal wage law, including overtime for over forty hours a week. But then they pay rent to us, which goes right back into the work and training fund that pays their wages. It circulates. This is part of their financial training."

I asked about the Biblical part of the program.

"We have scheduled Bible teaching times," he replied, "where we go through the lives of the Patriarchs and other Old and New Testament people so they can learn from people's mistakes: for instance, David and Bathsheba. Our goal is to individualize, individualize, individualize. Everyone's sin pattern is different. We might have someone addicted to pornographic magazines and someone else who would not even pick it up if it were on the table. But he might be interested in gambling and so we have to deal with that. We must get to the core of decision-making. The core is whether I am going to honor the Lord Jesus Christ with my actions and attitudes and decisions or whether I am going to honor myself. People in sin are selfish, self-centered. If I steal something from you it is not because I don't like you, it's because I want that thing. I may beat you up to get that. That's a selfish desire that must be brought under the Lord Jesus Christ. That's why we keep them so long. When I was in law enforcement I would write a ticket for someone who was speeding and then rip it up and hand it to him. The goal is to get that person to stop speeding. I would

give him another ticket the next day. Then I might give him a third ticket and say, 'When you get to twelve points your license will be taken away and if I find you driving without a license I will take you to jail.' It was to hold drivers accountable. Our New Life is built on accountability."

"It seems to be a pretty tough program," I commented.

"There are very few who will take it through the first time around," he replied. "If you have reached the point where you are homeless because of your addiction you have fallen into a way of living that is so ingrained in you that it is difficult to find a way out. When guys come here, we will get them away from alcohol and drugs and put them in a whole culture where they can be successful by making the right choices. If they violate the program, they are asked to leave. If they are mandated here by the courts that might put them back in jail.

"We have a barred system. If they are barred for some reason we write that on a sheet. Any staff person can bar someone. Then that person is responsible for seeking restoration. It can be a three-day problem, a three-month problem or a three-year problem. All they have to say is what happened and tell how they have changed their life and they are back in the mission. If they are too proud to do that they can stay out. If a man leaves of his own will and comes back we take him in. Eighty percent of the time, it is because of a woman; they have met someone and have fallen in love. That becomes more important than their recovery."

I asked about the overnight shelter. He said they had beds for forty to fifty men and, on cold nights, they might spread mattresses on the floor to sleep another thirty.

"People living at the mission have to volunteer for four hours of chores a week. If they refuse, I put them out the door. If they have an outside job, I charge them five dollars a day to eat and sleep. Actually, it costs me twelve dollars a day to keep them. The Bible says if you don't work you don't eat. There is a difference between enabling and empowerment. Enabling is when you cause someone to be worse than when I first got him. Empowering is making him better. If I say, 'You need to do a chore to get this — take a wet rag and wipe all the

tables off'—I have not changed you but I have started a process whereby you will think, 'If I want to get something, I am responsible for doing something.' We have an elderly man and are doing hospice care for him. He has had twenty-seven brain tumors and is a bachelor and has no place else to go. He has palsy so bad because of his operations that he shakes all the time. We know who Richard is. We will find a chore for Richard to sit down at. I don't see that as enabling. His chore is to take a shower. He gets dirty and stinking and we say, 'Richard, here is your chore for today. You got to wash yourself off.' For him, that's a chore. He doesn't want to take a bath because it's work, but he will."

The gifts of God

One of the many questions about rescue missions is how do they pay for what they do. Kalamazoo is a relatively small city yet the mission has flourished, as demonstrated by its new building. I asked Westra to tell me about finances:

"We try to be accountable for the gifts that God gives to us. I operate this mission on a budget of $1.1 million a year. Our actual purchasing power is probably twice that. I trade and bargain a lot through the Midwest Business Exchange. Once, someone donated an $18,000 mobile home. I went to the Exchange and got credit so I could buy coffee or sugar or blankets—whatever—as an in-kind exchange. The brokers get a ten percent commission. If I use the credit to buy ten cases of coffee, I may have to pay fifty dollars for the commission but I get coffee for nothing. Two weeks ago somebody drove up with a business telephone system with one hundred phones and boxes—the kind that you hang on a wall—with voice mail and computers and other things. I could not use it. I took it over to the Midwest Business Exchange and they sold it for $5,000. I can buy blankets with that credit.

"For three meals a day, our total cost is under $10,000 a year. If one of the major companies has meat that retail stores will not put in their showcases because it is too close-dated, they will deliver it here and we will draw on it quickly. In one year, we had as much as 3,000 pounds of beef dropped off. I would guess that, on

the market, it would have been worth somewhere near $9,000. The guys in the kitchen, who know what our needs are, will not order something but will start praying about it. We will see donations come in that match their prayer requests almost identically. We feed somewhere between 75,000 and 80,000 meals a year. We also out-source food for an additional 40,000 meals to other missions and the local jail. This is part of the relationship that we have with the government here. These are perishables: bread and vegetables. I would rather send them out to the government than see them rot here, and they will take it."

With the downturn in the economy, I asked Westra if his income was holding up.

"If you view your financing as coming from the community you may run into problems, but not if God is prompting the hearts of His people to support a program," he replied. "If the funds run dry, we are either disobedient to the Word or we have changed our process of having Christ as the center of what goes on. God not only provides the financing, He also assembles the people who have the gift of administration, evangelism and compassion."

"Does that mean you will not ask for money?"

"I'm not talking about sitting back and doing nothing. What I am talking about is functioning under the guiding principle of the Holy Spirit. I personally have a gift of administration. I can go talk to donors and get money from them. I put ads in the paper and ask for money. I see that as part of the gift of administration. I don't see that as anti-providence. A lot of non-profits send out thousands of appeals for money and get a small return. Not us. The percentage that comes back on our direct mails is higher than any secular institution—anywhere. We see our ROI—return on investment—as higher than twelve dollars. We have had some come back in the twenty-dollar range. The national average is less than four dollars. That's not how good I am. That's up to God. He has to move all the people's hearts to write a check. Another figure is the response rate: how many people actually write back. The national average is two percent. If you send a hundred letters you only get two

back. Ours, in some mailings, is three times the national average. In other mailings it has been six times.

"I used to work for the prison system of the State of Michigan and it would cost us from $86 to $126 a day per prisoner, depending on the level of custody we were in—personnel costs, food costs, facility costs, bedding, laundry, medical care—all of those things. We provide almost exactly the same thing for twelve dollars a day. We can do that because our administrative costs are low. I am not a full-time employee. I am a police academy instructor for my main paycheck. Our accountant is part-time and so is the coordinator of our volunteer program. We have a list of volunteers that approaches two hundred and fifty. People are here because God places them here. Another arm of our ministry is the store, which contributes more than $70,000 a year. All that goes back into our general fund to buy soaps and razors and pay the electric bill. With some of the money we bought new beds for the staff."

Family Hope Recovery Ministry

Westra had mentioned the blending of his staff—a balance of program graduates and men and women with university degrees. One example was Nicole McLaughlin, the administrator of the women's ministry. She had a master's degree in pastoral counseling from the Ashland Theological Seminary in Ashland, Ohio.

"We have two areas that we focus on," she said when I met her in her office. "One is an emergency shelter where moms and single adult women can stay for an average of thirty days while they are getting back on their feet. They are provided meals, laundry facilities and a spiritual development series. On Monday night they go to parenting class, on Wednesday night they go to regeneration group, on Thursday have a meeting with a pastor from the Kalamazoo Mission Church. His focus is on God accepts you just the way your are. He has a kind of rebellious look to him that appeals to some of the women—purple hair and pierced nose and ears, T-shirt and jeans. Often these women see a group who are Christian as people whose life style they can't live up to; they don't

feel it is attainable. He calls it, 'CAYAC: Come as you are church. [When she said that, I recalled what Chasz Parker in Syracuse had said about coming to Jesus did not depend on the way you cut your hair.]

"We have a fifty-four-bed facility. There are thirteen beds in a three-room area with three bathrooms attached. In the rest, there are six apartments. Two families in each of those apartments share bathrooms. They do their own sheets and take care of their other needs. We don't do for the women what they can do for themselves. We provide the linen, laundry detergent, basic hygiene products and emergency clothing. They work through a series of levels; stabilization, trust building and other things that we like to see them achieve. They get their children ready for school and, if they have jobs, they go out to work. If they don't, they spend the whole morning looking for work or getting business done at family independence agencies or going to the health clinic if they have a sick child or following up at social security—a long list of places they may have to visit to try to get their lives stabilized so they can go out and become independent in the community again.

"Then there is a six apartment facility for our long-term Family Hope Recovery Program, with a dividing wall so the two populations are kept separate. Family Hope is a substance abuse program for women with children. They can stay for twelve to eighteen months with a preliminary thirty-day blackout that we call our stabilization time. They have to stay on the grounds, without leaving at all. We don't really do detox here. They have to be stable before they can come in. A daily schedule for women in the recovery program is they get up, send their children off to school or take them to the child care center that we have on-site and then they attend classes all morning in things like sin and sexuality, depression and anxiety, Bible studies and discipleship and trusting God—spending quiet time with Him and learning about Him, prayer—learning about the wisdom of the Lord and how to nurture their relationship with the Lord. All of the women have to complete chores. We have a disciplinary warning. Each time they don't do a

chore they are given a warning and if receive three warnings they are asked to leave.

"On our end, the program is voluntary but, for some, it is mandatory. The Children's Protective Services or other agencies will say, 'You be at the mission or you lose your children and go to jail.' Sometimes, other agencies use that leverage to coerce them to working through our program. Some also come from jail on a probation program. In all cases, we can say yes or no if we have no space or for any other reason.

"We have child care for women who are going to classes in the morning and work-training in the afternoon. Moms are required to enroll their children in a single school in the area. Some use the Family Independence Agency, where women get their state welfare grants. They must be accountable to their case worker and may be asked to do urine drops to test for drugs. We require that they pay a small portion of their income, whatever that is to get them used to maintaining a budget. Some of that goes into a savings fund, which they get back when they leave so they can establish a new home, pay the first month rent and deposit, get the furniture, and all the other things they need to transition back into the community.

"We have staffing twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. We have three licensed counselors to deal one-on-one. They meet on a weekly basis or more often if needed to work through issues and the goals that the women themselves have set for their growth. Every adult is required to meet once a week with a staff person who helps her set goals. That's where we learn where they are spiritually, so we can help them go the next step. If they don't know about Jesus we can gauge what is standing in the way of making a relationship. During the last level of the recovery program they may still be living here but working outside and getting daycare outside or they may work and live but still come back for counseling once a week or for a weekly meeting with the Family Hope manager. Thus there is a gradual letting go of the connection. We believe aftercare is important but it is always their choice. We offer it because we believe it helps."

Counseling

The mission's counseling administrator was Barry Brigham who, when I asked, said he had a degree in Biblical studies and a master's degree in counseling psychology from Michigan University. After that, he worked for more than six years in Woodlands, a state agency that provides community mental health treatment. Although he dealt with both men and women, I asked him to describe, specifically, the women's program.

"Most the women we serve are married but may have had children from two or three different guys," he said. "We are seeking to empower them to heal themselves so that they can help their children to heal as well. The children have grown up in extremely violent situations, with drugs and alcohol and a lot of chaos and destabilization. We have eighteen classes, each with six to eight women at full capacity. Not all are required. The required courses are on anger management, healthy sexuality, parenting, shame, a Christian twelve-step program and a boundaries class.

"We say there is healthy shame and unhealthy shame. The women have a sense of unhealthy shame about who they are. They identify themselves as addicts. They have broken with their husbands and are ashamed about that. This is healthy shame. They have made mistakes that they are ashamed of, but that should not affect their identity. If a person comes in and says, 'I feel so bad because I have let down my family,' or, 'I feel bad because I have not been there for my family,' or, 'I have spent the last six years running after cocaine,' the best thing a counselor can do is to teach that feeling bad is a natural reaction. They should feel remorse and grieve and get over that.

"In healthy sexuality, we touch on fornication and adultery but we don't major in that. Our major topic is how do you have healthy sexuality with a person of the opposite sex; understanding that intimacy, a good relationship that leads to healthy sexuality. We talk about what it means to be intimate. What does it cost us? We talk about how God has designed us as sexual beings and we ought to enjoy that.

"In the course on boundaries, we want them to develop healthy and safe relationships, realizing that saying no is okay and when helping someone is good and when it is not so good. Codependency is a big issue. There is another class on truth and lies, understanding the common deceptions we have been taught. Some truths might come through the church. Jesus said, 'You shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free.' We have to understand that there are some lies that get in the way. And there is a Faith One Hundred class. Every week, there is a new topic on the foundation of the Christian faith where we will talk about baptism, forgiveness, the Lord's Supper and the Trinity."

Kevin Munn

The man who was the most help in showing me around was Kevin Munn, the director of both sections of the men's ministry. He said the mission took in about forty overnight men in the summer and up to sixty or sixty-five in winter, when the temperatures might fall to forty below zero. If there were no beds, the men would have to sleep on mattresses on the floor.

"We have an entry interview when a man comes for an overnight stay," he said. "We realize there are problems that made people homeless and keeps them homeless—mental illness, substance abuse, just released from jail are the main ones. If we believe there are mental issues, we have contact at a psychiatric just four blocks away. They go right over there and walk in the door. We have a large VA hospital in Battle Creek. A case worker comes from there once a week to check on the men. We have other places where we can send them. A nearby Presbyterian church has a homeless center. Catholic Family Services accepts anyone and has counselors for the uninsured. We avoid duplication. If they are referred here for substance abuse, or we discover an abuser among the homeless, they are given beds in a special section of the men's dorm—on reserve until there is an opening in the program. The program has a series of levels, leading up to the leader stage where a man becomes responsible for the group, not just for himself. He gives

permission when the staff is not here. To reach the leader level can take up to twelve months. After that, there is a year-long transitional housing, which we call New Life Recovery. It is in a building about three blocks away with three, two-bedroom apartments that the mission rents to a man to give him chance to live cheaply while he is working or taking higher studies. He can save some money until he gets his own place or moves back with his family. If he is still doing probation time he must return regularly to report to counselor about how he is doing."

Nick Westra had said Kevin had originally been on the program. I asked him about that.

"I never knew the mission existed," he replied. "I went to college for a couple of years then quit to work for General Motors. I was an addict and alcoholic for more than fifteen years. More than ten years ago I came here the first time by court order to do community service. I liked it and came back and joined the program. It took me two years to do the one-year program. I left the program twice and went out and used. Even though an individual is forgiven for sins, the desire is still there. Instant transformation is a rare thing. In the beginning, it was not apparent that God was leading me, but as the doors kept opening, it kind of happened. They needed a chaplain and I volunteered to fill in and then they offered me a permanent job as a chaplain and then they created a position as senior chaplain and manager of the men's shelter and they offered me that and finally this position. Having come from the same streets, I can identity with these men. I believe I make a difference, which is very important to me. I would never have suspected I would be doing this until I was already doing it."

Since he had such a long association with the mission, I asked him about an incident I had witnessed several days earlier at another mission. As I mentioned earlier, my practice, where possible, was to spend some time at an intake desk. One morning, the desk man there had pointed off to one side where an elderly African American man sat huddled under a blanket. He said people from a hospital, using a car and not an ambulance, drove up during the night, put the man in a chair, handed him some papers and left. The papers were hospital records showing the man had been mugged. His eyes were swollen

and the desk man said that, under the blanket, the man's arms, legs and body were marked by kicks and blows. He had been checked by one of the mission's counselors who had decided he was more mentally stunned than seriously injured. He was later examined by a doctor and it was found that he could manage to dress himself and hobble about, but could not stand in line for meals, so someone had to bring him food, not that he ate much. He was still there when I left several days later. He just sat near the entrance and never talked, seemingly shocked by the indignity of what had happened to him. I asked Kevin if he knew of incidents like that.

"The police will bring people here out of the hospital," he said. "We ask if the man can take care of himself. Is he ambulatory? Can he get out of bed? We have men who use walkers or are wheelchair-bound, but they must be able to use the bathroom or eat on their own. If he only needs bed rest, a man can stay. Someone will be assigned to bring food to him and see that his medication is provided. The police also will direct people here from the bus depot just across the street who are lost or do not have any money

"But a lot of times elderly men are dumped here. I hate to say this, but the senior citizens people will bring him right down here with all his belongings and drop him. We get about one a month. They are from retirement homes. Say insurance runs out or a son stops paying. They don't even call first—just drop them off. If some are not physically able to care for themselves, I will call city or other non-profit agencies that will help, but usually it takes a few days, especially on a weekend. One man was dropped off here on a Labor Day. The senior citizen home was in a town about fifty miles from here. They put him on a bus and sent him here to stay at a community center, but it was closed. The bus depot sent him here. He was seventy-eight and was shaking. I was worried. He said he had seven heart attacks in the previous two years. All the agencies we usually talk to were closed. I called the police to assess the situation to be sure he did not have a medical condition that had to be addressed right away. He didn't, and we also determined he had no family to come and take care of him so this was the only place he could stay until the holiday was over."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Union Gospel Mission, Sioux Falls, South Dakota

The first superintendent of the Union Gospel Mission was a murderer named Thomas Morse, whose grandfather was a Baptist circuit-riding clergyman in Massachusetts and whose father served in the Civil War and later settled in Minnesota. With such a respectable ancestry, it might be thought that Thomas would become a solid citizen but, through drinking, he kept getting into trouble. He moved to South Dakota in the hope that a new environment would settle him down, but in September 1893, he got into a drunken fight. An assault charge was filed against him and when a sheriff came to serve the warrant, they argued. The sheriff pulled his gun and, according to later testimony, Morse kept backing away but then drew his own gun and shot and killed the sheriff. A jury found him guilty and he was sentenced to eleven years in the state penitentiary. There, ministered by a group of Christians, he accepted Christ as his Savior. An appeal for his pardon was circulated on the grounds that the killing was in self-defense and, in August 1898, the governor granted him a full pardon. Morse began to work for a place for released prisoners—"to help them put in operation the good resolutions they may have formed during their confinement." When a revival swept Sioux Falls in early 1900, prompting church leaders to open a Gospel mission, Morse was chosen as its superintendent, a position he held, on and off, during the next twenty years. He later bought an automobile, painted "Gospel Car" on the door, and made his living traveling around with his wife and four children preaching and singing. He died in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin in 1957.[1]

Fran Stenberg never killed anyone and never went to jail. He had church-going parents but did things his own way, started drinking when he was fifteen, grew up, married, had children and went to church regularly but kept on drinking and began to use drugs too. He had a drinking buddy. Unhappy with their life, they searched the Scriptures for a way to overcome addiction. His buddy stopped drinking, but not Fran. He was a truck driver and when he had to quit because of a back injury he became a salesman for Tupperware. One night, coming out of a bar, he simply decided he had enough. He went to his church and stood by the cross and said he would never drink again and he didn't.

Fran picked me up at the bus station and showed me the falls that gave the city its name. After I had checked in at a room in the men's mission, we sat in his office and he told how he became the mission's superintendent: "I knew about it because my church hosted chapel services once a month. My pastor called me and said the mission was looking for members for its board of directors and asked if I was interested and I told him no. He said I should pray about it and go down and check it out. I went down and the superintendent of the mission asked if I was interested in being on the board and I said no. He said the board would meet in a week and asked if I would come down and give my testimony and I said no. But I went and gave my testimony and was accepted on the board. Since I was a Tupperware lady, my schedule was flexible and I told the superintendent that if I could be of any help, I would. He gave me the keys and left for two weeks. When he came back he asked, 'What do you think?' I said, 'I don't know.' He asked if I ever thought of working here. I said no. Three years later I was his assistant and a year later he resigned and I was interim superintendent. Three months after that, I said to the board, 'You better get a committee together and start a search for a superintendent.' By the time a month was out, I was superintendent and still could not spell the word. We since changed my title to director.

"That was in September 1978. Basically, the mission was feeding three meals a day, providing lodgings and giving away a little clothes. We had a desire to do some additional things. I thought,

'Now that we have given them the gospel, let's start teaching them how to use it.' In 1981 or '82, we started a program that we call Shepherd's Gate. It means a place where a person can come into the fold. The Good Shepherd laid down his life. He was the way into the fold. Jesus is that gate. When the sheep were in the fold, the shepherd would lay in the gate to protect them. We become that place of safety. If we can take the wheels off some people and get them to stay put, we can find out what are their problems. We used to be dealing just with symptoms. At about the same time, we began to see a tremendous increase in numbers. We had twenty-eight beds, eighteen for men and ten for women and children. By 1985, we were full and sleeping a few on the floor. Part of the reason was that South Dakota was the place for jobs: a land of milk and honey. In '93 and '94, we also began to see a change in the kind of people coming to the mission. We used to run eighty percent transient and twenty percent local people. We now are up to fifty-five percent local people who have lived in Sioux Falls one year or longer. And the median age has gone down. When I came here, it was forty-nine; now, it is about thirty.

"In 1995, our mission burned to the ground. We had a fifty-bed facility, a nice kitchen and a nice chapel. Everyone got out safely. We capitalized on a lot of publicity and got the Chamber of Commerce to approve a capital campaign drive and were able to raise $920,000 from corporate leaders. The full project was a million and a half. The other money was raised from the church and the general community. I took eight engineers and architects to dinner and asked for their help. One man said, 'Let's go down and visit the place and get started on this problem.' He volunteered for all the preliminary stuff and we spent many evenings considering our program and what we wanted to do. He and his partner were both solid Christian men and they caught the vision. Our board decided to do it all right. I had been here a long time and had spent many hours fixing things that had not been done properly and I convinced the board not to make that mistake again and be fixing and repairing for the next fifty years. Go look at the door handles. They could be in any first rate facility. Look at the beds.

A friend and I sat down and considered what we needed and he designed them of fine natural wood. He's in the wood working business. He made the beds. We had to pay him, but it was a lot cheaper than what he would usually charge."

Stenberg bought a former grocery warehouse next to the old mission and gutted it except for the elevator and a huge refrigerator and freezer. It had a large open floor, just what the mission needed for a new kitchen, dining room and a chapel with a second floor for the men's quarters. In 2001, Fran sold the site of the old mission and another site, about a mile away, that housed the women's mission, the administrative office and a thrift store and warehouse. He used the funds to help buy, for $96,000, an empty former mill-work factory just across the road. This new facility will house administrative offices, educational facilities, the thrift store and men's short and long-term housing. At one point, as many as two hundred volunteers were helping to clear out the newly acquired factory. Fran estimates the value of their help during the first year at $75,000. In all, it will take about five years.

The women's program

Meantime, the women's mission and an administrative office have been temporarily squeezed into the former grocery warehouse. Fran's wife, Rory, is the director of the women's program. I asked her about the changes since they came to the mission.

"There were three women here," she said. "If I had two women who stayed for three days, that was considered busy. Now it's fifteen to twenty every night. The three women who were here when I first came were rebellious. They were girls who maybe would run with the carnival or something—blustery kind of people, used to living in a tough man's world. The women we are dealing with now have been evicted or are running from an abusive situation. They're confused. Women were abused earlier, but they did not run. They took a beating and stayed and never talked about it. Now, the pendulum has swung the other way to where if my husband so much as looks at me cross-eyed, I'm going to take off."

"Why do you think that is?" I asked.

"I think it's because our society has walked away from God and His role," she replied. "We don't have boundaries anymore. Without boundaries, they get way out and don't have any idea where home is at. Boundaries are morals. We don't have any morals or values or standards."

I asked her if there weren't also economic or social reasons for the increasing number of homeless women. She agreed.

"Housing is scarce and a landlord will kick a family out if they have not paid rent. Ten years ago, they let you get by for a month or so, but now if you are late for a week you're out of there. And there's a hardening of hearts. Young girls run away from home, or mom and dad get sick of their attitude and kick them out. Sometimes they say they have been raped, but that's debatable. They may simply have felt threatened. Some have been involved in prostitution in order to survive. Or they get involved in a sex situation because they are looking for love or just for someone to care for them."

"What can you do for that woman?" I asked.

"First of all, be a friend," she replied. "Get her to relax, telling her she can stay here as long as she needs to. Then, in a day or two, we will look at opportunities for her. Can she go to other family members? Can she go back to her home State or does she want to live here in Sioux Falls? If so, will she try to live off the government programs? Can she find work? If there are children of school age, we must get them plugged into school immediately and try to find an apartment or home around that area. For a mom with children, probably the length of stay is about two weeks. By that time she has made some decisions. She has probably found an apartment and knows about government aid. Sioux Falls is good for that. As long as they are not abusive to the program, there are apartments to rent. She can get county assistance to pay the rent. If she goes to work, we will talk to her about child care."

"Then, is this one of your functions—to tie them into available systems?" I asked.

"Right," she replied. "There are alternatives, such as getting

an education or even going to college. One of our major programs is to plug women into social programs that they don't know about. I have a friend at the child nutrition center. I call her and say, 'I have a woman here who needs to consult with you. When would be a good time?' My woman has three children and no car. I will watch her children while she is at the appointment and get someone to take her there and bring her back—start networking so she has a support system. If she appears to need medical help, I have some doctor friends that I can call. We have to look to see what opportunities are out there and, if we can't do it, we need to plug them into an agency that can, but I will not plug them into a government system if they don't want to go. I believe the more people we can keep off the government system the better we will be. She might need government aid at the present time, but she does not have to live that way for the rest of her life."

The histories of rescue missions have many examples of how men found God. With Thomas Morse it was through the trauma of prison. With Fran Stenberg, it was simply the realization that he needed God to change his life. Perry Swinsen called himself the mission's chief operations officer—taking care of purchasing, repairs and the scheduling of work details for men in the Shepherd's Gate program. When I met him, he told of a long process that began with three men going from bar to bar and horsing around:

"I had a church connection from my youth and learned the Bible and some Scriptures. I went into service in Korea in 1972 and spent a year there. The place was saturated with drugs. I came home and married my wife, Nancy, but was still heavily involved in drugs and drinking. I started selling drugs. I had not gone to church for many years until, through a series of things, my life was saved. It started with the sign you can still see on top of a pole outside the empty lot of the old mission. It says, in neon lights, 'Union Gospel Mission Jesus Saves Sinners.' Well, it happened that the mission was across from two of the most popular bars in Sioux Falls. Across the street was a topless bar and across the other street from that was the Bullpen Bar. I had two drinking buddies, Kevin and Jerry. We would go back and forth, one bar to the next,

an hour here and an hour there. One night, we came out of the Bullpen bar and were horsing around. Jerry grabbed Kevin around the neck and he was leaning over backward looking up at the sky, hopeless, and right above his head was this sign saying 'Jesus Saves Sinners' in neon lights. Kevin, mockingly, cried out, 'Jesus! Save Me!' There was a guy going toward the mission and he looked at Kevin and said, 'You know, if you really mean that, Jesus will save you.' We joked 'Who is this guy? Why is he talking to us?' Well, Kevin woke up the next morning and four words stuck in his mind, 'The Kingdom of God.' They stayed in his mind all day, like a tune you continually remember. That was Saturday. Sunday morning he got up and said to his wife, 'Get the kids dressed, we're going to church.' They went to church for the first time ever as a family. Shortly after that, my wife began to go to that church and she and our daughter were saved for sure. At that point, I was not about to quit what I was doing although I started to go to church.

"For thirteen years I had a good job with United Parcel Service. I had asthma and had been taking medication for my breathing and eventually it attacked my bones and I had to have a total hip replacement. That bumped me out of UPS. I planned to go to school and got okayed for vocational rehabilitation from the state and the Veterans Administration. Everything was paid for. At that time, I was attending the same church as Fran Sternberg. I was even a leader of the vacation Bible school, but I never quit doing the things that were destroying my life. I tried to quit so many times. I prayed and others prayed that God would help me but it never happened. Finally I said to myself: 'Whatever it takes, I will do it.' A short time after that, I got arrested. I had two federal felonies. I was looking at five years mandatory minimum sentence in a Federal penitentiary. By the Grace of God, I narrowly escaped going to prison. God himself put the words in my mouth when I stood to speak in court. He promised me He would do that. He said when the time comes, just put papers away and I'll put the words in your mouth. I went there and spoke and the judge said, 'Something happened. I never change my mind but today I am changing my mind.'

"During my troubles, my wife always said, 'God will find a way to use you. Everything will come out right.' I didn't believe her. As it turned out, she was right. A wife leaving is often what brings people here. They have a wife and are drinking and the wife says, 'I can't take it any more and I'm out of here.' Once you pull the plug like that, and a man no longer has anyone to answer to, his life starts going down the drain. When I see people here I think that, without my wife, I could have been them. She lived by her wedding vows and stood by me. I started volunteering at the mission and then came on staff."

Derek Wyler, the head chaplain of the mission found God—or perhaps more accurately, God found him—when he was a helicopter pilot. Wyler was in charge of the Shepherd's Gate program. "My job is to tell the people who come here who Christ is and that Christ loves them and how they can get to know Him," he told me. "I also help them back on their feet. We look out for the whole person, the emotional, physical and spiritual. For the first five days they can sit back and relax. We ask them what they believe and who to contact if something happens. Then, if they want to stay longer, they must indicate a change. We ask them how long they want to stay here and if they are willing to help us with housekeeping chores. We also ask if they are willing to look for a job. Guys who do not want to do that are told they cannot stay any longer. Right now we have about sixty men. First they stay in a large dorm and then, as they progress, they move into a small dorm. If they get a full-time job, we put them in a small dorm with a TV and a night light where they can read. If they can't find a full-time job, we encourage them to look for part-time work. They can live here and work until they have enough money saved up to get an apartment and buy food. This gives us an opportunity to witness to them and to share God's Word. If they say they have an addiction and can't find a job and need help, we encourage them to move into the Shepherd's Gate. In this, they have to attend Bible study and counseling and go to our computerized learning center to be tested for where they are according to reading, math and science skills so that they start out at the appropri-

ate level. They learn the computer hands-on by going through certain programs. They also learn life skills, such as cleanliness, hygiene, how to dress, and job skills like how to go for your interview, what kind of questions to expect and how to dress. We teach them the foundations of Christianity: Who was Jesus? What is forgiveness? How do you repent?"

I asked about the men who come to the mission.

"A lot are young men who come from a jail that is up on a hill behind the mission. They write me letters saying they are turning their lives around and need a place to stay. Rarely, they mention the crime that put them there in the first place. They are still in the stage of denial. They say it was someone else's fault that got them in jail. We say sure, but you have to stay here thirty-five days. That gives us a chance to know them and work with them. Some come on parole and the parole officer comes to check them out, to make sure they have not been drinking."

I asked him about himself.

"I was a Catholic for twenty-six years," he said. "I flew helicopters in the Air Force. Then, during Desert Storm, I was a survival flight commander. We trained commanders how to survive if they were shot down—to take evasive action and things like that. We were doing that at a school in Spokane, Washington. It was there that the Lord spoke to me. He said, 'I want you to get out and go to school.' I did. I went to a Bible school in Portland, Oregon for six years and got a Master of Divinity degree. I chose that because it encompasses Biblical studies and the pastoral. While there, I was teaching and counseling at the Portland Rescue Mission. I preached there too. I also went to the Union Gospel Mission in Portland and got to teach the guys and they were really enthusiastic."

"You have been a pilot," I said. "You are a highly trained scientific person but many people think you can't be both an evangelical and a scientist."

"I do not deny science," he said. "Science is good. If there is something physically or mentally wrong with a person, we will take him or her to a hospital. People who come here are taking

prescribed drugs. We encourage them to take the medicine as required to help them out. We've seen that it helps. We don't deny mental care either, but I do have a problem when they just give them drugs and do not attempt to heal the whole person. We believe that God can do much more than that. We see here where God has changed a person into a new man."

I asked Fran about that. "There is only one way to the kingdom of God and that is through Jesus," he said. "I am an old drunk and I don't mamby-pamby. I don't believe there is such a thing as alcoholism. I believe the scriptures call it drunkenness and God calls it sin. The only remedy for sin is through the blood of Jesus Christ. My mandate comes from Jesus who died on the cross and was resurrected. It only takes seventy-two hours to dry out, but it takes a couple of years to get rid of the stinking thinking. I know people who decided on their own to go to Alcoholics Anonymous. There's no problem. They can quit drinking—whatever—but still not have a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. They are dry drunks. They don't have a problem with alcohol any more, but they have not got the rest of their life in order. The Scriptures tell us if you are a new creation in Christ Jesus all things pass away and all things become new. I may still desire a drink once in a while but in my mind and heart I am no longer a drunk."

Notes

1. Drawn from: Roger Quam. 1992. *The History of the Sioux Falls Union Gospel Mission*

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Union Mission Ministries, Norfolk, Virginia

Generation after generation, rescue missions have exemplified Wesley's teachings of an unselfish, morally disciplined life of service and, for all of that, they neither expect nor receive expressions of gratitude. Their motivation comes from God, not public acclaim. In a more simple age, there was no need to court political approval since it was generally conceded that, as religious organizations that did not ask for taxpayer money, they were exempt from bureaucratic control. The best example is Cliff Phillips and his followers who branched out from Fresno, California in the late 1940s and well into the '60s, establishing missions without seeking anyone's approval. There is also Steve Burger's early work in Pennsylvania.

Now layers of bureaucratic approval have to be peeled away and groups with a claim for potential damage, no matter how slight, must be given a forum, so it takes a long time and much political arm-pulling to find a place where a mission can find a home, as we saw with George Verley in St Paul. And what if politicians are too pusillanimous to affront rich and powerful interests? Might not generations of service to the poor weigh in the balance? The Union Mission of Norfolk is a case in point.

The Union Mission was founded in 1885 by a group of men meeting at a Methodist church and began operation in a former private home on Church Street. There may also have been a second building as a home for "fallen women" and their children, since the mission's first annual report in 1886 listed meals and lodging for almost 6,500 men and also noted that the mission received sixteen "girls" and "secured" homes for children. The an-

nual report for the following year mentioned twelve women, in addition to meals and lodging for 6,145 men. In the year ending in October 1898, ten "girls," were mentioned, in addition to meals and lodging for almost 5,000 men.[2]

The mission was formally incorporated in July 1901. Four years later it added a club for boys and a separate club for girls. In February 1914, Henry Kratzig became superintendent. He started a Sunday school in 1918 and, in 1919, moved the mission to what had been the Gladstone Hotel at the corner of Main and Nebraska Streets. In 1926, a summer camp was started and a radio service one year later. In 1928, it served 36,500 meals and supplied more than 17,000 bed nights.

In 1915, Kratzig was host to the IUGM's second national convention and he was later a member of the IUGM's executive committee as well as a first vice president and president for what was then the South Atlantic Division. He was also a general supply pastor for a church in Tidewater, Virginia and the chaplain for the jail, the police and fire departments and a probation officer. The mission's 1928 annual report noted that "ninety-eight white men and eight white women and twenty-five colored men and nine colored women" were put in his custody. The 1929 annual report listed "twenty-five white men, three white women, three colored women and three colored men" put into his custody. This is perhaps the earliest record of the use of missions in conjunction with probation. Unfortunately, the mission's brief annual statistical notes have no explanation of how this worked.

The IUGM annual reports also listed a "Colored Union Mission" on East Olney Road in Norfolk that was opened in 1923 by the Reverend James Albert Handy. Other than this listing, nothing is known of this mission, although it remained under Handy's care at the same address until the early 1950s. The fact that both missions had the word "Union" in their names probably reflected the fact that they represented various churches rather than being themselves closely connected.

In the IUGM's 1930 annual report, the Union Mission listed its services as including: a hotel for men with seventy-five free beds

and three meals; clothing; savings and legal aid programs; medial aid; a free employment bureau, prison relief; a reading room for men; and outings. Kratzig retired in 1932 under the stress of his many duties and was succeeded by his wife. The mission's 1937 report listed hotel rooms for more than 11,000 bed nights at rents of 35 and 50 cents and another 6,581 free bed nights. By then it had become, in addition to its services for the homeless, a home for seamen between voyages. Its 1937 report listed 834 men "assisted to ships."

After Mrs Kratzig's resignation in the late 1940s, the mission stagnated and dropped out of the IUGM so that when a new superintendent, the Reverend Theodore Bashford, was appointed in 1965, it had become—in his words—a "flophouse." He was still there in 2002, when I interviewed him in his office. I asked what he meant by a flophouse.

"It had ceased to function as a mission should," he replied. "It was not part of a church. There were no rules or spiritual program. That's the reason God sent me here. I got it cleaned up, changed some of the personnel and made contact with the public to get funds. It wasn't getting anything when I came here. We started services to help men find a new living. Most came in for a night or two. Men need a little more time to get straightened out so we added more time."

I asked if he knew anything about the colored mission and he said no.

"This part of the country was always segregated but after I came it was gradually integrated. It had to be done gradually because you have people who would not support you if you took on the responsibility of providing for the black people. But this section of the country was not like in the Deep South. Norfolk was a seaport town and you had the Navy and a lot of them were black but even that was segregated except on certain occasions. Gradually, we accepted blacks—one and then another. In about 1996, we invited a retired Marine sergeant to join our board and he accepted." Now, by my estimate, the transient section of the ministry is at least ninety percent African American.

The mission is located in an ornate Navy YMCA built with Rockefeller money after the First World War, with a wide marble floor lobby and two five-story wings. It is located only a block away from a street, known as The Mall, with specialty shops and restaurants and a theater. Two blocks away, in another direction, is Hampton Roads with a naval museum and the huge battleship Wisconsin docked for visitors. Three blocks away, there is the Douglas MacArthur memorial within the domed former city hall. A few blocks in another direction is cobble-stoned Freemason Street with an assortment of Greek revival and Victorian style homes. Just opposite the mission is a row of new expensive condominiums. Without doubt it is the wrong place for a rescue mission.

Reverend Bashford had suffered a heart attack and was eighty-two years old when I met him. The active management of the mission had been assumed by his daughter, Linda Vaughan. When we met, I brought up the subject of location.

"The people in this city love what we do but they want us to do it someplace else," she replied. "We were in the old Gladstone Hotel and they decided they would build a city jail and a city complex there and they made us move to a lot on Olney road, where we built a new mission, but we were only in it for eight years and they decided it would become the cultural district, so they made us move here. That was in 1971. This was then the Red Light district with many saloons but, within a few years, we were again in the way of what they called the city's 'revitalization.' They wanted to shut the mission down. They suggested we merge with the Salvation Army. They hadn't the slightest idea of who we were so, in 1984, we paid for a study to prove our value. It told how often, on an average, agencies like the Department of Social Services, the jail and police departments, the hospitals, various family services agencies and even the Salvation Army referred people to us every month. They still wanted us to move. We had no objection to that, but where?

"From time to time, the city mentioned different places but they were vague and, meantime, the area around us was building up. Our board then decided we had to either put some serious

money to repair this building or move someplace else, so we asked the mayor for a city council hearing to tell us what their plans were for us. We had that meeting but still got no answer until, a few months later, the council suddenly asked us to come for meeting. They said they had a whole city block on Monticello Avenue—about fourteen blocks from here—and they would also give us three acres behind it that were being used as a lot to park city trucks. They said we had to sign a contract within two days, because we would be taking over someone else's contract. The city council let us use its meeting room to discuss and decide on the proposal. We did and our board voted to go ahead. We got an architect to draw up beautiful plans for a mission building, a family shelter for women and children and a housing facility like in our hotel.

"A meeting was scheduled with a civic club where we would show the plans and announce when we would start. It was scheduled for seven o'clock one evening. At five o'clock, we got a call from the mayor asking us not to go. Reverend Bashford said he couldn't do that because he had made a commitment so we went and showed the plans and there we learned that the mayor had written to the group two weeks earlier saying he would not support the plan. We learned that the major opposition came from a civic club, representing the Ghent District about a half-mile away from the site. Two months earlier, what is known as Megan's law had been enacted in Virginia, allowing the names and addresses of sex offenders to be posted on the Internet. A member of the club had distributed it to the press. It had thirteen sex offenders listed at our address and someone noted that there was an elementary school only three blocks from the proposed location. No one asked us about it. The fact was that only three of the men whose names were on the list lived at the mission. The others could have lived here many years back or may have just given this as a place to pick up mail. One of the men on the list had been here since 1984, another since about 1994. They lived in our hotel and we never had any problem with them nor were we even aware they had such a history. When we studied the list, we saw the Ghent neighbor-

hood had more sex offenders, but no one paid any attention to that.

"We later went to a planning council meeting with our proposal and lost. We then asked for a meeting of the city council to get them to override it. A newspaper later said attendance at the meeting was the largest in city council history, but again we lost. We had spent $30,000 on those plans. The mayor told us to stay where we were so we decided to improve this building. We contacted a local architect who specialized in restoring older buildings. He did our governor's mansion. He said he would love the opportunity to work on this property. He drew a plan to renovate this building and build another on the parking lot next door. In March of 2001 we took the plan to the mayor for his approval. He promised to get back to us and although we have called several times we haven't heard back."

"Was it racial?" I asked.

"They would not say that and I will not go so far as to say that," she replied. "They are some of the older families of the Norfolk area and they have enormous political influence. There was something else. In the winter months, from October to March, there is a program for the homeless where local churches open their doors to invite the homeless in to sleep. It's called the Nest Program. The Ghent area has a lot of churches that do this and it brings a lot of homeless people into their neighborhood and people complain these homeless urinate on their flowers. We have tried to explain to anyone who will listen that they were not our people and if they would give us a larger facility we would be able to take care of the homeless and the churches would not have to open up to sleep them. But there have always been complaints about us. In the 1980s, when revitalization was beginning in our area, people complained that we attracted winos. Well, homeless people have as much right to be on the streets as they do. They have an idea in their minds of how they are going to make Norfolk look and it doesn't include any reality."

It is all reminiscent of the incident of Wesley's encounter with Beau Nash. By common report, the Union Mission harbors the

likes of people who urinate on flowers and are winos and sex offenders. But what does the mission really do? Primarily, it is a hospice for the weak, the injured and the lost.

The second thing Bashford did after getting the "flop house" cleaned up was to search for revenue. He started an industrial program in 1957 that has since grown to three thrift stores, trucks to pick up donated articles and a warehouse to store and repair salvageable items. Profits are slim because much of the clothing, furniture and other items are simply given away. However, it does provide hours of valuable work therapy for men on the long-term program.

He also devised a direct mail program by tearing pages out of an old city directory and distributing them to women in different churches to hand address envelopes. Then, before Thanksgiving and Christmas he would compose a little letter to be printed and stuffed into the envelopes asking for a contribution. He did that for several years and eventually got up to 100,000 envelopes. It now uses the services of the large Russ Reid fund-raising agency.

In 1960, a board member donated a five hundred dollar option to buy a fifty-four acre farm in Virginia Beach, about twenty miles from the city, and the mission was able to buy the property for $15,500. Just one acre is now worth about $25,000. His thought was to use it as a place for the rehabilitation of alcoholics but there was a bootlegger not far away so that idea was scrapped. Then he started a summer day camp and this became a weeklong summer camp for boys and girls on alternate weeks.

The area and its missions are called Hope Haven. Linda Vaughan took me on a tour of the Hope Haven camp. "We have nine cabins with twelve children in each," she explained. "The ages of the girls are from seven to thirteen and for boys from seven to eleven. They gather at the downtown mission and a bus takes them out or sometimes a parent, a pastor or a social worker will bring them. We have games, an Olympic-sized swimming pool and a few horses for riding. We have six paid staff but we also use college and high school kids. We say it is a missionary service for them and, at the end of the summer, we give them a love gift."

"Do you have blacks?" I asked.

"It is like the mission," she replied. "For its early years, the camp was not integrated but when the parents of black children heard about it, they asked for an application. We don't keep ethnic records, but I estimate that about seventy-five percent of the children who come are black."

In 1975, the mission received a donation of $85,000 to build an adult home for thirty men and women. Linda showed me large rooms, a lounge area, a kitchen and a dining room. "They are without a family and need a place to stay," she said. "We provide full-time residential care with home cooked meals. They must pay a moderate amount out of their social security or other sources but the income never matches our full costs."

Next Linda showed me through parts of the Hope Haven Children's Home. "It began in 1965, when a young serviceman came into my daddy's office," she said. "He said he was going on a nine-month deployment and that his wife had left him and he had three little girls and didn't know what to do with them. About a week later, a preacher told my daddy that he had a young lady who had just graduated from Bible school and asked if he could find a place for her. We sent that young lady and the children out to an old farm house at Hope Haven. We later found a Christian couple who agreed to live in the farm house and as house parents. We took care of those children for six months until their dad came home. Later, someone else had a need and we took care of those children too. Then we found that we needed a license from the state so, in October 1965, we became a licensed child care institution. When we started, the licensing applied to homes with twelve or more children. Since then, this has been reduced to six. There is a thirty-five-page manual about staffing, access to doctors and educational facilities and even the distance between each bed.

"We now have seventeen children but we have room for much more—four cottages and each can house eight to ten children. That allows us to keep siblings together. Two brothers were put in our care eight years ago when the father thought he was dying of cancer and the mother was not emotionally stable. They are still

with us. We also have a family of four boys and girls. Their mother is deceased and the father is in jail and will be for quite a few years. They lived in New Hampshire. The father had been separated from his siblings when the mother died. One of his sisters brought them to Norfolk and tried to get family members here to take care of them but it didn't work out. She heard about Hope Haven and brought all the children and asked us to take care of them. The youngest was nine, the oldest fourteen: two boys and two girls. When they were with their natural family, each was with a different aunt and uncle. They wanted to come here to be together. They are from a terribly dysfunctional family and have been very difficult to work with. They are very angry children—angry at what has happened to them. There was a lot of drug and alcohol abuse in the family and three of them never went to school. When the oldest came to us, at fourteen, we had her tested and found she was reading at a third grade level. The local Christian school that we send the children to does a lot of one-on-one and, in five years, has brought her reading level up to between the 8th and 9th grade level. Still, she will get her high school diploma in June. The oldest boy, who is turning nineteen, does not want to learn how to work. He will go into the Job Corps. The third child makes the honor rolls. In the natural family, she was the only one who went to school. The younger boy is fifteen and is in a special education program. He is on medication to help control his anger and we also have a therapist for him. You don't undo childhood traumas easily. Think of it: That girl who came to us at the age of fourteen had lived through that environment for all of those years."

We walked through one of the cottages. Since the children were in school, it was empty except for the house mother. Each cottage is supervised by a man and wife house parent team. Like the adult home, the facilities were bright and modern. Each child had a large room and personal possessions. I asked Linda why such a beautiful home was underutilized.

"This is a problem not only with us but with all children's homes in Virginia. We have a new head of our state welfare department who is opposed to residential care. He believes in a small

house with a team of a social worker, a psychologist and a third person. For-profit organizations have sprung up to establish small private homes to care for six or fewer children. The state pays the costs even though their size means they don't have to be licensed. Social service bureaus, called child placing agencies, are using them."

"What is the advantage?"

"None that I know of. The concept is to keep a child in a smaller environment. I belong to an organization of five children homes. We met a while back and discussed what we believe will happen. The children will not need a home; they will need a behavioral treatment center. One of our members has a residential home in Richmond, Virginia. It has six of these homes right around its door. As for us, this has not hurt our operations because our budget does not depend on the number of children we have. Other homes that do depend on state money are having a significant struggle."

"Now tell me the good things that have happened with the children," I prompted.

"Well, we have cared for more than about three hundred children at Hope Haven since 1960. One is on the police force in Charlotte, North Carolina. Another, a young lady, is married and is an emergency room nurse in North Carolina. We have two sisters who came to us when they were three and five and stayed with us until they graduated from high school. One is in the police academy in one of our cities and the other attended Johnson Whales Cooking School. We have five who grew up in the home and are now on our staff. That includes one who went to college and worked outside for eight years and came back.

"For us, the most valuable is John Gray. I came into the ministry as a housemother at Hope Haven and he and his little brother were among the first boys I had in my care. His parents were separated and his father had a drinking problem but he never severed his relationship. He came every year to see the kids. John went to college, got a theological degree, and came home in Christmas of 1990 and asked if there would be a place for him. A year later, my husband, Leroy, who for many years had been the ad-

ministrator of Union Mission, died suddenly. We brought John on board and he is now the administrator of the downtown mission."

Linda then drove me to a 106-acre farm about sixty-five miles away in Windsor in Southampton Country—the newest ministry. The farm was originally acquired as a work camp for troubled boys but the program never seemed to work. It is now a home for long-term drug and alcohol abusers with an active farm in the summer. When I was there, it was early winter and there was only one row of greens above ground. There were four men plus a trained Christian therapist. They baked a noodle and cheese lunch for us. The therapist said they used a Christian twelve-step program. The men said they needed the time to be with themselves and think. I felt I should respect their privacy and not probe into their individual histories, but one spoke of more than twenty years of substance abuse, with many attempts to stop and many relapses. He made a fist and poked lightly at his chest, saying he had a hole he had to fill.

We returned to the "Y" and Linda showed me the crisis center for women and children. It was encapsulated in what had been a huge ballroom. Leroy Vaughan, Linda's late husband, had installed a dropped ceiling and walls to create two rooms to house women with children, a large dorm with bunks beds for twelve women, an office, an apartment for the residential director and a small play room for the children. There was a dining room for meals that were brought over from the kitchen in the men's shelter.

"Until the 1980s we could not house women," Linda said. "We would put them up in a local hotel but that troubled us because we were not able minister to them. We don't want to just feed and clothe people. We want ministry to be part of everything that we do. Women can stay up to four months but it's really not a place for them to stay for long periods. Usually, she just needs time to get herself together, to find a job and to save money for housing. We dress them for a job interview and give them bus tokens. For women with children, there is a city program where they can get child care. We also hook them up with the right social

services department. They can apply for their rent money or our planning commission will help with housing. Once they get on a list for housing, it takes about three months to get an apartment. We let them stay here in the meantime because you have to have an address to be on the list.

"We have worked very hard to develop a good relationship with the community mental health organization, a state funded organization in our area. Sarah Pace Fuller, our community mental health worker, comes twice a week. She has a place set up for her here and when the women know she is here they talk to her. She has a heart of compassion for homeless people and she is grateful for what the mission does."

"Why do you say she is grateful?"

"Because there are not many places to house people with mental health problems in our area. People will shut their doors on them but we will take them in, although we are not staffed to keep them long. One night, we took in a mental health client. It was ten o'clock and I got a call at home and I said take her in. She urinated all over our shelter. It was a cold night and we weren't about to put her on the street. The staff worker was with her all that night. The next day we called Sarah Pace Fuller. She came over immediately and got her hooked up with her counselor and got the medication process started and put into one of her facilities."

"If she had a counselor at that facility, why was she on the street?" I asked

"Because she was thrown out of a shelter. They didn't want to deal with that urination problem. That's not a problem that anybody wants to deal with but it's reality. We don't either, but if it's ten o'clock at night and you're a lone woman out on the street, we are going to take you in."

John Gray, who is married with two children, lives in a house on the Hope Haven property. He was the night supervisor and came at about two o'clock in the afternoon and was soon immersed in the details of operating a mission and the process of checking in transients until they were bedded down for the night and lights

went out at ten. I asked him about his life at the Hope Haven Children's Home.

"My parents were divorced when I was four and my brother was one-year old," he replied. "My mother had me when she was seventeen and didn't finish high school. By the time she was twenty, she had a three-year-old, a one-year-old, and an alcoholic unemployed husband. She just left. My father was a house painter. He found out about the home while doing a job at the mission and took us out. I was six and my brother was three. We lived out there all of our lives. We were in a cottage with two people, a man a wife, and ten boys. I grew up in a wonderful, structured, Christian value-based environment and found Christ as my Savior at the age of seven. That never would have happened if I had stayed with my biological parents. Not only was I reconciled with Christ, I was later reconciled with my parents as well, first with my father who never really lost touch with us, and much later, with my mother."

"There is a criticism that group homes institutionalize children," I said. "What do you think?"

"I don't agree, at least not in our case. We went to local schools; we dressed in accordance with the standards of the time and place. We also learned values, ethics, and morals. It was a wonderful environment to grow up in, but I must say that while some of the kids did well, others had more problems and didn't do well. We came to the Union mission all the time and learned that people suffered more than we did and that Christ loved them as well as loving us.

"A home doesn't have to have the institutionalization of an orphan asylum nor does it have to have the isolation of a foster home. There is an innate desire in all of us to know where we came from. At Hope Haven, they take the children in and acknowledge that there are parents and a relationship that should be maintained. They will try to work with the parents if they can. Just recently, we had four kids whose father checked them in and left to go out on a drunk. They know about their father. They are never told that their father is a bad person. They are never told not to have anything to do with him. They will be shown a better way

to live with the hope that one day their father will relate to them in a way that he has not in many years. At Hope Haven, children are together, even though they are not brother and sister. I would freely admit it lacks certain things, but it also provides some things that are very important. Many of the children have to learn to forgive. How are you going to learn to forgive without the Bible?"

I then asked him to tell me about the men's mission. He said he had seventy-six beds for transients. A man was first allowed three days. If he wanted to stay longer, he had to perform chores, attend a Bible class in the morning and chapel at night, and actively look for work. Generally, this was for thirty days. After that he had to leave or join a loosely structured program. If he found a job, he could stay longer and would be excused from chores and parts of the spiritual programs, but he would be given a form that had to be filled out and signed by a supervisor stating that he worked that day. There were seventy-six bunks for transients and another fifty bunks for men on the program. Most of the transient bunks were occupied by working men, so that a newcomer might have to sleep on a mat on the floor of the lobby until a bunk was available. There were two sittings for meals, from four thirty to five thirty for men from the street who wanted a meal and a bed for the night and another at six fifteen for those with assured beds. There was also something I had never seen at other missions: strict enforcement of the chapel-attendance rule. Gray called the roll at the seven-thirty service. Anyone absent without a work slip would find his bunk filled and would not get another chance for a bed for thirty days.

I asked if he tested for drugs. He said the mission did not and also did not have a substance abuse counselor on staff, except for the one on the isolated farm. "Not everyone here is committed to being sober or to a program of recovery," he explained. "There are street people who merely want a place to sleep for the night and who do not want to address their drug or alcohol issues. They might not be ready for a structured program. We start by meeting their basic needs for food, clothing and shelter and then we begin the spiritual dimension through our chapel services. Men in the

program will be involved in a Bible study each morning and they will be under a Christian supervisor during their chores and work therapy. We also encourage them to get involved in local churches."

I asked what he thought about the mission's frustrations in either fixing up the old "Y" or finding someplace else. He said the city fathers did not understand how much they needed the mission: "There are other organizations that work with the homeless in Norfolk, but not in the same way that we do. Some are limited to women and children. The Salvation Army does strictly an adult drug and alcohol rehabilitation. Otherwise, it has twelve to eighteen beds and only allows three nights every forty-five days. Catholic Charities does not operate shelters. The Union Mission is the only shelter for as far west of us as Richmond, about a hundred miles away, and north to probably Alexandria, Virginia. Southward, there is no shelter the size of this one down to North Carolina beyond Elizabeth City."

The next morning I had another meeting with Linda Vaughan. I said I had sat in with John Gray and had seen a rack of cards on a wall of the men who were assured a bed for thirty days as they looked for work or for a temporary job and needed time to save money. "Thirty days pass and he has not found a job, then what happens?" I asked.

"It depends on the individual. We might tell a man he has to leave and we will not allow him back for thirty days. Or we will let him stay in the program for up to six months.

"Isn't that enabling?"

"No, that's helping."

"You are institutionalizing him."

"No. They are here of their own choosing. Some need six months, some don't."

"Tell me about your program. Do you do such things as set classes and phases of advancement?"

"We don't think our building is set up for a phased program. We tried it, but were not successful. We call ours a work program. It's very loose. We have a forty-five-bed dorm for the program men and a couple of smaller dorms for kitchen staff because of the hours

they work. We have a big ministry. We need the building cleaned and, in our industrial ministry, we need help in the warehouse and truck drivers. This generates some money for us and it helps the men to learn good work skills."

"But this is not a good place for a man to stay."

"Each man is different. We have found that a person's value is not always what society places on it. Society thinks you have to have this or that, but not everyone can live up to those standards. We have our hotel. When we first came, we did not use the top three floors and then we found our area was lacking in low-income rentals and, floor by floor, we painted and cleaned the rooms. A man who works his way up through our program can also become a renter. We give the men in the hotel support. We have a yoke fellow meeting on Saturdays, with a lunch and a speaker. The hotel is always full. It provides some income for us. A small room rents for fifty-five dollars a month, a larger room for sixty-five dollars. If they wish, they can buy a monthly ticket for three meals a day for ninety dollars. Some work, but many are getting by on social security. The hotel ministry is for older men who love the downtown city life and want to be independent and don't want to go into a nursing home. Some have lived here for fifteen or twenty years. Some may have been married but most are single. Some are involved in their churches. If one of them gets sick someone will take meals up to him. If we don't see them for a day or so, we go up and check on them. If they get sick, we can get them over to a hospital. It is a separate kind of caring that doesn't go on our numbers. Here, there is sympathy."

"What happens if they drink?"

"We check the rooms for cleanliness. Some of the older people who have been here awhile sort of keep us alerted to what's going on. This is their home so they watch out and that helps us. If we find some infraction of our rules we just say we will not renew your room, but we have to follow the law. We had a man who was giving us a horrible time. We checked what we could legally do and found we had to give him thirty days notice. But most of the men respect what we are trying to do here. They are an important

part of what we do. Our motto is simply to help people to help themselves. With the hotel as part of our ministry, we are able to be more long-suffering. Certainly, life in a bunk is not where you would want an individual to live for twenty or thirty years. We don't give the hotel rooms away. We have men who lose their jobs and can't pay their rent. We just lock their door for a while and they have to live in the dorm. When they get a job and can pay their rent, they can go back into their room. Some men in the hotel have skills. We might give a man his meals if he helps us with some painting. On the third floor, there are ten or so rooms for men who have been with us for many years and who perform regular duties in return for their rent. They may also receive a stipend of from ten to fifty dollars a month. They might be older men with no family. The mission becomes their home. They help one another out. We're not making them stay here. It's just that circumstances have created some of them.

"We have Mitchell, who does our electrical work. He is very shy and doesn't mix well. At one point he was a songwriter in Nashville. I don't know what happened to his life but one day he came to the mission and has been here about fifteen years. If there is ever an electric failure, he fixes it. He gets a stipend and his own room. He is getting older now and we are his family. Another is Paul Kaye. He has been here for about twenty years. He gets a small salary and gets his room free—one of the nicer rooms, with a full bathroom. The others have just a toilet and sink with a shower down the hall. Paul is in charge of our phone room. He trains all of the men on answering the phone. Right now he has cancer and our people take him back and forth for chemotherapy. Paul is an alcoholic. He can go for about four years and then has a relapse and has to leave the mission. When he used to do that, he had to stay out for thirty days and when he returned he stayed in the dorm and then moved into a room, but he is in his sixties now and the last time he went on a drunk we didn't make him go into the dorm. We just brought him back to his room. He is a fine gentleman, a man of integrity, but alcohol does get a hold on

him. The thing we rejoice in is that we thought the cancer would put Paul back to drinking but it hasn't.

"Another man is Junior, an older black man. He also has been with us about twenty years. He is mentally challenged. He empties the trashcans three or four times a day. In a building this big, that's an important function. He also does some other cleaning for us. He gets a little stipend and a place to stay. He is a part of something. His family lives in Suffolk, about an hour and half away. Every year, he used to go home for Christmas. He would tell my husband, 'Mr Leroy, you need to get me a suitcase.' We would do that. Then, one Christmas eve, my husband found him back, standing by his office door. He said, 'What's wrong Junior? Why are you back?" He said, 'Mr Leroy, they don't want me any more. They shut the door in my face. You are not going to shut the door in my face, are you?'

"Of course, we told him we wouldn't and he has been with us for many years since then. Junior is a part of us. We have given him dignity. We have given him family. We have given him life and we have given him purpose. Missions must be concerned that we don't enable people to continue in the lifestyle that is destructive to them, but you have to determine if a person is able to rise above his circumstances. There are many people who are precious in the sight of God but cannot make it in society."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Gospel Rescue Ministries, Washington D.C.

The major rescue mission in Washington, D.C. is Central Union, which was started in 1885 by Reverend Latham Douglass who had often attended meetings at the McAuley Water Street Mission and had a calling to create something similar in the nation's capital. What is now the Gospel Rescue Ministries was started in 1906 by several men and women who had prayer and not much more. Their mission was shunted from building to building and lived from one financial crisis to the next. In 1932, a five-story structure was put up at 810 Fifth Street N.W. to house four hundred men. Then came the presidency of Franklin D. Roosevelt and "some thought public employment given by New Deal activities would make Mission institutions quite unnecessary."[1] It never happened. The mission housed, fed and sheltered several hundred men every night throughout the 1930s. The need appeared so great that, in 1943, a new mission was built across the street at 5th and H streets. After World War II, when whites fled to the suburbs and African Americans flocked north for jobs, an historian noted: "In 1950, the mission became integrated. No one seems to know how this came about, it just happened." Since then, three African Americans have been added to its board of trustees and virtually all the men who seek shelter are African Americans. When the building at 5th and H was razed through urban renewal, the mission was left with the decaying 1932 structure at 810 Fifth Street.

In 1996, Dr Edward Eyring, an orthopedic surgeon, was persuaded to become its president. He had many years of ministry to

the poor and came with a modern approach to what that meant. The previous mission statement was "Providing Rescue Services to the Poor and Needy of the Washington Area in the Name of Jesus" and its public image was that of the cheapest place in Washington to find a bed and a meal. He changed the statement to "Transforming Lives of People without Hope by Modeling the character of Jesus." Dr Eyring did much to reshape the mission. In 2000, he moved on to other things and was succeeded by John Jackson, an attorney who previously was a member of the board of trustees, as was *his* father, who had pastored churches in northern Virginia for almost fifty years.

The harsh reality of Washington is that a vast majority of its population is African American while a vast majority of its well-paying jobs are held by whites who drive in from the suburbs, leaving blacks to compete for the low-paying service jobs. Many of these blacks are devout Christians but, after they support their own churches, there is little money left for a rescue mission. Whites are from a distant society with concerns of their own, which means that a rescue mission must draw not simply upon city, county or state money, as some missions do, but on federal money too, because the purse strings of the District of Columbia are manipulated by the most remote of all American governments: a committee of Congress.

In 1993, when Congress and mismanagement left the District poor, most of its vocational schools were closed and missions and other voluntary agencies had to shoulder the burden. One of those who did so, in 1994, was the Gospel Rescue Ministries. This evolved into the School of Tomorrow. "The school probably serves over seven hundred different people every year, both from within the mission and from the community," Jackson told me. "It offers GED courses, computer courses, elementary and advanced education, life skills, how to balance a budget and how to understand what it takes to function in the work force—the politics of the work place. We do not take the approach that if a person is saved and gets right with God this will automatically help him or her to get rid of drugs and they will not have any other issues and

so we offer a whole variety of social services. We believe that is one of our strengths.

"The Department of Human Services is the District of Columbia government agency that oversees our educational processes. We have a grant of $260,000 to fund a large percentage of the school's activities for low-income people. It covers salaries, teachers, books and supplies, administrative costs, hardware and equipment, computer equipment, upkeep and maintenance; pretty much all aspects of the school's operation."

"Does the school enlist non-Christians? Or, to put it differently, does federal aid restrict your religious teaching?" I asked.

"We accept all faiths and no faith," he replied. "We don't preach to people when we are having a class because that is not the purpose of the class but, if somebody wants to know the hope that is in us, we are not afraid to open up the Bible and talk about what God's Word has to say. The school is there is educate and to teach. Our drug recovery program is there to help people to break free from their old habits. There is a clear tie-in, of course, to the spiritual message because we feel that when a person accepts Christ into his heart, he is breaking the bondage to his old nature but that does not help him solve all the issues that are related to his drug recovery. I know some missions might say, 'Yes it does. That's all you need to worry about.' We have a chapel every night and chaplains who, if they know a man who needs them one-on-one, they will schedule a meeting, say once a week. We are here because we believe individuals need to enter into a right relationship with God, but we also offer a large variety of what people put in the category of social services—educational, vocational and the restoration of family relationships—all based on Biblical principles.

"Our second strength is our Transforming Lives Ministry, a one-year residential program. Most of the men who come here, and all of the women that we accept, have drug issues; mostly crack cocaine. We used a drug recovery program that was started in about 1994 by Dr David Allen, who has a clinic in Arlington, Virginia and is one of the leading experts in crack cocaine. He

came out of the Bahamas where crack first evidenced itself in the early '80s and, on a voluntary basis, he established our original one-year program. He is still here. He meets for one hour every Wednesday night in separate sessions with men and women and he has also made therapists from his clinics available at a variety of times. They are assisted by volunteers. Internally, we have a clinical director, Gail Thompson, who came out of Dr Allen's clinic. She raises her own support from her friends. Under her we have a case manager. Between the two of them and Don Melvin, who is deputy executive director, everyone goes through a thorough assessment to develop his or her own plan. We also have two certified drug counselors on our staff along with interns from three different universities, including Howard University, to assist in clinical therapeutic counseling. Many have a master's degree in social work or are certified clinical psychologists. We do not lack counselors, although not everyone wants one.

"The programs for men and women are divided into four, three-month phases. Each phase has a group Bible class once a day. In addition, I teach a Bible study once a week for phase three men. We have a high retention rate, which is unusual for men and women coming off drugs pretty much cold turkey and getting their heads reorganized. I attribute that in large part to God's grace and to our clinical and case management and compassion. This requires more staff, but if we can get funding from outside sources it pays off."

The World Bank

The mission gets help not only from the Federal government but from the World Bank as well. This began in 1998 at the suggestion of Jennifer Sullivan, the Deputy General Counsel of the International Finance Corporation (IFC), and a member of the World Bank Group. She had been volunteering at the mission and felt that employment opportunities would be beneficial both to men coming off drugs and to the IFC, by having people from a different background in the World Bank Group. The goal of the World Bank is to raise the living standard of many in Africa, Asia

and Latin America. Ms Sullivan reasoned that the Bank itself might mirror, in a small way, the world of the poor.

Michael Cortese, the IFC's records manager, liked the idea. His department employed college students on a temporary basis but, in recent years, not many wanted the dull work of filing and retrieving documents so that employing men from the mission would be a socially-useful and cost-effective solution. The effort almost failed. After receiving his first paycheck, Leon, the first man hired, was nodding at his desk. Cortese called the Gospel Rescue Ministries and Leon was escorted back to the mission where he proved positive for cocaine and was dismissed. But defeat was not acceptable and two new candidates were sent a few days later and, after getting over the awkwardness of a strange environment, they did well. One went on to another part of the IFC while the other found work with a computer company in New York. Since then, twenty-three other men and one woman have been hired at the World Bank. Many, with the Bank on their resume, were able to move on to higher paying jobs.

The World Bank also funds a seven-week, four-times-a-year, food handling skills program that uses the mission's kitchen as a hands-on site with another portion taught upstairs at the School of Tomorrow. Graduates have gone on to work in hotel kitchens.

I discovered another vocational program while sitting in the small lobby waiting for my next interview. Someone said I should meet Earl Cotten, who had been with the mission longer than anyone else. We sat on a leather couch and he told his story:

"I've been here since 1994. I work on the front desk as a receptionist and I also give counseling to the guys who come in and are homeless like I was myself for five years. My brother brought me to this mission. One time, when he was on drugs, he came here for help. Now he's recovered and has a good job. One day, I sat in the chapel and heard a testimony from one of the reverends who came in. Once he was a terrible guy. He would drink and take drugs. I listened and then sat up because I was kind of trying to go the sleep in the chapel and it was kind of loud. It dawned on me if God could do that for him, I knew God could do it for me: I

period of time. It's quite a challenge for women, with the tension of coming off drugs, to learn how to relate to all the different personalities here. They are not locked in but we have a curfew and random urine drops. I have an assistant who is here all day and a residential manager who lives downstairs. The three of us meet for a full evaluation at the end of ninety days to see if a woman is ready to move up to the next phase. If she doesn't pass, she has to stay longer in that phase or, if the program is not working for her, she has to leave.

"When a woman comes in, I do an hour-and-a-half session called a bio-psycho-social assessment. It's an overview: family, growing up, the present day, love, education, social life and emotional life, religion, drug using—the whole of her life. Then I assign her to externs from the doctorate program for psychology of George Washington University who do not necessarily have a faith-based approach; it is mostly support therapy. At first, some of the women say, 'I don't feel comfortable because I don't know if this woman is a Christian. I don't feel comfortable talking about my faith.' They are not sure that the externs will be able to help them. When a therapist just sits there and waits for them to talk, they feel uncomfortable. They want some initiation, some direction, and some advice. Sometimes they have difficulty even knowing what to talk about so I encourage the therapists to have certain questions in mind. I tell them that, to deal with an addict, they have to be very concrete and try to provide some sort of structure in a counseling session. Some of the women have institutional mind set; they are used to people telling them what they need to do. That is something they need to break down. They are usually able to work through that. These individual sessions are in addition to Dr Allen's group session every Wednesday evening. In phase two, they begin our School of Tomorrow. With time, they become a community; they learn how each other think and they learn anger control, the addiction cycle, assertiveness training and defense mechanisms."

"You haven't mentioned the Bible," I said.

"Every one on the staff has a strong relationship with Jesus Christ but we do not want to force Christianity down their throats.

In the time of Jesus, following Him was voluntary. When this house was given to us by the Department of Justice, two things were worked out by the lawyers. One: spiritual programs would have to be initiated by the women and, two; we could not make the spiritual activities mandatory. If the women want Bible studies they have to say, 'Yes, we want a Bible Study.'

"When we said we would have it once a week, we asked them when they wanted it. They said Monday night. We put in on the schedule and told them attendance was not mandatory, although everything else on the schedule is mandatory. We also announced devotions in the morning and meditations at one o'clock in the afternoon—a time to regroup and settle down, to read and talk and reflect. There is also a Sunday chapel at the mission. All are voluntary."

"And do many come?"

"They all come. They know from the beginning that this is a spiritual program; they chose it based on that. There are lots of other programs in the city but they chose to come here. They are interested in learning about God. They want to be open to something different. Some of them have been raised in a church and know that God is the answer."

Don Melvin and seeking salvation

The men's overnight program, called Samaritans, is where a man can get a bed, a shower and two meals by paying three dollars. If he has no money, he can stay and do a work detail. Most who come have jobs and simply need a cheap place to stay while they get their lives in order. In that case, they can reserve a bed for a week by paying ten dollars a night and can stay up to ninety days. Between seventy-five and eighty percent of the population of Washington is African American—or black as many prefer to be called—and that increases to about ninety percent among the poor, so it is not surprising that almost all the men and women who seek the mission's help and guidance are black. The staff reflects the general population. Don Melvin, the deputy executive director, is

black. Three of the chaplains are black and most part-time staff members are black. Marjorie Edmond Lloyd, the director of the School of Tomorrow is also black.

Don Melvin is soft spoken and tall, with the build of a man who had once been an athlete. I asked him to describe the Transforming Life Ministry for men.

"They come here because they need help with drugs or whatever else in their lives," he said. "We have the time and the patience. We do this on a family model. We have a first level where we discover where they have been and what kind of stuff they have been involved with. They get a physical exam, with tests for HIV and hepatitis and they go to the school and take a test in basic adult education. This is a fragile time. Each man is assigned a team leader—a man who has been in the ministry for six or eight months or maybe only three or four months and God has delivered him from drugs, alcohol or whatever else in his life. There are four men plus a team leader so that immediately a man is connected with others who will love him, care for him and help him to work out things he needs to get through. They stay in the same team through phases one through three, sleeping in a fourth floor dorm with thirty bunk beds and five each of shower stalls, face bowls and toilets. When they enter the fourth phase—the working phase—they move up to the fifth floor, which houses twelve men. We have no tolerance for drugs and alcohol. We test and for the first offense we put him out for thirty days but he does not have to leave the building. He can be a part of the Samaritan ministry, where they have to go out everyday and come back and get a bed, but at least can retain some contact and perhaps rejoin Transforming Lives.

"We minister to them in five categories: the spiritual, the physical, the mental/emotional, the vocational and the educational. They encounter the first three in phases one and two, and also the educational in one or two, depending on their level. If we find a person can hardly read or write, as soon as he gets to the first phase we send him to school to improve these skills. He will do some work detail in the morning, but the rest of the morning is focused on

his class. Everyone has a detail in the morning for about an hour and a half. If they get them done sooner, so be it. In the afternoon all the guys in phase one attend the spiritual growth classes. They need to understand that man has a spirit and a soul and lives in the body. Most only know themselves as two-dimensional people. They only think they have a body and a mind but forget, or don't know, they also have a spirit that they have to deal with. They don't know that God speaks to them in their spirit not in their head.

"They spend about three hours a day in spiritual growth and other classes like how to reconcile relationships and anger management. At least once a week, they go to a community gym with weights, a track and a pool. Someone goes with them to make sure they are not sitting around. In addition to their morning chores around the mission, they go out to the community food bank at nine in the morning and stay there for three or four hours, helping with the food that comes in from the venders. They see themselves as members of a community. Previously they were isolated by drugs or alcohol. Now they are working alongside people who treat them as normal persons. In phase three, they get into career development—how to build a career and not just get a job—and they continue their education if they need it. After that, they can move to our transitional house—Barnabas house—about six blocks from here and they can stay there up to a year. They pay rent and can come over here to eat."

Although he stressed the spiritual, I asked if he specifically taught religion, such as memorizing Bible passages.

"We don't teach religion," he answered. "We teach that salvation only comes by surrendering to Jesus, asking Him to forgive your sins and to come into your heart and be Lord of your life. Then you follow in His way, in compassion, love, truth and integrity. We cannot truly know what love is until we meet the man who *is* love. I knew women, but my love was a conditional love. Love has to be unconditional. Conditional love is where you have to do something for me to love you. That's reciprocity. Jesus died on the Cross for me without me doing anything to deserve that.

wasn't half that bad. When they gave the call to come forward, I went and had hands laid on me and they all prayed for me. I prayed to God that He would take cocaine out of my life and right then He cured me. It was not easy. I had nightmares. Satan was still trying to tempt me but God gave me the strength not to be tempted. He runs my life now. Before I make a decision I pray for His guidance.

"I don't only help on the reception desk. I teach a course on how to pass the written examination to get a learner's permit for a commercial driver's license. Most companies will hire a man with a learner's permit. I was never a driver or teacher. I took classes right here. I have a short attention span but I sat back and learned the methods of studying. I can retain what I study. I figure it is a gift of God. A lot of people fail it. I teach them that if I can do it anybody can do it. They had a commercial drivers license class when I came here but it was long and drawn out. I complained to the teacher and he said. 'If you can find a better way to teach the class than you do it.' I did and passed all five tests in two days. The classes were supposed to be six to eight weeks. I have been teaching the course for three years; I have a hundred-percent pass rating." Earl's course is a part of the curriculum of the School of Tomorrow.

The Fulton House of Hope

The most evident symbol of the mission's link with Federal agencies is the three-story and basement Fulton House of Hope, a home for women within the shell of what had been the Fulton Hotel, a prostitute and crack house that was once called the "murder hotel" for the violence that it engendered. It is a landmark building dating from the 1860s. The Justice Department seized it under its Weed and Seed program, which is designed to remove crime areas—the weeding part. The seeding involved putting something in its place. The walls of the old hotel were crumbling and it was too small for a company or foundation. No one else wanted it and so, in 1998, the mission was allowed to buy it for $27,000,

one-tenth of its value. With Department of Justice and Housing and Urban Development grants, plus foundation grants, adding up to more than $700,000, it was gutted and reconstructed, preserving only its shell. A noted law firm contributed pro bono services for the long and intricate process of dealing with the federal government; contractors trimmed their usual charges; one construction company donated the stairways; another firm gave the Venetian blinds; still another decorated the rooms and upholstered donated furniture while church volunteers refurbished closets donated by the Navy. General Electric gave appliances.

The exterior walls (new inner walls had to be installed) were held in place by large iron stars and the mission raised $35,000 by "selling" stars to donors whose names are noted near the entrance. With other donations, by the time the doors opened in May 2000, the renovation cost almost $1.2 million. Since then, HUD and the DOJ have given follow-on grants to assist in salaries and supplies related to drug counseling.

The director of the Fulton House of Hope was Judy Ashburn who, for several years before joining the mission, worked in Dr Allen's clinic. "I am a licensed professional counselor as a therapist," she told me. "I look at psychology and what lines up with Scripture and what doesn't. I see psychology as part of God's grace. I use the Rational Emotive Theories of Albert Ellis, who taught that if you change the way you think it will change the way that you feel and the way you will act. It is very much like Scripture: You are being transformed by the renewing of your mind. That is our theme and verse here—transforming lives. We have a one-year drug treatment program for women whose children have been put in a foster home or are in the care of family members while their mothers are on the program. We do not take women who have been made homeless because they have been battered or abused. We have a bed capacity of seventeen, with four phases of ninety days. A woman who wants to enter has to wait until the start of the next phase one. This is mainly sitting with themselves, doing some therapy and looking at issues relating to their children. They go to a seven-day detox before they come here. That is a short

This is a love beyond what people have ever known. About one-third of the men here come through our transient ministry."

Mentally, I thought if there ever was a living testimony it was Don Melvin but I simply asked what had brought him to God.

"I started using drugs after I completed the Marine Corps. I was a corporal. I went to college and obtained a master's degree in business administration from Southeastern University in the District of Columbia. It wasn't until I was making good money that I got involved in cocaine. I was a big time salesman of insurance and employee benefits for corporations with five hundred or more employees. I was a hotshot salesman. I had become a legend in my own mind. I thought I had everything I needed: the house, the clothes, the car, and the women. When I started using drugs and bottomed out. I lost my car, my housewife, family—everything—and I ended up here. We didn't have a program then, just guys doing details; cleaning up the building with Bible study one night a week. I believed there was a God but I did not have a personal relationship with Him until, one day, I decided, up on the fourth floor on my knees. I said, 'Jesus, I hear about You all the time. If You can do what these people say that You have done in their lives, I need You to do it in my life. So I am giving my life to You and I want You to change my life.' I confessed I was a sinner and I realized that something had happened to me at that very moment. I heard the Lord speak to me. He said that I should seek the Kingdom of God and all its righteousness and everything else that I needed would be added unto me. That was in about 1991 and that's what I have been doing every since."

A mission as a community

The director of the School of Tomorrow was Marjorie Edmond Lloyd. She said it was one of the most popular programs in the Washington metropolitan area, with a two-month waiting list. "We have two computer labs, one classroom, a library and a conference room," she said. "Our model is to have small class sizes: We don't enroll more than eighteen students at a time. We have two GED

programs and two computer programs, morning and evening and are open from nine thirty in the morning till nine thirty at night, Mondays through Saturdays for men and women in the mission and people from the community. At any one time, we have an average of 130 students per six-week session. We teach the whole Microsoft Office Suite and partner with Byte Back, a nonprofit organization that serves the same population. They train with hardware and software for entry-level networks administration, that is, the procedure for networking all the computers together into an organization; having them tied to a server using shared resources. It is fairly advanced. People who have those skills can get a decent job."

"Can you teach such things to people from the street?" I asked.

"In the body of Christ we all have natural gifts," she replied. "A lot of times people have not tapped their natural gifts. Some we start at the level of how to turn on a computer. Some come in just to get their GED and the next thing you know we can't get rid of them and they come at night just to help out. For individuals who show aptitude, we allow them to take more and more advanced courses and after a year of study and hands-on experience, they end up being very good.

"We partner with two other agencies. One is Capital Area Assets Building (CAAB) which raises funds to match people's savings so they can buy a home or start a small business. We use their building to teach a class called Wider Opportunities for Women. Our mission and six other organizations in the Washington Metropolitan area send their students to this class. The other is the Washington Project, which provides small business development training. By the end of that course, students have prepared a business plan and then they are given an opportunity to get matching savings programs of two and a half to one. Essentially, it means if they save two thousand dollars they will be matched 5,500 dollars to start their own business for a total of $7,500. We also have agreements with universities in the area. For instance, Howard University has opened one free course a semester in personal computer training in their engineering school. In all, we have innova-

tive programs to take a person from homelessness to home ownership if he or she so desires. Other groups help us. We have some small grants, like $10,000 from a private financial organization in the Washington Metropolitan area for books, materials and supplies, and $50,000 for general operations from PAFRITZ, another small private foundation that funds a number of nonprofits. We have about forty-five active church partners. They have volunteered for projects like building bookshelves or doing housekeeping work like cleaning or putting down new carpeting. Some come and cook breakfast every Saturday. Others have a regular slot to minister in the evening chapel."

I commented that, with all her references to partnering and receiving outside grants, she appeared to be saying that the mission was more than a single building. She agreed:

"We are a community. A community does not have to be ethnic. It is a global term and involves all the people that I have contact with. When you do something that allows you to work out your belief system, it is easy for everything in your life to cross over. When I talk to somebody at the Washington Project who is interested in building entrepreneurial skills, I ask: 'How can we help you and how can you help us? Do you want to use our building? Can we send some of our men to your program?' Usually people are open to doing that but, in order to not have people think they are being taken advantage of, I spend some personal time with these individuals, so they get to know me as a person. When we do stuff in the mission that may impact the local community, I go to a church and say, 'Hey, we are a school and this is what we are doing. What do you guys think of this? Would you like to participate?' This opens the doors of the mission much wider. At the grass roots level, DC is fairly active with people listening to the Word of God and working with the community. We know one another. If you are not sharing with those types of people, you do not really know what is going on.

"We are also a community within this building. Regularly, we retreat outside the building to minimize interruption and to see each other in a different environment. This brings out different

personality traits in us so we can really connect and build friendships versus just being peers in a work environment. The school's staff is usually ten people, including part-timers. We try to do a retreat at least once every other month. We might go to a movie or to lunch or dinner or I might cook dinner at my house or make breakfast depending on a time that is good for everyone. I also go to dinner meetings with the men and women from CAAB twice a week or we might meet once a month to talk about strategies for getting people through our economic program or how to recruit more people. Once we had a retreat in Vermont with CAAB and six of our related organizations."

I knew she had once worked for IBM. I asked her why she had cut short a promising career to work in a mission.

"I studied chemistry and chemical engineering in college and worked as an engineer at IBM building computer chips," she replied. "I was going along that path until I met a woman in a mission for reconciliation within the body of Christ. I volunteered for that for a while and then met someone from this mission. I had accepted Christ when I was twelve and I decided I wanted to do something more meaningful and more people-oriented. I left IBM and started teaching in private schools because I did not have a certificate. Then I realized I wanted something that would allow me to express my faith and talk about Jesus. This mission and this school came along and I was accepted here."

"Let's go back a bit," I said. "IBM was promising career. Why did you leave?"

"Initially, I thought my job there was a gift from God," she replied. "Then I thought, 'God, if this is a gift from You why am I so completely unhappy and unfulfilled with this work?' IBM was a sterile environment, not dealing with people a lot. I thought the hours I was working, particularly since I didn't like it, were really sucking the lifeblood out of me. When I would talk to people there, they would say, 'Well I don't like my job but the money is good and I have a family and kids in school.' I thought that was not a good enough reason. I was young and thought my point of view was as valid as theirs and so I began to think and pray about

things that would be more reflective of serving God. Was I operating in my daily belief system or did I just use church as extracurricular activity on the weekend? I decided I would have to do something that I believed in; something I loved."

"What do you believe in?"

"I believe my job should allow me freedom of speech around my belief system in God. For me, being a Christian is different from being a capitalist. I think when your goal is to work for the American dream you are not focusing on the plan that God would have for your life. I thought critically about what I would want people to say about me if I died tomorrow. I would want people to say that I was a woman who loved God; a woman who was passionate about her belief system and who worked in her natural gifts and talents in a godly profession or served God in a particular way. If I had died when I was working at IBM no one would have been able to say that because my belief system was secondary to what I was I was doing."

Notes

1. Drawn from: H. Paul Caemmerer. *A* History *of the Gospel Mission 1906-1946*, an undated typed manuscript

APPENDIX

AGRM Affiliates in the United States and Canada

ALABAMA

City of Hope Ministries
1816 6th Ave. N.
Bessemer AL 35020 Est. 1971

Downtown Jimmie Hale Mission
2305 5th Ave. N.
Birmingham, AL 35203 Est. 1944

Tennessee Valley Outreach
2117 Old Moulton Heights Rd. SW
Decatur, AL 35601 Est. 1980

Dothan Rescue Mission
216 E. Crawford St.
Dothan, AL 36301 Est. 1979

Christian Mission Center
481 Geneva Hwy.
Enterprise, AL 36330 Est. 1984

Downtown Rescue Mission
2411 9th Ave. SW
Huntsville, AL 35805 Est. 1975

Mission of Hope
14970 Mission Rd.
Mobile, AL 36608 Est. 1971

Waterfront Rescue Mission
106 State St.
Mobile, AL 36602 Est. 1949

Montgomery Faith Crusade Rescue Mission
17 Mildred St.
Montgomery, AL 36104 Est. 1991

Dale County Rescue Mission
182 Martin Street
Ozark, AL 36608 Est. 1983

ALASKA

Anchorage Gospel Rescue Mission
2823 E. Tudor Rd.
Anchorage, AK 99507 Est. 1965

The Downtown Soup Kitchen
430 E. 4th Ave.
Anchorage, AK 99501 Est. 1989

Fairbanks Rescue Mission
506 Gaffney Rd.
Fairbanks, AK 99701 Est. 1973

Nome Rescue Mission
277 Front St.
Nome, AK. 99782 Est. 1996

ARIZONA

Sunshine Rescue Mission
124 S. San Francisco St.

Flagstaff, AZ 86001 Est. 1957
Bread of Life Mission of Holbrook
111 W. Carlos Ave.
Holbrook, AZ 86025 Est. 1996
Crossroad Nogales Mission
456 N. Morley
Nogales, AZ 85621 Est. 1995
ARMS Arizona Rescue Mission Services
9133 W. Grand Ave.
Peoria, AZ 85345 Est. 1999
Gospel Rescue Mission
326 W 28th St.
Tucson, AZ 85713, Est. 1953
Phoenix Rescue Mission
1801 S. 35th Ave.
Phoenix, AZ 85009 Est. 1952
Crossroads Mission
933 S. Arizona Ave.
Yuma, AZ 85364 Est. 1959

ARKANSAS

Little Rock Compassion Center
4210 Asher Ave.
Little Rock, AR 72204 Est. 1998
S. P. A. R. K. S., Inc.
Rt. 8, Box 166
Mountain Home, AR 72653 Est. 1991

CALIFORNIA

Bakersfield Rescue Mission
830 Beale Ave.
Bakersfield, CA 93305 Est. 1952
The Well Ministry of Rescue
2612 Esplanade
Chico, CA 95973 Est. 1992
Central Community Development Center
2723 Mitchell Ave.
Clovis, CA 93611
Southern California Rescue Missions
9650 Firestone Blvd
Downey, CA 90241
Eureka Rescue Mission
110 2nd St.
Eureka, CA 95501 Est. 1967
Mission Solano
740 Travis Blvd.
Fairfield, CA 94533 Est. 1998
Evangel Home
137 N. Yosemite Ave.
Fresno, CA 93701 Est. 1955
Fresno Rescue Mission
310 G St.
Fresno, CA 93706 Est. 1949
Coachella Valley Rescue Mission
47-518 Van Buren St.
Indio, CA 92201 Est. 1971
Shepherd's Gate
1660 Portola Ave.
Livermore, CA 94550 Est. 1984
Long Beach Rescue Mission
1335 Pacific Ave.
Long Beach, CA 90813 Est. 1972
Los Angeles Rescue Mission
303 E. Fifth St.
Los Angeles, CA 90013 Est. 1949
Union Rescue Mission
545 S. San Pedro St.
Los Angeles, CA 90013 Est. 1891
Madera Rescue Mission
323 Elm St.
Madera, CA 93638 Est. 1985
Twin Cities Rescue Mission
940 14th St.

Marysville, CA 95901 Est. 1959
Merced Rescue Mission
1921 Canal St.
Merced, CA 95340 Est. 1991
Modesto Union Gospel Mission
1400 Yosemite Blvd.
Modesto, CA 95354 Est. 1948
Bread of Life Rescue Mission
PO Box 458
Oceanside. CA 92049 Est. 2000
Oroville Rescue Mission
4250 Lincoln Blvd.
Oroville, CA 95968 Est. 1960
Porterville Rescue Mission
34 E. Garden Ave.
Porterville, CA 93258 Est. 2001
Rescue Mission Alliance
125 Harrison St.
Oxnard, CA 93031 Est. 1972
Good News Rescue Mission
2842 S. Market St.
Redding, CA 96001 Est. 1964
Bay Area Rescue Mission
2114 MacDonald Ave.
Richmond, CA 94801 Est. 1965
City Mission of Riverside
2633 Main St.
Riverside, CA 92501 Est. 1997
Union Gospel Mission
400 Bannon St.
Sacramento, CA 95812 Est. 1968
San Bernardino Rescue Mission
443 W. 4th St.
San Bernardino, CA 92402 Est. 1961
San Diego Rescue Mission
939 S. 16th St.
San Diego, CA 92113 Est. 1955
Team Ministries-San Francisco
164 Sixth St.
San Francisco, CA 94103 Est. 1893
San Francisco City Mission
64 Turk St. 4th floor
San Francisco, CA 94102 Est. 1997
San Francisco Rescue Mission
302 Eddy St.
San Francisco, CA 94102 Est. 1986
City Team Ministries
2304 Zanker Rd., Suite 205
San Jose, CA 95131 Est. 1957
Orange County Rescue Mission
1421 Edinger Ave., Suite B
Tustin, CA 92780 Est. 1963
Santa Barbara Rescue Mission
535 E. Yanonali St.
Santa Barbara, CA 93103
Central Coast Rescue Mission
500 S. Broadway #115-B
Santa Maria, CA 93456
Redwood Gospel Mission
101 6th St.
Santa Rosa, CA 95401 Est. 1963
Gospel Center Rescue Mission
445 S. San Joaquin St.
Stockton, CA 95203 Est. 1940
Crossroads Ministries
2410 Main St.
Susanville, CA 96130 Est. 1991
Victor Valley Rescue Mission
16519 Victor St. Ste 203
Victorville, CA 92392
Visalia Rescue Mission
322 NE 1st Ave.

Visalia, CA 93291 Est. 1981
Pajaro Rescue Mission
111 Railroad Ave.
Watsonville, CA 95076 Est. 1965

COLORADO

Springs City Mission
5 W. Las Vegas
Colorado Springs, CO 80903 Est. 1996
Christian Discipleship Center
24826 Rd. L
Cortez, CO 81321 Est. 1976
Denver Rescue Mission
3501 E. 46th Ave.
Denver, CO 80216 Est. 1960
The Wayside Cross Gospel
Rescue Mission
728 W. 4th St.
Pueblo, CO 81003 Est. 1984

CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport Rescue Mission
1088 Fairfield Ave.
Bridgeport, CT 06605 Est. 1993

DELAWARE

Sunday Breakfast Mission
110 N. Poplar St.
Wilmington, DE 19801 Est. 1893

FLORIDA

Jericho Road Ministries
1090 Mondon Hill Rd.
Brooksville, FL 34601 Est. 1998
Waterfront Rescue Mission
2055 Ferdon Blvd.
Crestview, FL 32536 Est. 1999
Waterfront Rescue Mission
112 Hollywood Blvd.
Ft Walton Beach, FL 32548 Est. 1985
The Path of Citrus County
304 N Osceola
Inverness, FL. 34451 Est. 1999
City Rescue Mission
426 S. McDuff Ave.
Jacksonville, Fl 32254 Est. 1946
Lighthouse Ministries
117 East Magnolia St.
Lakeland, FL 33801 Est. 1977
City Team Ministries – Miami
1001 SW 18th Ave.
Miami, FL 33135 Est. 1999
Miami Rescue Mission
2159 NW First Ct.
Miami, FL 33127 Est. 1922
Orlando Union Rescue Mission
1521 W. Washington St.
Orlando FL 32805 Est. 1948
Panama City Rescue Mission
609 Allen Ave.
Panama City, FL 32402
Trinity Rescue Mission
622 W. Union St.
Jacksonville, FL 32202 Est. 1962
Waterfront Rescue Mission
16 W. Main St.
Pensacola, FL 32501 Est. 1949

GEORGIA

Atlanta Union Mission
105 Alexander St. NW
Atlanta, GA 30313 Est. 1938
Valley Rescue Mission
2903 Second Ave.
Columbus, GA 31904 Est. 1963
Providence Ministries
711 S. Hamilton St.

Dalton, GA 30720 Est. 1980
City Mission of Old Savannah
8912 Whitfield Ave.
Savannah, GA 31406 Est. 1997
Brother Charlie's Rescue Center
326 Beech St
Tifton, GA 31794 Est. 1979

HAWAII

River of Life Mission
101 N. Pauahi St.
Honolulu, HI 96817 Est. 1985

IDAHO

Boise Rescue Mission
520 Front St.
Boise, ID 83702 Est. 1958
City of Refuge
840 Park Ave.
Idaho Falls, ID 83402 Est. 1999

ILLINOIS

Wayside Cross Ministries
215 E. New York St.
Aurora, IL 60505 Est. 1928
Danville Rescue Mission
834 N. Bowman Ave.
Danville, IL 61832 Est. 1979
Galesburg Rescue Mission
435 E. Third St.
Galesburg, IL 61401 Est. 1941
Morning Star Mission Ministries
350 E. Washington St.
Joliet, IL 60433 Est. 1909
Mt. Vernon Rescue Mission
811 S. 10th St.
Mt. Vernon, IL 62864 Est. 1952
Peoria Rescue Mission Ministries
601 S. W. Adams
Peoria, IL 61602 Est. 1955
South Side Mission of Peoria
1127 S. Laramie
Peoria, IL 61605 Est. 1925
Christian Family Care Center
2010 Third Ave.
Rock Island, IL 61201 Est. 1916
Rockford Rescue Mission Ministries
715 W. State St.
Rockford, IL 61102 Est. 1964

INDIANA

Christian Center Rescue Ministries
625 Main St.
Anderson, IN 46016 Est. 1956
Backstreet Missions
215 Westplex Park
Bloomington, IN 47404 Est. 1995
Faith Mission of Elkhart
530 S. Main St.
Elkhart, IN 46516 Est. 1955
Evansville Rescue Mission
300 S.E. Martin Luther King Blvd.
Evansville, IN 47713 Est. 1917
Fort Wayne Rescue Mission Ministries
301 W. Superior St.
Fort Wayne, IN 46802 Est. 1903
Wheeler Mission Ministries
55 S. State Ave., Suite 3W1
Indianapolis, IN 46201 Est. 1893
Kokomo Rescue Mission
321 W. Mulberry St.
Kokomo, IN 46901 Est. 1953
Trinity Mission
2525 Kossuth St.
Lafayette, IN 47904 Est. 1995
Roosevelt Mission

89 E. Vincennes St. W.
Linton, IN 47441 Est. 1987
Grant County Rescue Mission
423 S. Gallatin St.
Marion, IN 46953 Est. 1986
Muncie Mission Ministries
520 S. High St.
Muncie, IN 47305 Est. 1930
Hope Rescue Mission
532 S. Michigan St.
South Bend, IN 46601 Est. 1954
The Light House Mission
1450 Wabash Ave.
Terre Haute, IN 47807 Est. 1890

IOWA

Victory Center Rescue Mission
100 6th Ave. N.
Clinton, IA 52732 Est. 1987
Hope Ministries
1310 6th Ave.
Des Moines, IA 50314 Est. 1915
Sioux City Gospel Mission
301 W. Eighth St.
Sioux City, IA 51103 Est. 1947

KANSAS

Emporia Rescue Mission
1119 Merchant
Emporia, KS 66801 Est. 1998
Salina Rescue Mission
1716 Summers Rd.
Salina, KS 67401 Est. 1983
Topeka Rescue Mission
600 N. Kansas Ave.
Topeka, KS 66608 Est. 1954
Union Rescue Mission
280 N. Hillside
Wichita, KS 67202 Est. 1950

KENTUCKY

Fairhaven Rescue Mission
260 Pike St.
Covington, KY 41011 Est. 1984
Wayside Christian Mission
808 E. Market St.
Louisville, KY 40206 Est. 1957
Lexington Rescue Mission
649 N. Limestone St.
Lexington, KY 40508 Est. 2001

LOUISIANA

Liberty Rescue Mission
13881 Carey Rd.
Baker, LA 70714 Est. 1998
New Orleans Rescue Mission
11300-40 Oretha C. Haley Blvd
New Orleans, LA 70156 Est. 1989
Shreveport-Bossier Rescue Mission
2033 Texas Ave.
Shreveport, LA 71103 Est. 1955

MARYLAND

Helping Up Mission
1029 E. Baltimore St.
Baltimore, MD 21202 Est. 1885
Four States Christian Mission
125 North Prospect St.
Hagerstown, MD 21740 Est. 1955
Westminster Rescue Mission
658 Correll Dr.
Westminster, MD 21157 Est. 1968

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston Rescue Mission
39 Kingston St.
Boston, MA 02111
Springfield Rescue Mission

19 Bliss St.
Springfield, MA 01105 Est. 1892

MICHIGAN

Sunrise Mission
PO Box 493.
Alpena, MI 49707 Est. 1989
Harbor Haven Rescue Mission
2330 Territorial
Benton Harbor, MI 49022 Est. 1997
Detroit Rescue Mission Ministries
150 Stimson
Detroit, MI 48201 Est. 1909
Carriage Town Ministries
606 Garland St.
Flint, MI 48503 Est. 1950
Guiding Light Mission
255 S. Division Ave.
Grand Rapids, MI 49503 Est. 1958
Mel Trotter Ministries
225 Commerce Ave. SW
Grand Rapids, MI 49503 Est. 1900
Brother's Keeper Ministries
606 Quincy St.
Hancock, MI 49930 Est. 1955
Holland Rescue Mission
166 S. River Ave.
Holland, MI 49423 Est. 1900
Kalamazoo Gospel Mission
448 N. Burdick St.
Kalamazoo, MI 49007 Est. 1933
Good Neighbor Services
331 Deer St. #7
Manistique, MI 49854 Est. 1998
Muskegon Rescue Mission
1691 Peck St.
Muskegon, MI 49441 Est. 1907
City Rescue Mission of Saginaw
1021 Burt St.
Saginaw, MI 48607 Est. 1905

MINNESOTA

Marie Sandvik Center
112 E. Franklin
Minneapolis, MN 55404 Est. 1946
Metro Hope Ministries
2739 Cedar Ave. S.
Minneapolis, MN 55407 Est. 1926
Union Gospel Mission
435 East University Ave.
St. Paul, MN 55101 Est. 1902

MISSISSIPPI

Home of Grace
14200 Jericho Rd
Vancleave, MS 39565 Est. 1965

MISSOURI

City Union Mission
1100 E. 11th St.
Kansas City, MO 64106 Est. 1924
Kansas City Rescue Mission
1520 Cherry St.
Kansas City, MO 64108 Est. 1950
Jefferson County Rescue Mission
8943 Commercial Blvd.
Pevely, MO 63070 Est. 1978
United Gospel Rescue Mission
421 W. Pine St.
Poplar Bluff, MO 63901 Est. 1968
Sunshine Ministries
1520 N. 13th St.
Saint Louis, MO 63106 Est. 1953
Springfield Victory Mission
205 W. Commercial St.
Springfield, MO 65803 Est. 1976

MONTANA

Montana Rescue Mission
2822 Minnesota Ave.
Billings, MT 59101 Est. 1948

Butte Rescue Mission
1204 E. Second St.
Butte, MT 59701 Est. 1977

Great Falls Rescue Mission
326 2nd Ave. S.
Great Falls, MT 59403 Est. 1983

Missoula 3:16
506B Toole Ave.
Missoula, MT 59808 Est. 1999

NEBRASKA

Crossroads Center
421 N. Lincoln Ave.
Hastings, NE 68901 Est. 1988

People's City Mission
110 Q St.
Lincoln, NE 68508 Est. 1907

Norfolk Rescue Mission
107 N. Ninth St.
Norfolk, NE 68701 Est. 1996

Open Door Mission Ministries
2828 NE 23rd St.
Omaha, NE 68110 Est. 1954

Overcomers in Christ Ministries
PO Box 34460
Omaha, NE 68134 Est. 1987

Hands of Faith Ministries
PO Box 25
White Clay, NE 69365 Est. 1988

NEVADA

City Mission of Las Vegas
1118 Fremont St.
Las Vegas, NV 89101 Est. 1998

Las Vegas Rescue Mission
480 W. Bonanza Rd.
Las Vegas, NV 89106 Est. 1970

Reno-Sparks Gospel Mission
145 W. 3rd St.
Reno, NV 89501 Est. 1963

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City Rescue Mission
2009 Bacharach Blvd
Atlantic City, NJ 08404

Market Street Mission
9 Market St.
Morristown, NJ 07960 Est. 1889

Goodwill Home and Missions
79 University Ave.
Newark, NJ 07102 Est. 1896

Amazing Grace Mission of
Sussex, N.J.
13 Woodland Rd.
Newton, NJ 07461 Est. 1998

Heartlight Ministries
47 Walnut St.
Penns Grove, NJ 08069

America's Keswick Colony of Mercy
601 Route 530
Whiting, NJ 08759 Est. 1897

NEW MEXICO

Alburquerque Rescue Mission
525 Second St. SW
Albuquerque, NM 87102 Est. 1954

Joy Junction
4500 Second St. SW
Albuquerque, NM 87105 Est. 1986

Las Cruces Gospel Rescue Mission
1050 W. Amador Ave.
Las Cruces, NM 88004 Est. 1972

NEW YORK

Capital City Rescue Mission
259 S. Pearl St.
Albany, NY 12202 Est. 1949

City Mission Society,
100 E. Tupper St.
Buffalo, NY 14203 Est. 1917

Union Gospel Mission
7 W. First St.
Jamestown, NY 14701 Est. 1941

Bowery Mission Ministries
132 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10016 Est. 1879

New York City Rescue Mission/
McAuley Water Street Mission
90 Lafayette St.
New York, NY 10013 Est. 1872

St. Paul's House
335 W. 51st
New York, NY 10019 Est. 1945

Open Door Mission
156 N. Plymouth Ave.
Rochester, NY 14608 Est. 1952

City Mission of Schenectady
425 Hamilton St.
Schenectady, NY 12305 Est. 1906

Rescue Mission Alliance of Syracuse
120 Gifford St.
Syracuse, NY 13202 Est. 1887

Rescue Mission of Utica
212 Rutger Street
Utica, NY 13501 Est. 1890

NORTH CAROLINA

Western Carolina Rescue Mission
225 Patton Ave.
Asheville, NC 28801 Est. 1979

Charlotte Rescue Mission
907 W. 1st St.
Charlotte, NC 28202 Est. 1937

Durham Rescue Mission
1201 E. Main St.
Durham, NC 27701 Est. 1974

Take It To The Streets
7900 Charles Blvd. #26D
Greenville, NC 27858 Est. 1999

Hendersonville Rescue Mission
639 Maple St.
Hendersonville, NC 28792 Est. 1981

New Beginnings Transitional Housing Program
2608 E. Millbrook Rd. Ste 102
Raleigh, NC 27604 Est. 1996

The Raleigh Rescue Mission
314 E. Hargett St.
Raleigh, NC 27601 Est. 1961

Union Mission of Roanoke Rapids
1310 Roanoke Ave.
Roanoke Rapids, NC 27870 Est. 1951

Smithfield Rescue Mission
523 Glenn St.
Smithfield, NC 27577 Est. 1977

Winston-Salem Rescue Mission
717 Oak St.
Winston Salem, NC 27101 Est. 1967

NORTH DAKOTA

New Life Center
1902 3rd Ave. N.
Fargo, ND 58102 Est. 1907

Northlands Rescue Mission
420 Division Ave.
Grand Forks, ND 58201 Est. 1942

OHIO

Because He Cares
1340 East Ave.
Akron, OH 44307 Est. 1984

Haven of Rest Ministries
175 E. Market St.
Akron, OH 44308 Est. 1943

The City Mission
5310 Carnegie Ave.
Cleveland, OH 44103 Est. 1910

The Way Station
42131 Rt. 14
Columbiana, OH 44408 Est. 1988

Feed My Sheep Ministry
4715 Sullivan Ave. Lot 101
Columbus, OH 43228

The City Mission of Findlay, Ohio
510 W. Main Cross St.
Findlay, OH 45840 Est. 1934

The Hope House
34 S. Main St.
Middletown, OH 45044 Est. 1988

Cherry Street Mission Ministries
105 17th St.
Toledo, OH 43624 Est. 1947

Rescue Mission of Mahoning Valley
2246 Glenwood
Youngstown, OH 44501 Est. 1893

OKLAHOMA

Lighthouse Outreach Center
1411 W. Hensely
Bartlesville, OK 74005 Est. 1991

City Rescue Mission
800 W. California Ave
Oklahoma City, OK 73106 Est. 1960

John 3:16 Mission
506 N. Cheyenne
Tulsa, OK 74103 Est. 1952

OREGON

Astoria Rescue Mission
62 W. Bond St.
Astoria, OR 97103 Est. 1986

Outreach Gospel Mission
15701 Hwy. 101 S.
Brookings, OR 97415 Est. 1997

South Coast Gospel Mission
775 Newmark
Coos Bay, OR 97420

Eugene Mission
1542 W. 1st Ave.
Eugene, OR 97402 Est. 1956

Gospel Rescue Mission
120 SE "J" St.
Grants Pass, OR 97526 Est. 1983

Klamath Falls Gospel Mission
823 Walnut Ave.
Klamath Falls, OR 97601 Est. 1985

Medford Gospel Mission
125 W. Jackson
Medford, OR 97501 Est. 1958

Portland Rescue Mission Ministries
111 W. Burnside St
Portland, OR 97209 Est. 1949

Union Gospel Mission
222 NW Couch St.
Portland, OR 97209

Roseburg Rescue Mission
806 SE Pine St.
Roseburg, OR 97470 Est. 1977

Union Gospel Mission
345 Commercial St. NE
Salem, OR 97301 Est. 1953

PENNSYLVANIA

City Team Ministries-Chester
634 Sprout St.
Chester, PA 19013 Est. 1988

Erie City Mission
1023 French
Erie, PA 16501-2003 Est. 1911

Bethesda Mission
611 Reily St.
Harrisburg, PA 17102 Est. 1914

Water Street Rescue Mission
210 S. Prince St.
Lancaster, PA 17603 Est. 1905

Lebanon Rescue Mission
439 S. 6th St.
Lebanon, PA 17042 Est. 1945

City Rescue Mission
319 Croton Ave.
New Castle, PA 16101 Est. 1911

Sunday Breakfast Rescue Mission
302 N. 13th St.
Philadelphia, PA 19107 Est. 1878

Brotherhood Mission Ministries
401 East Girard Ave.
Philadelphia, PA 19125 Est. 1908

Whosoever Gospel Mission
101 E. Chelten Ave.
Philadelphia, PA 19144 Est. 1892

Light of Life Ministries
1111-1119 Penn Ave.
Pittsburgh, PA 15222 Est. 1952

Hope Rescue Mission
645 N. Sixth St.
Reading, PA 19601 Est. 1894

Washington City Mission
84 W. Wheeling St.
Washington, PA 15301 Est. 1941

York Rescue Mission
363 W. Market St. #37
York, PA 17401 Est. 1962

RHODE ISLAND

Providence Rescue Mission
627 Cranston St.
Providence, RI 02907 Est. 1998

SOUTH CAROLINA

Star Gospel Mission
474 Meeting St.
Charleston, SC 29403 Est. 1904

Oliver Gospel Mission
1100 Taylor St.
Columbia, SC 29201 Est. 1888

Coastal Rescue Mission
712 Seaboard, Ste 5A
Myrtle Beach, SC 29577 Est. 1998

Miracle Hill Ministries
2419 B Wade Hampton Blvd
Greenville, SC 29304 Est. 1937

Miracle Life Mission
189 N Forest St.
Spartanburg, SC 29304

Harbor of Hope
227 Henderson St.
Gaffney, SC 29341

SOUTH DAKOTA

Corner Stone Rescue Mission
30 Main St.
Rapid City, SD 57701 Est. 1982

Union Gospel Mission
701 E. 8th St.
Sioux Falls, SD 57103 Est. 1900

TENNESSEE

Haven of Rest Rescue Mission
624 Anderson St.
Bristol, TN 37620 Est. 1955

Cookeville Rescue Mission
1331 S. Jefferson
Cookeville, TN 38506 Est. 1976

Dyersburg-Dyer County Union Mission
213 W. Cedar
Dyersburg, TN 38024 Est. 1961

Knox Area Rescue Ministries
518 Broadway
Knoxville, TN 37917 Est. 1959

Memphis Union Mission
383 Poplar Ave.
Memphis, TN 38105

Nashville Union Mission
639 Lafayette St.
Nashville, TN 37202 Est. 1954

TEXAS

Faith City, Inc
401 E. 2nd St.
Amarillo, TX 79101 Est. 1951

Twin City Mission,
500 N. Main St.
Bryan, TX 77803 Est. 1963

Dallas Life Foundation
1100 Cadiz
Dallas, TX 75215 Est. 1990

Union Gospel Mission
3211 Irving Blvd.
Dallas, TX 75247-6031 Est. 1949

1949 W. Paisano
El Paso, TX 79922 Est. 1952

Open Door Mission Foundation
5802 Harrisburg Blvd.
Houston, TX 77011 Est. 1954

Highway 80 Rescue Mission
501 E. Melrose St.
Longview, TX 75604 Est. 1955

Door of Hope Mission
200 W. First St.
Odessa, TX 79761 Est. 1966

Port Cities Rescue Mission Ministries
900 Sixth St.
Port Arthur, TX 77640 Est. 1984

San Antonio Rescue Mission
907 E. Quincy St.
San Antonio, TX 78215 Est. 1975

Cornerstone Children's Ranch
PO Box 117
Quemado, TX 78877 Est. 1998

Tyler Rescue Ministries
613 Shelley Park Plaza
Tyler, TX 75702 Est. 1997

Wichita Falls Faith Mission
1300 Travis
Wichita Falls, TX 76301 Est. 1958

UTAH

Ogden Rescue Mission
2775 Wall Ave.
Ogden, UT 84401 Est. 1962

Salt Lake City Mission
370 S 300 E.
Salt Lake City, UT 84111 Est. 1994

VIRGINIA

Union Mission Ministries
130 Brooke Ave.
Norfolk, VA 23510 Est. 1892

WASHINGTON

Union Gospel Mission of Grays Harbor
405 E. Heron St.

Aberdeen, WA 98520 Est. 1938
Lighthouse Mission Ministries
910 W. Holly St.
Bellingham, WA 98225 Est. 1921
Everett Gospel Mission
5118 S. 2nd Ave.
Everett, WA 98203 Est. 1961
Olympia Union Gospel Mission
413 Franklin Ave. NE Ste. A
Olympia, WA 98501 Est. 1995
Tri-City Union Gospel Mission
112 N. 2nd Ave.
Pasco, WA 99301 Est. 1956
Union Gospel Mission
3800 Othello St.
Seattle, WA 98118 Est. 1932
Bread of Life Mission
97 S Main St.
Seattle, WA 98104
Union Gospel Mission of Spokane
1224 E. Trent Ave.
Spokane, WA 99202 Est. 1951
Tacoma Rescue Mission
702 Pacific Ave.
Tacoma, WA 98402 Est. 1912
Christian Aid Center
202 W. Birch
Walla Walla, WA 99362 Est. 1946
Union Gospel Mission
1300 N. 1st St.
Yakima, WA 98901 Est. 1936

WASHINGTON DC

Central Union Mission
1350 R. St. NW
Washington DC 20009 Est. 1884
Gospel Rescue Mission
810 5th St. NW
Washington, DC 20001 Est. 1906

WEST VIRGINIA

Bluefield Union Mission
2203 Bluefield Ave.
Bluefield, WV 24701 Est. 1931
West Virginia Rescue Ministries
107 Jefferson St.
Fairmont, WV 26554 Est. 1937
Huntington City Mission
624 10th St.
Huntington, WV 25701 Est. 1939

WISCONSIN

The Sparrow's Nest
1816 Harrison Ave.
Beloit, WI 53511 Est. 1997
Hope Gospel Mission
8 S. Farwell St.
Eau Claire, WI 54701 Est. 1998
Milwaukee Rescue Mission
830 N. 19th St.
Milwaukee, WI 53233 Est. 1893

WYOMING

Central Wyoming Rescue Mission
230 N. Park
Casper, WY 82601 Est. 1978
Good Samaritan Mission
285 W. Pearl Ave.
Jackson, WY 83001 Est. 1968
Fremont County Good Samaritan Shelter
917 E. Washington Ave.
Riverton, WY 82501 Est. 1994

CANADA

ALBERTA

Hope Mission
9908 106th Ave.
Edmonton, AB T5H ON6 Est. 1929

BRITISH COLUMBIA

New Life Mission
181 W. Victoria St. W.
Kamloops, BC V2C 5L7 Est. 1980

Kelowna Gospel Mission Society
259 N. Leon Ave.
Kelowna, BC V1V 7N3 Est. 1978

Union Gospel Mission
616 E. Cordova St.
Vancouver, BC V6A 1L9 Est. 1940

MANITOBA

Forward House Ministries
407 Chalmers Ave.
Winnipeg, MB R2L 0G3 Est. 1995

Union Gospel Mission
320 Princess St.
Winnipeg, MB 53B 3C7 Est. 1933

ONTARIO

Anchor Christian Ministries International
607-8065 McLeod Rd
Niagara Falls, ON L2E 6SA8 Est. 1992

Union Mission for Men
35 Waller St.
Ottawa, ON K1N 7G4 Est. 1906

QUEBEC

Welcome Hall Mission
1490 St. Antoine W.
Montreal, QB H3C 1C3 Est. 1892

SASKATCHEWAN

Regina Rescue Mission
2076 Scarth St.
Regina, SK S4P 2H4 Est. 2000

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